

# A HISTORY OF AMERICAN GRAPHIC HUMOR








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A History of  
American Graphic Humor  
[1865-1938]





*A History of  
American Graphic Humor*  
(1865-1938)

BY WILLIAM MURRELL

PUBLISHED FOR THE  
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

BY  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
NEW YORK

1938

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
BY PLANTIN PRESS, NEW YORK



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS . . . . .	VII
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS . . . . .	IX
CHAPTER I . . . . .	3
CHAPTER II . . . . .	23
CHAPTER III . . . . .	43
CHAPTER IV . . . . .	65
CHAPTER V . . . . .	85
CHAPTER VI . . . . .	107
CHAPTER VII . . . . .	129
CHAPTER VIII . . . . .	143
CHAPTER IX . . . . .	165
CHAPTER X . . . . .	179
CHAPTER XI . . . . .	201
CHAPTER XII . . . . .	223
CONCLUSIONS . . . . .	260
A PARTIAL LIST OF WORKS REFERRED TO . . . . .	265
INDEX . . . . .	268





## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks are again due to several private persons and to members of the staffs of several institutions who were generous with courteous assistance for the first volume of this work. To them, and to others who have so willingly helped in the making of the present volume, the author expresses his sincere gratitude for their coöperation.

The institutions to which he is particularly indebted are: the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts; the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.; the Film Department of the Museum of Modern Art, New York; the New York Public Library; the Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut; and the Library of the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

The following gentlemen have been unfailingly helpful and generous: Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland, Mr. Alfred Goldsmith, Mr. John Kraushaar, and Mr. John Sloan, all of New York; Mr. Franklin J. Meine of Chicago, and Mr. John Howell of San Francisco.

Acknowledgments must also be made to the publishers of several magazines, newspapers, and books (specifically noted in the List of Illustrations) in which drawings and cartoons reproduced in this volume originally appeared.



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1. RECONSTRUCTION—THE OLD MAP MENDED. OUR SOLDIER BOYS MAKE A BLANKET OF IT AND TOSS UP MAX AND HIS MASTER. By William Newman. From *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, 1865-66. *New York Historical Society*.
2. JOHN BULL RETIRING FROM BUSINESS. TRIUMPH OF UNCLE SAM NEPTUNE, ATTENDED BY HIS DAUGHTER COLUMBIA AND HIS TRITONS. By William Newman. From *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, 1865. *New York Historical Society*.
3. OUR EXECUTIVE FEEDING UP THE SOUTHERN DRAGON. By William Newman. From *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, 1865-66.
4. EARTH QUAKEY TIMES, SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 8, 1865. Lithograph by Edward Jump. *Peters: California on Stone*.
5. THE GOVERNMENT TAILOR TAKING THE MEASURE OF TRAITORS. By Frank Beard. From *Comic Monthly*, June 1865. *Collection of Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland*.
6. UNCLE SAM'S NEW YEAR'S FANCY-DRESS BALL—EVERYBODY IN HIS OWN CHARACTER. By W. H. S(helton?). From *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, 1866-67. *Collection of Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland*.
7. THE LAST SAD RITES. By George H. Derby (John Phoenix). From *The Squibob Papers* with illustrations by the author. New York, 1865. *Collection of Franklin J. Meine*.
8. SUT'S NEW-FANGLED SHIRT. By J. H. Howard. Illustration from *Sut Lovingood's Yarns* by George W. Harris, New York, 1867. *Collection of Franklin J. Meine*.
9. DINNER AT STRAWBERRY. By H. L. Stephens. Illustration from *A Peep at Warsoe* by J. Ross Brown, New York, 1867. *Collection of Franklin J. Meine*.
10. THE INFANT HORACE GREETING HIS FATHER. Illustration from *Wreck — Elections of a Busy Life*. Twenty lithographs by J. Bowker, Hartford, Conn., 1867. *Collection of Harry MacNeill Bland*.
11. "WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO." Frontispiece to *Walks about Chicago*. By F. B. Wilkie (Polinta). Illustrated by W. L. Palin, Chicago, 1869. *Collection of Franklin J. Meine*.
12. "SPOONS" AS FALSTAFF MUSTERING THE IMPEACHMENT MANAGERS. Lithograph by Thomas Worth, 1868. *Library of Congress*.
13. "LET US HAVE PEACE!"—FORTISSIMO. BOSTON, JUNE, 1869. By Charles Green Bush. From *Harper's Weekly*, June 19, 1869.
14. THE AGE OF IRON. MAN AS HE EXPECTS TO BE. Currier & Ives lithograph, 1868. *Library of Congress*.
15. AMPHITHEATRUM JOHNSONIANUM—MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS AT NEW ORLEANS, JULY 30, 1866. By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, March 30, 1867.
16. THE LITERARY PIRATES. By H. L. Stephens. From *Punchinello*, New York, November 12, 1870.
17. SAIREY GAMP AND BETSEY PRIG. By Sol Eytinge. From Supplement to *Every Saturday*, May 7, 1870.
18. OBER-AMMERGAU—OUR CHAMBER IN THE HOUSE OF JOSEPH MAIR—SHORT BEDS. By Augustus Hopkin. From *Ups and Downs on Land and Water*. Boston, 1871.
19. FUN-MAKERS OF NEW YORK—FRANK BELLEW. By Livingston Hopkins. From *Wild Oats*, circa 1876. *New York Historical Society*.
20. THE STARS OF WILD OATS, NO. 5—MR. E. JUMP. By Livingston Hopkins. From *Wild Oats*, circa 1876. *New York Historical Society*.
21. TOMMY SEES SNAKES AGAIN—A T.-NAST-Y CARTOON. By Fred Oppen. From *Wild Oats*, New York, June 14, 1876. *New York Historical Society*.
22. A WARNING TO EDITORS OF THE "INDEPENDENT" PRESS. By J. A. Wales. From *Wild Oats*, New York, 1870-76. *New York Historical Society*.
23. THE NEW DEMOCRATIC TEAM FOR THE COACH OF STATE. By Frank Bellew. From *Wild Oats*, New York, 1870-76. *New York Historical Society*.
24. THE HUMAN PASSIONS ILLUSTRATED. Anonymous. From *Wild Oats*, New York, 1870-76. *New York Historical Society*.
25. Illustration from *Hans von Pelter's Trip to Gotham*, by Palmer Cox, 1877. *Collection of Harry MacNeill Bland*.
26. THE CRACK SHOTS, IN POSITION. DOLLYMOUNT, CREEDMOOR AND WIMBLEDON. Lithograph by C. M. Vergnes for Currier & Ives, 1875. *Library of Congress*.
27. "WHEN THE FLOWING TIDE COMES IN." Lithograph by Currier & Ives, 1879. *Library of Congress*.
28. I'M SITTING ON THE STILE, MARY. Lithograph by Parsloe and Vance, signed T.F.V., 1875. *Library of Congress*.
29. ON THE FLAGS. SELLING IMAGINARY STOCK AT REAL PRICES. Lithographed by Leon J. Frémaux, New Orleans, 1876. *Collection of Franklin J. Meine*.
30. SCENE IN CONNECTICUT. Anonymous lithograph, circa 1875. *Collection of Mr. William B. Osgood Field*.
31. GRAPHIC STATUES, NO. 20—A VETERINARY HEALTH COMMISSIONER. By Theo. Wust. From the *New York Daily Graphic*, 1873-74. *New York Public Library*.



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

32. GRASSHOPPER TWISTING IN ALL ITS FORMS. By C. Grey-Parker. From the *New York Daily Graphic*, 1873-74. *New York Public Library*.
33. THE INTELLIGENT JURY. By Arthur Lumley. From the *New York Daily Graphic*, 1873-74. *New York Public Library*.
34. UNCLE SAM'S ANNUAL DOSE OF LECTURING. By W. Davenport. From *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, circa 1874. *American Antiquarian Society*.
35. DESIGN FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN IN THE CITY HALL PARK. By C. Grey-Parker. From *Harper's Weekly*, October 7, 1871.
36. A DROP OF WATER UNDER THE PEOPLE'S MICROSCOPE—POLITICAL ANIMALCULAE. By C. S. Reinhart. From *Harper's Weekly*, September 30, 1871.
37. "WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY?" DO TELL—'TWAS HIM. By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, August 19, 1871.
38. A GROUP OF VULTURES WAITING FOR THE STORM TO "BLOW OVER." "LET US PREY." By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, September 23, 1871.
39. "TOO THIN!" By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, September 30, 1871.
40. THE ONLY THING THEY RESPECT OR FEAR. By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, October 21, 1871.
41. THE "BRAINS." By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, October 21, 1871.
42. THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOSE. By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, November 11, 1871.
43. SOMETHING THAT DID BLOW OVER—NOVEMBER 7, 1871. By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, November 25, 1871.
44. JEREMY DIDDLE'S EXULTATION! By Matt Morgan. From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, 1872.
45. THE NEW ORGAN—IZATION ON ITS "NEW DEPARTURE."—ANY THING TO GET VOTES. By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, June 8, 1872.
46. BALTIMORE 1861-1872. "LET US CLASP HANDS OVER THE BLOODY CHASM." By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, August 3, 1872.
47. "THE PIRATES," UNDER FALSE COLORS—CAN THEY CAPTURE THE SHIP OF STATE? By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, November 9, 1872.
48. CLASPING HANDS OVER THE BLOODLESS (SAR)-C(H)ASM. By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, November 23, 1872.
49. THE DEMOCRATIC (DEFORMED) TIGER "FIXED." By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, July 22, 1876.
50. HEN(DRICKS)—PECKED. By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, August 5, 1876.
51. THE CROWNING INSULT TO HIM WHO OCCUPIES THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR. By Thomas Nast. From *Harper's Weekly*, May 13, 1876.
52. Cover of *Die Vehme*. By Joseph Keppler. August, 1869.
53. A SCENE IN HERMANN, MISSOURI. By Joseph Keppler. From *Die Vehme*, 1869.
54. THE BROOKLYN PLYMOUTH MINSTREL TROUPE. By Joseph Keppler. From *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, November, 1874. *Collection of Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland*.
55. A STIR IN THE ROOST. WHAT! ANOTHER CHICKEN? Front Cover for first English language number of *Puck*. By Joseph Keppler. New York, March, 1877.
56. THE NEW PILGRIMS' PROGRESS. — ENLIGHTENED AMERICANS PAYING HOMAGE TO "INFALLIBILITY." By Joseph Keppler. From *Puck*, Volume I (first English language edition). May, 1877, No. 14.
57. A TELEPHONIC SUGGESTION. By Joseph Keppler. From *Puck*, Volume I (first English language edition), March, 1877, No. 3.
58. IN MEMORIAM BRIGHAM YOUNG. By Joseph Keppler. From *Puck*, Volume I (first English language edition), September 5, 1877.
59. FORBIDDING THE BANNS. By Joseph Keppler. From *Puck*, August 25, 1880.
60. THE WAKE OVER THE REMAINS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. By Joseph Keppler. From *Puck*, November 10, 1880.
61. THE GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES FAMILY EN ROUTE FOR PARIS. By A. B. Frost. From *Harper's Weekly*, August 24, 1878.
62. THE GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES FAMILY RETURN FROM PARIS. By A. B. Frost. From *Harper's Weekly*, October 12, 1878.
63. THE DEMOCRATIC TROJAN HORSE. By A. B. Frost. From *Harper's Weekly*, January 31, 1880.
64. THE NATIONAL DIME MUSEUM WILL BE RUN DURING THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN. By Bernard Gillam. From *Puck*, April 16, 1884.
65. PHRYNE BEFORE THE CHICAGO TRIBUNAL. By Bernard Gillam. From *Puck*, June 4, 1884.
66. THE SIZE OF THE INDEPENDENT ARMY. By Grant Hamilton. From *Judge*, July 12, 1884.
67. THE MISTAKE OF A LIFETIME. By Frank Beard. From *Judge*, August 16, 1884.
68. THE ROYAL FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR BLAINE AND THE MONEY KINGS. By Walt MacDougall. From the *New York World*, October 30, 1884.
69. THE NEW PRESIDENTIAL BABY. By F. Keller. From *The Wasp*, San Francisco, November 13, 1880. *Collection of Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland*.

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

70. THE MODERN MESSIAH. By F. Keller. From *The Wasp*, San Francisco, 1881. *Collection of Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland.*
71. "DUDE" STYLES FOR CAMPAIGN 1884. By Walter. From *The Wasp*, San Francisco, September 13, 1884. *Collection of Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland.*
72. DODGING THE ISSUES. By Barkhaus. From *The Wasp*, San Francisco, June 7, 1884. *Collection of Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland.*
73. THE BOSS OF THE ROAD. By Walter. From *The Wasp*, 1884. *Collection of Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland.*
74. IT BEATS BROWN-SEQUARD—TANNER'S INFALLIBLE ELIXIR OF LIFE, FOR PENSION-GRABBERS ONLY. By Louis Dalrymple. From *Puck*, August 28, 1881.
75. THE MODE AND THE MARTYRS. By Carl von Stur. From *Puck*, April, 1881.
76. THE BERNHARDT BOOM IN NEW YORK. By Fred Oppen. From *Puck*, 1880.
77. SOUTHERN CONCISENESS. By Charles Jay Taylor. From *In the 400 and Out*, 1889.
78. A CORMORANT. By S. J. Ehrhart. From *Puck*, October 30, 1889.
79. REVENGE. By Syd B. Griffin. From *Puck*, September 11, 1889.
80. THE NEAR-SIGHTED GARDENER; OR, HOW WANDERING WILLY SECURED A HAIR CUT. By F. M. Hawthorth. From *Puck*, September 4, 1892.
81. TO THE STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES. By W. H. Hyde. From *Life*, 1883.
82. HIS WIFE, THOUGH AT HEART SHE WAS KIND. . . . By John A. Mitchell. From *Life*, 1883.
83. A HARMLESS PASTIME. By W. A. Rogers. From *Life*, August, 1886.
84. ERIN'S DREAM. By Charles Dana Gibson. From *Life*, March, 1888.
85. EASTER BELLES. By S. W. Van Schaick. From *Life*, April, 1888.
86. A HIGH BRED MAN ON A LOW BRED HORSE. By T. S. Sullivant. From *Life*, May, 1888.
87. SHE TWINED HERSELF AROUND THE STRONG RESOLUTE MAN. By Frank H. T. Bellew. From *Life*, 1888.
88. A PRIVATE REHEARSAL. By M. A. Woolf. From *Life*, May 31, 1888.
89. THE BALLET DANCER. By W. H. Beard. From *Humor in Animals* by W. H. Beard, New York, 1885.
90. THE BROWNIES. By Palmer Cox. From *Brownie Books* by Palmer Cox, New York, circa 1888.
91. THE TWO POLITICAL DROMIOS. By J. A. Wales. Cover of first number of *The Judge*, New York, October 29, 1881.
92. MR. BOWLER'S MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER. By Frank H. T. Bellew. From *The Judge*, October 29, 1881.
93. TALMAGE—THE CLOWN BUSINESS IS DONE FOR. I MUST BE AESTHETICAL OR LOSE MY GRIP. By J. A. Wales. From *The Judge*, January 21, 1882.
94. THE DARKTOWN FIRE BRIGADE—SAVED! Lithograph by Thomas Worth for Currier & Ives, New York, 1884. *Courtesy of Fridenberg Galleries, New York.*
95. THE SALONS OF NEW YORK—AN EVENING WITH THE GENTLEMEN'S SONS' CHOWDER CLUB. By Charles Dana Gibson. From *Life*, December 15, 1892.
96. A SENSELESS AFTER-DINNER CUSTOM. By Charles Dana Gibson. From *Life*, November 16, 1899.
97. SPAGHETTI AND GESTICULATION. By Hy Mayer. From *In Laughterland*, New York, 1899.
98. THE POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE. By E. W. Kemble. From *Life*, August 6, 1895.
99. DE TRACK AM CLAR. By E. W. Kemble. From *Comical Coons*, New York, 1895.
100. THE "GENTLE THING" DEVELOPS A TENDENCY TO PLAY RATHER STARTLING TO THE HUMANE MAN. By A. B. Frost. From *The Bull Calf and Other Tales*, New York, 1892.
101. PUCK'S SUGGESTIONS TO HIS REVEREND FRIENDS. By F. B. Oppen. From *Pickings from Puck*, 1895.
102. CLOSE AT HAND. By Frank Nankivell. From *Puck*, 1896. From *Pickings from Puck*, 1897.
103. PUCKOGRAPH—NEW SERIES—SPEAKER REED—"ONE CZAR WHO NEVER CALLED A PEACE CONFERENCE." By Frank Nankivell. From *Puck*, May 14, 1899.
104. HIS LAST ATTACK. By "Chip" Bellew. From *"Chip's" Dogs*, New York, 1895.
105. A COMPLAINT. By Peter Newell. circa 1895.
106. Q IS THE QUEEN. By Oliver Herford. From *Life*, August 31, 1899.
107. SEA-SIDE VAGARIES. By Dan Beard. From *Life*, August 18, 1892.
108. BENJAMIN—"WHERE AM I AT?" By Bernard Gillam. From *Judge*, November 19, 1892.
109. "I AM IN THE HANDS OF MY FRIENDS." By Bernard Gillam. From *Judge*, September 24, 1892.
110. OUR EXPANSIVE UNCLE. BUT IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY. By William H. Walker. From *Life*, December 28, 1899.
111. PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN. By Frederick Thompson Richards. From *Life*, New York, 1899.
112. THE TEDDY IDEA OF A VICE-PRESIDENT WHO WOULD "DO THINGS." By Horace Taylor. From *The Verdict*, October 29, 1900.

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

113. A PAGE FROM TEDDY'S CROMWELL. By R. L. Bristol. From *The Verdict*, January 29, 1900.
114. HANNA: THAT MAN CLAY WAS AN ASS. IT'S BETTER TO BE PRESIDENT THAN TO BE RIGHT. By George B. Luks. From *The Verdict*, March 13, 1899.
115. DON QUIXOTE BRYAN MEETS DISASTER IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST JUDGE'S FULL DINNER PAIL. By Victor Gillam. From *Judge*, November 10, 1900.
116. WE HAVE DISCOVERED IN MR. ROOSEVELT THE MISSING LINK. By Charles Green Bush. From the *New York World*, October, 1898.
117. THE TRUSTS. By Homer Davenport. From the *New York Journal*, circa 1900.
118. THE TRUSTS. By Fred Oppen. From the *New York Journal*, circa 1900.
119. PLATT SVENGALI AND TRILBY ROOSEVELT. By Homer Davenport. From the *New York Journal*, October, 1898.
120. WALL STREET'S NEW GUARDIAN. By Homer Davenport. From *Cartoons by H. Davenport*, New York, 1899.
121. ABOUT RUN DOWN. By W. A. Rogers. From *Hits at Politics*, New York, 1899.
122. "THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK." By Charles Nelan. From *Cartoons of Our War With Spain*, New York, 1898.
123. ORIGIN OF A NEW SPECIES, OR THE EVOLUTION OF THE CROCODILE EXPLAINED. By R. F. Outcault. From the *New York World*, Sunday, November 18, 1894.
124. THE BOXER OF POLITICS. By T. E. Powers. From the *New York World*, September 12, 1900.
125. WHICH GETS WHICH? By Charles Green Bush. From the *New York World*, April 17, 1901.
126. WHO'S YOUR CANDIDATE? By J. C. Cory. From the *New York World*, May 24, 1901.
127. THE TIGER—GOOD HEAVENS! DID I EVER THINK I WOULD COME TO THIS? By Kemble. From the *New York Herald*, July 21, 1900.
128. HE SHOUTS FOR BRYAN, BUT THIS IS THE WAY HE WILL VOTE. By Dalrymple. From *Puck*, July 25, 1900.
129. DANCING CLUB MEETING AT BIRD CENTER. By J. T. McCutcheon. From *Cartoons by J. T. McCutcheon*, Chicago, 1903.
130. A BOY IN SPRINGTIME — SUNDAY CLOTHES. By J. T. McCutcheon. From *Cartoons by J. T. McCutcheon*, Chicago, 1903.
131. THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. By J. T. McCutcheon. From the *Chicago Tribune*, November 10, 1904.
132. FROM THE DEPTHS. By William Balfour Ker. Illustration from *The Silent War*, by John Ames Mitchell, New York, *Life Publishing Co.*, 1906.
133. ANTI-NEGRO RULE. By Norman E. Jennette. From the *Raleigh News Observer*, July 4, 1900.
134. CAN'T FOOL 'EM. By Bart (Charles L. Bartholomew). From the *Minnesota Journal*, April 1, 1902.
135. POLITICAL RUBBERNECKS. By R. C. Bowman. From the *Minnesota Tribune*, 1902.
136. HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. By Homer Davenport. From the *New York Evening Mail*, circa 1904.
137. WHY GO TO AFRICA FOR BIG GAME? By J. H. Donahey. From the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, January, 1909.
138. THE MAN BEHIND THE EGG. By Crane. From the *New York Times*, November, 1903.
139. ISN'T IT TIME SHE HAD A NEW DRESS? By Luther D. Bradley. From the *Chicago Daily News*, August 17, 1904.
140. AS GOOD AS THE BEST OF THEM. By H. C. Greening. From *Judge*, April 18, 1908.
141. SOME BITS OF AMERICAN SCENERY. By James Montgomery Flagg. From *Life*, April 14, 1904.
142. HIAWATHA'S WOOING. By J. Conacher. From *Judge*, March 7, 1908.
143. Comic Nature Faking. By Walt Kuhn. From *Judge*, August 31, 1907.
144. Comic Nature Faking. By J. S. Pughe. From *Puck*, August 30, 1899.
145. Comic Nature Faking. By Bob Addams. From *Judge*, August 17, 1907.
146. Comic Nature Faking. By T. S. Sullivant. From *Judge's Library*, October, 1900.
147. SOME EARLY COMIC CHARACTERS FROM STRIPS AND SUPPLEMENTS. From *Editor & Publisher*, New York, July, 1934.
148. THE COURTSHIP OF BILL TAFT. By Joseph Keppler, Jr. From *Puck*, April 24, 1907.
149. IN PREHISTORIC GERMANY. By Louis M. Glackens. From *Puck*, April 24, 1907.
150. A MASTERLY EFFORT. By O'Neill Latham. From *Puck*, January 14, 1903.
151. NATURAL. By Peter Newell. From *Puck*, April 12, 1905.
152. IF. By J. S. Pughe. From *Puck*, June 29, 1904.
153. Illustrations from *The Astonishing Tale Of A Pen & Ink Puppet Or The Genteel Art Of Illustrating*. From *Life*, November 14, 1907.
154. THE TEDDYSEY. By Otho Cushing. From *Life*, May 16, 1907.
155. "HOW PEACEFUL IT LOOKS IN THERE." By Nesbitt Benson. From *Life*, February 14, 1907.
156. STRENUOUS SAM AND HIS TARIFF WALL. By C. Broughton. From *Life*, December 4, 1902.



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

157. THIS WORLD OF CREEPERS. AFRAID OF THEMSELVES AND OF OTHERS, AFRAID OF THE ALMIGHTY, OF LIFE AND OF DEATH. By Art Young. From *Life*, November 14, 1907.
158. ENNUI. By Art Young. From *Judge*, circa 1908.
159. WHY IT WAS NEEDED. By Zim (Eugene Zimmerman). From *Judge's Library*, May, 1904.
160. TEDDY PUT ME IN! By Fred Oppen. From *Willie and His Poppa*, New York, 1901.
161. "TIS BETTER TO HAVE DANCED AND LOST—." By T. E. Powers. From *Kit Kat Masked Ball Programme*, 1910.
162. FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. By Art Young. From *The Masses*, December, 1912.
163. A GREAT JOKE. By Glenn O. Coleman. From *The Masses*, October, 1913.
164. GUARDIAN OF THE LOOT. By Ryan Walker. From *The Masses*, April, 1913.
165. THE BUSINESS MEN'S CLASS. By George Bellows. From *The Masses*, April, 1913.
166. "YOUR HONOR, THIS WOMAN GAVE BIRTH TO A NAKED CHILD!" By Robert Minor. From *The Masses*, September, 1915.
167. ARMY MEDICAL EXAMINER: "AT LAST A PERFECT SOLDIER!" By Robert Minor. From *The Masses*, 1915.
168. IMPRESSIONS OF THE PASSING SHOW. By Hy Mayer. From *The New York Times*, circa 1913.
169. 'OME AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE. By J. H. Donahue. From *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, April 6, 1913.
170. MAKING HIS MONEY FLY. By Halladay. From *Providence Journal*, Summer, 1914.
171. G. K. CHESTERTON ALWAYS SAYS THE WRONG THING IN THE RIGHT PLACE. By James Montgomery Flagg. From *The Well Knowns*, New York, 1914.
172. CARICATURE OF HORATIO WALKER. By William Auerbach-Levy. circa 1920. *Collection of the artist*.
173. THE DANCE. By John Sloan. 1914. Courtesy of the *Kraushaar Art Galleries*.
174. THEY LED HIM BETWEEN THEM. By William Glackens. 1912. Courtesy of the *Kraushaar Art Galleries*.
175. THE UNFORTUNATE BREAK. By William E. Hill. From *Among Us Mortals* by William E. Hill and Franklin P. Adams, New York, 1917.
176. HIS ROOTERS. By Bradley. From the *Chicago Daily News*, October 23, 1916.
177. ACTIVITIES OF A GERMAN DIPLOMATIST IN AMERICA. By W. A. Rogers. From *America's Black and White Book*, by W. A. Rogers, New York, 1917.
178. HAVING THEIR FLING. By Art Young. From *The Masses*, September, 1917.
179. EUROPE 1916. By Boardman Robinson. From *The Masses*, October, 1916.
180. THE KAISER: WE CLASP HANDS. By Oscar Cesare. From *The New York Evening Post*, February 20, 1918.
181. THAT FEELING WHEN THE BOAT DIPS—AND WHEN IT RISES. By Percy L. Crosby. From *Between Shots*, by P. L. Crosby, New York, 1919.
182. SIGNED. By Boardman Robinson. June, 1919. *Collection of the Artist*.
183. "WHOOOPS! MIND YER BUSTLE, DEARIE!" By Peter Arno. From *The New Yorker*, October 13, 1928.
184. "DON'T HELP ME! DON'T HELP ME!" By Peter Arno. From *The New Yorker*, November 10, 1928.
185. SOCIAL MENACES: THE PSYCHIC HOSTESS. By Rea Irvin. From *The New Yorker*, 1928.
186. INDUSTRIAL CRISES—THE DAY A CAKE OF SOAP SANK AT PROCTER & GAMBLE'S. By Gluyas Williams. From *The New Yorker*, August 18, 1928.
187. THE FRESH PAINT COMPLEX. By Gardner Rea. From *The First New Yorker Album*, 1928.
188. CARICATURES OF INA CLAIRE AND CONSTANCE COLLIER in *Our Betters*. By Alfred Fruhe. From *The New Yorker*, 1928.
189. JACK DONAHUE, LILY DAMITA, AND EVELYN HOEY. By Ralph Barton. From *Life*, December 20, 1929.
190. CARICATURE OF RALPH BARTON. By Covarrubias. From *The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans*. New York, 1925.
191. CARICATURE OF SINCLAIR LEWIS. By Eva Herrmann. From *On Parade*, New York, 1929.
192. SEVERAL CRITICS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR. By John Decker. From *Arts and Decoration*, October, 1923.
193. SMOOKED DE CHIFF A PIPE TEBBECCA. By Milt Gross. End-paper from *Hiawatta*, New York, 1926.
194. Illustration from *He Done Her Wrong* by Milt Gross, New York, 1930.
195. PURITY AND PASSION AND THE HOME COMING. Illustrations from *Thoughts Without Words*, by Clarence Day, 1928.
196. C'MON MARY PICKFORD, AN' GIT BUSY WITH THEM SUPPER DISHES! By Gene Carr. From *Kid Kartoons*, New York, 1922.
197. HIS FIRST APPEARANCE. By J. R. Shaver. From *Life*, 1923.
198. MARRIED AGAIN. By William Ireland. From *The Columbus Dispatch*, September, 1928.
199. PUT IT ON AGAIN. By Edmund Duffy. From *The Sun*, Baltimore, 1928.
200. I WANTS TO MAKE THEIR FLESH CREEP. By Rollin Kirby. From *The New York World*, October 16, 1924.

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

201. THE MODEL AND THE PAINTING. By K. A. Suvanto. From *The Daily Worker*, September 10, 1926.
202. MR. CASPAR MILQUETOAST. By H. T. Webster. Specially drawn for *The Literary Digest*, 1933-34.
203. TOONERVILLE FOLKS. By Fontaine Fox. Specially drawn for *The Literary Digest*, New York, 1933-34.
204. THAT GUILTIEST FEELING. By Clare Briggs. From *New York Herald-Tribune*, 1927.
205. QUEER FISH. Lithograph by Mabel Dwight. From *American Artists Group, Inc.*, 1935.
206. UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT. By Al Hirschfeld, 1937. *Collection of the Artist*.
207. ONE FOR THE MONEY. Lithograph by Don Freeman, 1935.
208. CARICATURE OF ROCKWELL KENT. By Tom Creem, 1936. *Collection of Whitney Darrow*.
209. THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE AIR FORCE. By Hugo Gellert. From *Aesop Said So*. New York, 1936.
210. LOHENGRIN. Lithograph by Adolf Dehn, 1928.
211. THE ANGELUS. By Reginald Marsh. From *The New Yorker*, January 3, 1931.
212. THE SAFE AND SANE FOURTH. By Whitney Darrow. From *O.K.* (organ of Cartoonists' Guild), New York, 1937.
213. DACHSHUND. By Abe Birnbaum. From *O.K.*, New York, 1937.
214. WE ARE HERE, MADAM. By A. Redfield. From *The Ruling Class*, 1935.
215. CARICATURE OF FRANKLIN P. ADAMS. By Peggy Bacon. From *Off With Their Heads*, 1934.
216. HELP! Drypoint by Peggy Bacon, 1927.
217. MARCH 4, 1933. By Covarrubias. From *Vanity Fair*, March, 1933.
218. BATTLE ROYAL. By Daniel Fitzpatrick. From *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, 1933.
219. PROGRESS OF HUMANITY. By Daniel Fitzpatrick. From *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.
220. ALL RIGHT, HAVE IT YOUR WAY, YOU HEARD A SEAL BARK. By James Thurber. From *The Seal in the Bedroom*, by James Thurber, New York, 1932.
221. METROPOLITAN MOVIES: ARE YOU SURE YOU NEVER HAD ANY GOLD FILLINGS? By Denys Wortman. From *The New York World-Telegram*, July 18, 1934.
222. JOE USED T' PUT OUT A SWELL FREE LUNCH DURRIN' PROHIBITION. By Roland Coe. From *Coe's Crosstown Carnival*, New York, 1935.
223. PUZZLES: ". . . WHETHER CAPITALISM IN ITS PRESENT FORM IS TO CONTINUE." By B. V. Howard. From *Americana*, New York, November, 1932.
224. POLITICS: BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE. By Lynd Ward. From *Americana*, New York, December, 1932.
225. WINTER 1932: THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT. By Alexander King. From *Americana*, December, 1932.
226. SECRETS OF INDUSTRY: HOW FLOUNDERS ARE MADE. By Louis G. Ferstadt. From *Americana*, April, 1933.
227. BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE. By William Gropper. From *The New Masses*, October, 1935.
228. YES, GO ON, DEARIE—I'M ALL EARS! By Ronan. From *Ballyhoo*, December, 1931.
229. I'M CRAZY ABOUT A MARRIED GAL AND I'M JUST PRACTISING. By Ed Graham. From *Ballyhoo*, March, 1935.
230. THE LITTLE KING. By O. Soglow. From *The New Yorker*, March 14, 1931.
231. YOU CAN'T HELP IT. IT'S LIKE HUNGER. By W. Steig. From *The Stag at Eve*, New York, 1931.
232. WHAT IS IT? By William Ireland. From *The Columbus Dispatch*, December, 1933.
233. WHAT D'YOU WANT THEM THINGS FOR? By Jacob Burck. From *Hunger and Revolt*. (*Daily Worker* cartoons), New York, 1935.
234. MADRID. By Maurice Becker. From *The New Masses*, January, 1937.
235. LABOR'S DAY IN NUREMBERG. By Fred Ellis. From *The Daily Worker*, September 11, 1937.
236. LABOR DAY AMENITIES. By Elderman. From *The Washington Post*, September 7, 1936.
237. WHAT ABOUT LABOR? By Lewis. From *The Milwaukee Journal*, September, 1937.
238. DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE. By Ding (J. N. Darling). From *New York Herald-Tribune*, 1932.
239. NONSENSE! IF IT GETS TOO DEEP YOU CAN EASILY PULL ME OUT! By Herbert Johnson. From *Cartoons by Herbert Johnson*, 1936.
240. THE WAILING WALL! By Harold M. Talburt. From *The Washington Daily News*, May 11, 1935.
241. THE CAMPAIGN. By Hugh Hutton. From the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, October, 1936.
242. MICKEY MOUSE, MINNIE MOUSE, DONALD DUCK AND PLUTO. By Walt Disney. From the *Walt Disney Studios*, New York, 1937.







I. UNCLE SAM CONSIDERS TOSSING MAXIMILIAN AND NAPOLEON III OUT OF MEXICO.  
BY WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1865.



2. UNCLE SAM SUGGESTS HE RULES THE WAVES. BY WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1865.



7. THE LAST SAD RITES. BY JOHN PHOENIX, 1865.

## CHAPTER I

*IDENTITY OF N. AND SOME FACTS ABOUT NEWMAN. HIS WORK IN AMERICA. MORE ABOUT EDWARD JUMP. FRANK BEARD'S POST-CIVIL WAR CARTOONS. HUMOROUS BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN THE LATE SIXTIES. THOMAS WORTH AGAIN. BUSH'S PEACE JUBILEE DRAWING. SATIRES ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS. NAST JOINS THE STAFF OF HARPER'S WEEKLY. HIS ANTI-JOHNSON CARTOONS. HE ENDS HIS FORMATIVE PERIOD. HELPS ELECT GRANT AND IS READY FOR THE TWEED RING.*

**L**AUGHTER is the great vinculum, the binder uniting the disparate elements of society by ridiculing the importance of their differences. The humorous artist, even in his most ferocious cartoon, smothers fear with laughter, he allays suspicion with a jibe, and above all he continually reminds us that we are none of us without our weaknesses and none perfect. Throughout most of the period covered by this volume—1865 to the present—American graphic humorists have been quick to seize the significant and the fallacious portents of their times. There are some gaps, of which anyone familiar with the social and political history will be conscious; manifestations, episodes, and events which the artists have ignored or which at the time did not seem to be of satiric importance. But on the whole the caricatures, satirical drawings, and cartoons produced

in the United States since the Civil War present a broad visual commentary on the lighter and seamier sides of the principal men, women, and movements of our heterogeneous civilization.

\* \* \* \* \*

Towards the close of the Civil War and for some years after there appeared in the Frank Leslie publications a number of excellent cartoons signed only with the initial *N.* Since the publication of the first volume of this history I have been able definitely to establish that the cartoonist was William Newman.\* This identification is important not only because many experts have attributed the cartoons signed *N.* to Nast, but because it gives us another considerable figure in American graphic humor, and incidentally permits us to give credit where credit is due.

From Spielmann's *History of Punch* I learned that a William Newman was one of the first artists with that publication at its start in 1841. He did work for it for over twenty years, although never on the staff: "owing to his lack of breeding and common manners he was never invited to the (weekly) dinner, nor did any of his colleagues care to associate with him." They were glad enough to use him, however, and in the early years they had actual need of him. *Punch* paid him so poorly that he had to free-lance among other comic publications. "Then, disappointed at the little advance he made in the world, he emigrated to the United States where more lucrative employment awaited him."

In *Appendix I* of Spielmann's book there are facsimile reproductions of the signatures of *Punch's* artists, and against Newman's name there is the characteristic *N.* of the American cartoons. And to clinch the identification, on page 153 of the second volume of *Punch* is a drawing by H. G. Hine of Newman and himself in the prisoners' dock, under the caption of *Choice Spirits in Bond*; and the resemblance to the "Newman, Caricaturist" in Edward Jump's *Leslie's Office Staff Group* (No. 235, Vol. I) is striking, although the latter was done more than twenty years later.

The last plate in the first volume of this history (No. 237) proves that Newman had no sentiment of hyphenated loyalty, either to his birthland or to *Punch*

\* Not Newcomb, as printed by an oversight on page 235 of Volume I.



which had treated him so shabbily. He seems to have thrown himself into his new life and surroundings with enthusiasm, and he very quickly made himself familiar with the American viewpoint on public questions and political issues—an achievement few British-born cartoonists have ever attained.

This was in 1863. Whether Frank Leslie (himself an Englishman) had contracted with Newman in London, or whether the latter applied for work in Leslie's office upon arriving in New York is not known. What a boon a well-documented life of Leslie would be; or even if his account books could be discovered! In any case, Newman was soon busy baking single- and double-page cartoons for the Leslie publications. To date, I have not had the luck to find complete files of *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun* and *Jolly Joker*, nor of the *Comic Monthly* and *Phunny Phellow*; most regrettably, as these periodicals with their numerous large cartoons and humorous drawings are veritable reservoirs of graphic material for this decade, records of which are otherwise lost.

One of Newman's most felicitous cartoon ideas was the drawing entitled *Reconstruction—the old Map mended. Our soldier boys make a blanket of it and toss up Max and his Master* (No. 1). It shows the blanket map, North and South, stitched together, in the hands of the victorious Union generals, and the Emperors Maximilian and Napoleon III being tossed about. Uncle Sam looks on approvingly from the porch of the Union Hotel. John Bull, peering over a wall, exclaims, "Ho Lor! It will be my turn next!" In a crate in the right foreground is a turkey with the head of Jeff Davis, labeled: "With Care, Fortress Monroe." But more amusing still is Newman's *John Bull retiring from business. Triumph of Uncle Sam Neptune, attended by his daughter Columbia and his Tritons* (No. 2). Uncle Sam, seated in a fantastic sea-chariot drawn by web-footed horses and accompanied by Columbia, is making a triumphal progress through the waves. Music is furnished by the horns of the Tritons, who are the editors of several powerful newspapers: Bennett of the *Herald*, Greeley of the *Tribune*, and others. High up on a lookout mast attached to the chariot is Admiral Farragut. On the shore is John Bull, swathed in bandages, in a wheelchair pushed by Lord Palmerston (then Prime Minister) who is dressed in the uniform of a page. Britannia, plump, middle-aged, and helmeted, hands Columbia the Tri-





3. JOHNSON ACCUSED OF PAMPERING THE SOUTHERN DRAGON. BY WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1866.

dent. The whole thing is a most hilarious conceit, and the details of the drawing sustain and enhance one's enjoyment of the cartoon.

At the masthead of *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun* in those days stood an altogether admirable statement of graphic policy: "Artists and authors are invited to send to the Office of the *Budget of Fun* their sketches, whether pictorial or literary—marking on each its price—they will immediately receive a decision and the cash. Subjects for illustrated articles are requested—also political designs for cartoons, on all sides of politics, as the *Budget of Fun* will never give up to Party what was meant for Mankind."

Leslie himself was a Republican, a Grant man; and if he was one of the so-called Radicals who favored the impeaching of President Andrew Johnson he must have been delighted when Newman brought in his drawing of *Our Executive Feeding Up the Southern Dragon* (No. 3). This utterly grotesque design

shows a huge repulsive dragon seated in an "easy nursing chair" being fed "milk-sop" by Johnson, dressed as a nurse. Today most students of American history are inclined to think Johnson's conciliation policy sounder than the harsher program of the rapacious Radicals, but the cartoon unquestionably "made the point" to the satisfaction of a large percentage of the Northern population at the time.

Another neglected man concerning whose activities I have been able to glean some information is Edward Jump. From Mr. John Howell of San Francisco I learned that Jump was in that city in the early sixties; and that in 1864 he made a large lithograph entitled *San Francisco at the Fair—Industry and Fine Arts*, containing a hundred and fifty-eight caricatures of prominent San Franciscans, including himself. At about this time he also made the *Steamer Day* lithograph, published by Snow and Roos, art dealers, who are therein shown standing outside their shop while people of all sorts rush excitedly about the street on the waterfront. Jump was in St. Louis in the early seventies, as appears from Don C. Seitz's *Joseph Pulitzer*: "Charles (!) Jump, a local dealer in liquid refreshments, who had a talent for making composite pictures, constructed a reproduction of one of these (social) affairs, in which Pulitzer was a central figure. It shows him in the center of the dancing throng, towering above his neighbors, with an ineffable expression that was in time to vanish from his face."

Art Young recently showed me an interesting letter he received a few years ago from a man named Hoatland, commenting on a drawing of Mark Twain by Young, and supplying some personal reminiscences of Twain in Washington in or about 1868. Hoatland roomed in a house where Twain and Jump also had rooms. The letter, besides relating an amusing story of Twain and Jump which Mr. Young may release some day, contains some items about Jump. He was of French extraction and he got his start in graphic work making labels for whiskey bottles in San Francisco. While in Washington he was very successful, often making as much as \$500 a week, mostly at portrait work. He married a member of a visiting French opera company; and he committed suicide in St. Louis. Between the Washington and the St. Louis periods, however, he was in New



4. A SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE. LITHOGRAPH BY EDWARD JUMP, 1865.

York, working for Leslie's publications and also for *Wild Oats*.

Jump was an excellent caricaturist, and liked nothing better than to do a whole crowd of "truthful misrepresentations" in one lithograph. His knowledge of mass grouping and of composition was lamentably weak, but his individual figures were always humorously conceived and well and economically drawn. He made a few cartoons for the *Budget of Fun* and for *Wild Oats*, but failed to interest himself sufficiently in political questions to "make the point" with any degree of success.

*Earth Quakey Times* (No. 4) a lithograph "celebrating" the temblor that shook San Francisco on October 8th, 1865, is a fair example of Jump's peculiar talent. Extracting and exaggerating the humorous aspects of a tragic situation, in this high-spirited drawing of tumbling buildings and jumbling people, of apparently drunken trolleys and animated peddlers' wares, he turns panic into comedy. The frantic behavior of the people in the crowded street is humor-



ously and individually noted with a light and economic touch. Harry Peters in his *California on Stone* mentions a small lithograph entitled *The Last Jump*, showing the artist in a balloon. It is undated, and may quite possibly have been done shortly before he himself took his last jump—that is, before he committed suicide some time in 1883.

In June, 1865, Frank Beard's cartoon in the *Comic Monthly* reflected the public clamor for the hanging of the Southern leaders. *The Government Tailor Taking the Measure of Traitors* (No. 5) shows President Johnson (himself once a tailor) measuring a row of rebels for lengths of rope. Jeff Davis, Benjamin, Saunders, and others are in the line, but it is noticeable that no Southern general is present. Uncle Sam, wearing crepe on his hat for his lost nephews, is seated on a packingbox, whittling a miniature gallows. John Bull and Napoleon III look on gloomily from the open doorway.

Frank Beard (Thomas Francis, 1842–1905) was born in Cincinnati. His father, uncle, and brother were painters and illustrators. While serving in the Union Army he contributed drawings to *Leslie's* and *Harper's*. After the war he conceived the idea of giving "chalk talks," a form of entertainment in which the chief attraction was large, quick sketches, usually comic, done in the presence of the audience. These "chalk talks" became immensely popular, and a decade later Nast made a small fortune through his lecture tour. Many a farm lad and small-town boy has been fired to emulation by such talks, and several of our most prominent cartoonists and comic artists received their initiation in this way.

The dawn of the year 1867 was the occasion for another of those double-page crowded cartoons in the *Budget of Fun*, this time by W.H.S. (William Henry Shelton, 1840–1932?): *Uncle Sam's New Year's Fancy Dress Ball—Everybody in His Own Character* (No. 6). It is a humorous commentary on the national and international situations. There is no central figure or event, and each subject is drawn independently, either with intent to exhibit the chaos of the times or simply because the artist couldn't do otherwise. On a platform in the background are several comic draughtsmen at their boards, Nast and Jump among them; Ben Butler prepares an Impeachment Bill; a minister wearing smoked glasses is about to preach on sin and corruption; the Troy Mastodon pokes his enormous

head in from the left; bubbles of Lottery, Emigration, and Oil go up in the air; people crowd into the Paris exposition; Mexico hangs on to the coat-tails of Napoleon III; a demon-headed Bismarck has Germany in a bag; the Russian Bear has a stranglehold on a Turkey; Fenianism as a huge grasshopper is scaring the wits out of Britannia; Uncle Sam takes a bow with Venetia; Andrew Johnson (the "Executive Ogre"), shouldering an axe labeled "Power of Removal," holds out a platter upon which are piled the heads of postmasters; the *Sun* shines for all (for two cents); and James Gordon Bennett, Sr., warns his son to drop yachting and attend to business. A mad world, and a mad drawing, but an interesting one. In the lower right corner is a diminutive figure balanced on a thumb initialed W.H.S.

The growing demand for light reading following the close of the Civil War resulted in a great increase in the number of books and periodicals. Established publishers became more venturesome and new firms sprang up. Books by well-known humorous writers, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, John Phoenix, "Brick" Pomeroy, and others were in such demand as to encourage publishers to engage comic artists to illustrate them. The drawings seldom realized to the full the comic opportunities implicit in the texts, which were, for the most part, of the exaggerated, slapstick, "tall story" variety. One reason, of course, for the scarcity of good humorous drawing during this period of plentiful humorous writing and lecturing was that both the written and the spoken word were after all native to their users, whereas drawing is like a foreign language in that it has to be learned, and there were few teachers and even fewer opportunities for learning. And yet it is amazing how much real humor the unschooled draughtsmen managed to convey, how often they managed to grasp the bedraggled garments of the Comic Muse. From *The Squibob Papers* by John Phoenix the illustration entitled *The Last Sad Rites* (No. 7) is here reproduced as a fair example. Obviously the work of an amateur (Derby drew the illustrations for his book himself) there are nevertheless points of genuine humor to be observed, such as, in the first place, the bird's-eye view presented of the untimely dead youth and his equally untimely dead sweetheart. The extremely modest placing of the broom between the dead unmarried couple and the shearing of a lock of the dead





THE GOVERNMENT TAILOR TAKING THE MEASURE OF TRAITORS

5. PRESIDENT JOHNSON MEASURES SOUTHERN LEADERS FOR A LENGTH OF ROPE.  
BY FRANK BEARD, 1865.



UNCLE SAM'S NEW YEAR'S FANCY DRESS BALL—EVERYBODY IN HIS OWN CHARACTER

6. FRONT PAGE NEWS OF 1867 AS SEEN BY W. H. S(HELTON?).



youth's hair serve but to call attention to the extraordinarily comical shape of his nose as seen looking straight at the nostrils.

J. H. Howard was a busy illustrator in those years after the War. Among the books containing drawings by him are *Josh Billings, His Book*, 1865; *Sut Lovingood's Yarns* by George W. Harris, 1867; and *Nonsense* by "Brick" Pomeroy, 1868. *Sut's New-fangled Shirt* (No. 8), which had been carefully laundered



SUT'S NEW-FANGLED SHIRT.

"I hearn a n'ise tarin' a shingle ruff ofen a hons' at wun rake, an' felt like my bon' all what lef the shut, an' reached the floor."



DINNER AT STRAWBERRY.

8 AND 9. ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. HOWARD AND H. L. STEPHENS, 1867.

by his hostess and which nearly took all the hide off his back when he tried to fall out of the agonizing thing through a loose board in his attic bedroom, is one of Howard's most successful efforts.

H. L. Stephens illustrated J. Ross Brown's *A Peek at Warsoe*, and his spirited rendering of the boisterous *Dinner at Strawberry* (No. 9) must also find a place here, and if it leads the interested reader to look up the book he will not be disappointed.

*Wreck-Elections of a Busy Life*, an album containing twenty lithographs by J. Bowker, was a burlesque life of Horace Greeley, to the accompaniment of satirical verses. Bowker's lithographs display a decidedly savage capacity for ridicule, and they are drawn with a deceptive crudeness. *The Infant Horace Greeting His Father* (No. 10) is a fair sample of the artist's rough handling of the prodigy, and sets the pace for his later prodigious adventures. This paper-covered album has all the earmarks of a political pamphlet, yet Greeley was not



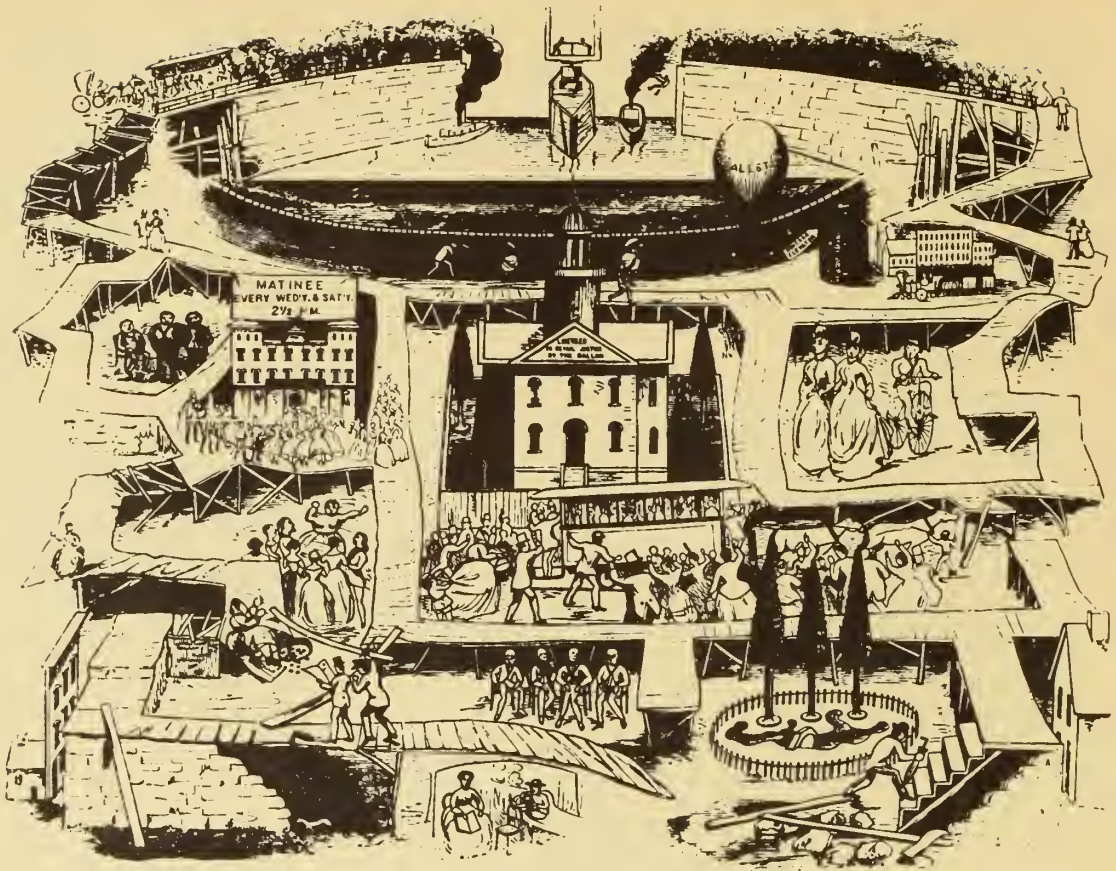
10. THE INFANT HORACE GREETING HIS FATHER. BY J. BOWKER, 1867.

to be a presidential candidate until five years after its publication. Quite possibly it was aimed at his generally unsettling, because vacillating, political influence.

A book entitled *Walks about Chicago* by Polinta (F. B. Wilkie), 1869, has a curiously amusing frontispiece by W. L. Palin, whose work is otherwise unknown to me. The "Walks" (No. 11) are very dangerous-looking trestle and plank affairs, and they take odd turnings indeed. As a humorous record of the early Windy City transportation it is well worth a glance.

In 1897 Louis Evan Shipman published (through the Dunlop Society) A



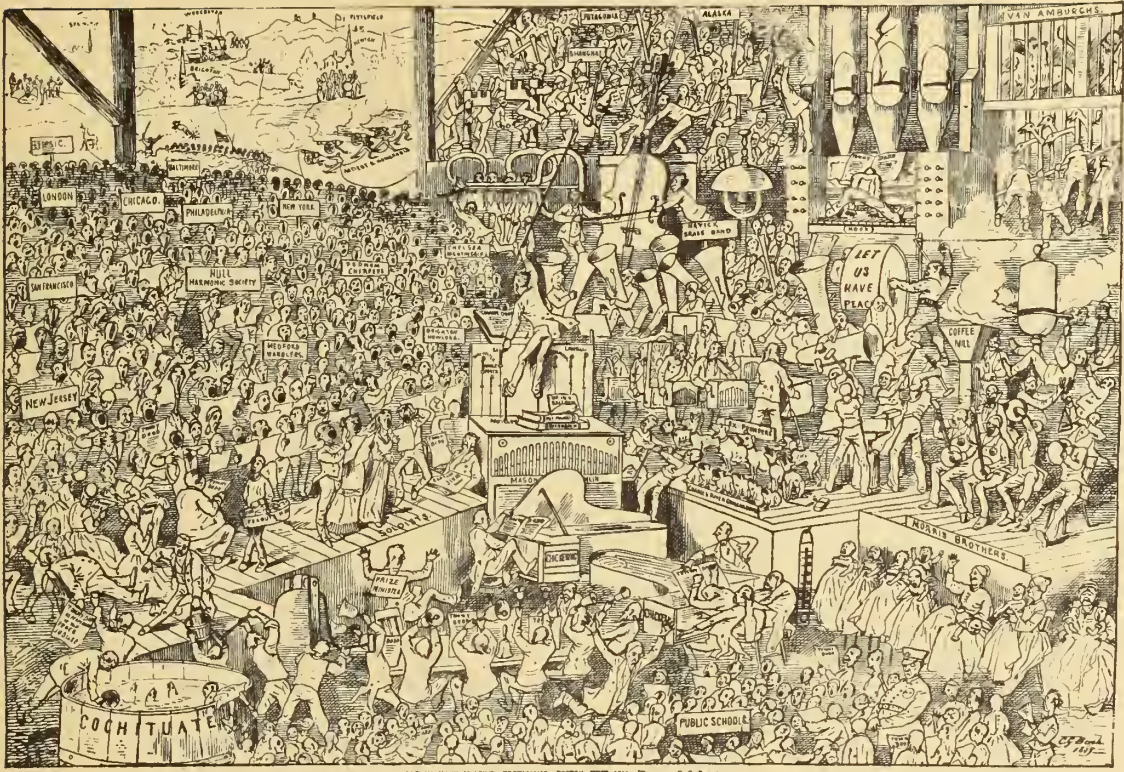


"WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO."

II. SHOWING PRIMITIVE WALKS ABOUT CHICAGO. BY W. L. PALIN, 1869.

*Group of Theatrical Caricatures*, being twelve plates by W. J. Gladding. These were made by Gladding in 1868. They are of Brougham, Wallack, Forrest, Booth, and others famous at that time. None of them is of any particular merit, but the scarcity of caricatures of actors in the sixties gives them at least an associative interest. The first syndicated illustration business was founded in the late sixties by Fay and Cox in New York. *Innocents Abroad*, Mark Twain's first full-length book, was illustrated by various hands in the employ of Fay and Cox.

In 1868 Thomas Worth drew one of his finest lithographic cartoons in "*Spoons*" as *Falstaff Mustering the Impeachment Managers* (No. 12). The caricature of Thad Stevens as a spindle-legged hunchback of determined, malignant countenance is extremely powerful. The other conspirators, Logan, Boutwell, Bingham, Williams, Wilson, and Chase are all easily recognizable,



13. MASS MUSIC AT THE BOSTON PEACE JUBILEE. BY CHARLES GREEN BUSH, 1869.

some determined, some hesitant. Butler's Elizabethan costume is decorated with spoons—the cartoonists never allowed him to forget the charge that he stole silverware while in command of military forces in New Orleans. Johnson, as a tailor, thumbs his nose at Butler from behind a pillar.

The first of those mammoth "Peace Jubilee" music festivals was held in Boston in June, 1869; and besides astonishing the world with its chorus of ten thousand voices, its orchestra of one thousand pieces, and its huge steam-powered organ, it furnished the occasion for the debut of Charles Green Bush (1842–1909) as a humorous artist. His double-folio-page drawing, *Let Us Have Peace!* (No. 13) in *Harper's Weekly*, is an amazingly fascinating production. He shows the whole monstrous ensemble strumming, stringing, banging, blowing, and bawling "Tommy Dodd," a popular ballad of the day. No description can do justice to the gay irreverence and irrelevance with which the youthful Bush has charged his drawing. He has even added babies, animals, and frogs to swell the din.







14. SATIRE ON THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT. BY CURRIER & IVES, 1868.



In this same year, and in the same "Journal of Civilization," Bush had his fun with the Woman's Cause. A full-page linecut entitled *Sorosis* showed several groups of unprepossessing matrons and maidens in conference. They all look very determined and very sour, and the drawing has none of the lightness and gaiety so omnipresent in the one on the Peace Jubilee.

The agitation for Woman Suffrage, under the leadership of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, just at the time when the Radical Republicans were rushing their bills for the enfranchisement of Southern negroes through Congress, caused the majority no little trouble. At that time James Brooks of New York was the only champion in the House of the Woman Suffrage Memorial, which he presented to Congress in 1866. Throughout the country generally, however, the movement was but a subject for ridicule. In 1868 Currier & Ives put out two lithographs, *The Age of Iron* and *The Age of Brass*, caustically satirizing the political aspirations of the ladies. These lithographs (unsigned) are drawn with a certain skill and elegance. The first (No. 14) shows a fantastically dressed female politician about to step into a coach "manned" by a coachwoman and footwoman of obvious Irish extraction. The progressive female's husband is rocking a cradle and sewing, while an Irish youth is bending over a washtub. In the other a number of women in very queer hats are gathered about a ballot-box. Some are smoking cigars, and one is threatening a timid man who is holding a baby.

Thomas Nast was busy in these immediate post-bellum years forging a weapon that was to be one of the big guns of his party for more than twenty years. He had joined the staff of *Harper's Weekly*, and was soon in the thick of the fight against Andrew Johnson, whom Nast saw simply as a traitor to the party. The smoke of the Civil War had not cleared sufficiently for men to perceive that party and patriotism were not synonymous. The widespread propaganda to the effect that Johnson was betraying the principles and program of Lincoln inflamed many much older men than the youthful Nast. As a cartoonist he was fortunate in that he had no temperamental adjustments to make; he was a born crusader, and nothing directed his hand but his own convictions. But his convictions were those of a fierce idealist and a strict moralist, the convictions of a man who knew





AMPHIBIOUS M. JOHNSON IN THE MASSACRE OF THE EXPLOITS AT NEW ORLEANS, 1867.

15. JOHNSON ACCUSED OF ACQUIESCENCE IN THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE. BY THOMAS NAST, 1867.



no hesitations and no introspection, one to whom a thing was either white or black. Later on—even during the anti-Johnson campaign—there were those who were to exploit the convictions of this idealist for their own quite other purposes. And it is highly improbable that he ever became aware of it.

His first purely political cartoons appeared early in Johnson's administration, and they were directed with telling effect against the greatly maligned occupant of the White House. Although they had little of that forceful simplicity which made his later work so effective, and which today gives him first rank among cartoonists, they were effective enough for their day, which was accustomed to the crowded allegorical drawing, to the central cartoon surrounded by a number of smaller ones, to the complicated picture within a picture, all overloaded with what we now regard as irrelevant detail. Occasionally Nast returned to this method in later years (it would almost seem that he had some affection for it), but he was conscious that a more direct method, one employing simplification for emphasis, was becoming necessary, and it was evident that he was working towards its realization. All the fierce invective and scathing ridicule then at his command were launched at the unfortunate Johnson. The Radical Republicans were overjoyed at receiving such strong support; they supplied the press with "news" of ever-increasing Ku Klux "outrages" in the South, they worked hard to manufacture "evidence" of Johnson's complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, and they plotted day and night to get rid of the humane obstructionist to their plans for colonizing and looting the prostrate Southern states. But Nast, while with them, was not of them: he was quite unaware of the unscrupulous, even criminal activities of some of his party leaders—the fanatical, vindictive Thad Stevens, the shifty, sinister Ben Butler, and the unspeakably corrupt Ashley. Yet Nast quite deliberately and with honest conviction did his share in the vilification of the President. He showed him as a would-be king aiming at absolute power, as a drunken sot, and as a Roman tyrant. This last, the *Amphitheatrum Johnsonianum* (No. 15), in which Johnson, Seward, and Welles in Roman attire view with complacency the massacre of New Orleans, is here reproduced for the striking contrast it makes with that other Roman scene, *The Tammany Tiger Loose* (No. 42) done only four years later. In those four years

Nast had ceased his apprenticeship to the old school and had become the master technician of the new.

The nomination of Grant in 1868 was hailed by Nast with enthusiastic fervor. He had long admired the General, and now felt that Grant would again save the country. Consistently enough Nast never wavered in his faith in Grant as an able executive during the whole of the eight long years of scandal, plundering, and misrule. He was devoted to Grant the hero; and when he went to Washington he dined at the White House and was entertained by the leaders of both houses of Congress, by cabinet ministers and justices of the Supreme Court. Nast had done valiant work against Seymour, the Democratic nominee. Every week for five months in the first periodical with a national circulation, he carried the attack to the enemy. Seymour's record and promises were exhumed and savagely pilloried. As Lady Macbeth endeavoring to wash off the Draft Riot stains, as tempting devil and as cunning satyr, the Democratic candidate's public reputation was ripped to shreds.

With his hero installed in the White House Nast's occupation was gone, and the year 1869 passed quietly. The attempt by Fisk and Gould to corner the gold market brought ruin to hundreds of brokers and merchants in October 1869, and Nast did a memorable little drawing of *Wall Street Closed for Repairs* and barricaded with the corpses of the "Bulls" and the "Bears." He tried his hand at social studies, but while they were pleasant enough they had no significance. He needed the smell of powder to do his best work. He looked about him for another foe, and found him—or rather them—literally on his own doorstep. The foe was the Tammany Ring.





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in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

[Supplement to EVERY SATURDAY, No. 12.]

"Drink fair, Betsey, wotever you do!"

SAIREY GAMP AND BETSEY PRIG.

17. DICKENS'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS. BY SOL EYTINGE, 1870.





25. ILLUSTRATION BY PALMER COX, 1877.

## CHAPTER II

*H. L. STEPHENS BECOMES EDITOR OF PUNCHINELLO. EYTINGE'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF DICKENS. ACTIVITIES OF AUGUSTUS HOPPIN. WILD OATS, ILLUSTRATED SATIRICAL WEEKLY OF THE SEVENTIES. SOME CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTRIBUTIONS—HOPKINS, OPPER, WALES, WORTH, BELLEW. EARLY WORK OF PALMER COX. COMIC LITHOGRAPHS OF THE SEVENTIES. THE DAILY GRAPHIC. GREY-PARKER, LUMLEY, AND OTHERS. PLETHORA OF LECTURES. ABBEY, FROST AND REINHART AS CARTOONISTS.*

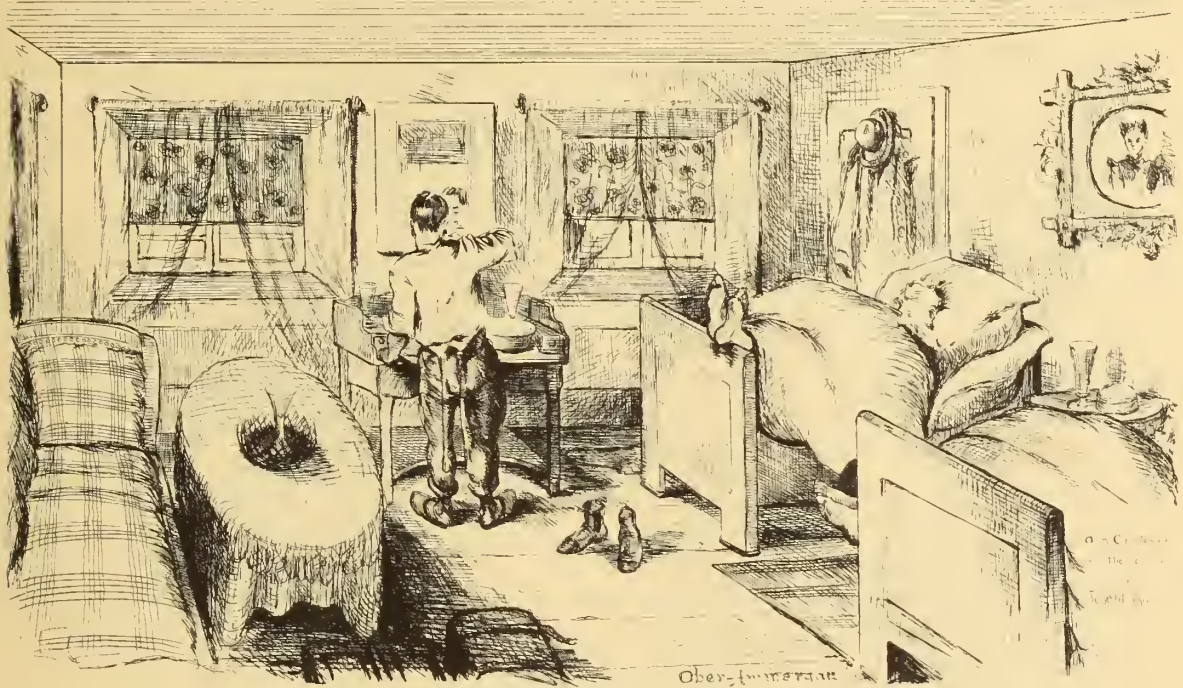
OUR old friend H. L. Stephens makes his bow in 1870 as chief artist of a short-lived satirical weekly called *Punchinello*, which was assumed to be subsidized by "Boss" Tweed. Whether this consideration weakened Stephens's hand or not, it is undeniable that that hand is weaker—or rather the cartoon ideas are decidedly feeble, and as a matter of fact, all the graphic matter is undistinguished, despite the presence of such signatures as Bellew, Hoppin, Fiske, and Howard. John Ames Mitchell, later founder and editor of *Life*, makes an early contribution with a rather wooden drawing on the well-worn theme of the landing of the Pilgrims. Stephens shows the rival and abusive New York editors as washerwomen using lots of "lye"; and in another cartoon (a parody on Biard's pirate ship painting) he depicts the crew of the "*Harpy*" disguised in shawls and bonnets, luring the good ship "*Author*" close enough to

board her (No. 16). The "*Harpy*," as some verses tell us, is the firm of Harper & Brothers, which is thus openly accused of literary piracy. This is the best of his later efforts.

There was plenty of that sort of knavery going on, and no doubt it accounted somewhat for Dickens's churlishness towards America, since he was a great loser by such practices. Yet it is unlikely he would have approved, as he did, the illustrations made by Sol Eytinge for some American editions of his books had these latter been among the pirated. William Winter, in a volume of reminiscences, pays tribute to Eytinge as man and friend but says nothing about his work except that Dickens thought very highly of the American's graphic interpretations of his characters. If he saw Eytinge's *Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig* (No. 17), among others, his praise was well deserved. The two-old, not too professional nurses, the lean, hard-looking Betsey, and Sairey, "a fat woman with a moist eye," are here shown taking their gin and gossip, and the artist has put some of his careful best work into building up the persons and personalities of these immortal horrors. Eytinge also illustrated Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels*, 1871, *Liffith Lank*, 1876, by John Paul (author of *St. Tivemo*, and "other works too humorous to mention"), and contributed some excellent "darky" drawings to weekly magazines.

Augustus Hoppin (1828-1896) comes into notice again in 1871 as author and illustrator of *Ups and Downs on Land and Water*, and in the following year he made three drawings a day for *Jubilee Days*, an illustrated daily record of humorous features of another World's Peace Jubilee. Published for three weeks daily except Sunday by the James R. Osgood Co., and engraved by the Chemical Engraving Co. "in three hours after the receipt of the drawings," the four-page quarto paper was the beginning of illustrated daily journalism in the United States. Hoppin wrote and illustrated more travel books and some mildly humorous tales. He was in great demand as an illustrator, supplying drawings for books by W. D. Howells and Charles Dudley Warner, as well as contributing to *Punchinello*, *Every Saturday*, and other periodicals. Hoppin was a better draughtsman, academically speaking, than most of his contemporaries of the seventies, and although his comic gifts were of the slightest his genteel style was





18. AMERICANS ABROAD. BY AUGUSTUS HOPPIN, 1871.



THE LITERARY PIRATES.

SUGGESTED BY BIARD'S PICTURE, AND SHOWING THE PIRATICAL ROVER "HARRY" SPRINGING A TRAP UPON THE GOOD SHIP "AUTHOR" IN A FAVORABLE TRADE WIND.

16. LITERARY PIRACY SATIRIZED BY H. L. STEPHENS, 1870.



highly appreciated by a nation just becoming culture-conscious. From *Ups and Downs on Land and Water*, a graphic record of a European trip, *Ober-Ammergau—Our Chamber in the House of Joseph Mair—Short Beds* (No. 18) is taken. This is one of his best, as a humorous drawing. A glance will show that technically he was far in advance of most of his American fellow craftsmen. The telling details are carefully presented, but with a little more imaginative treatment the scene could have been much more amusing.



FUN-MAKERS OF NEW YORK FRANK BELLEW



THE STARS OF WILD OATS, No. 3—MR. E. JUMP.

19 AND 20. CARICATURISTS CARICATURED BY LIVINGSTON HOPKINS, 1876.

Among the artists who added to the liveliness of an illustrated satirical weekly of the seventies called *Wild Oats* were Livingston Hopkins, Edward Jump, Dan Beard, the elder Bellew, and the then very young Fred Oppen. Hopkins (1846–1927) was free-lancing in New York and joined the new journal for a few months. He did some caricatures of his fellow artists on the staff, and these were printed accompanied by burlesque biographies. Here are the dignified Bellew (No. 19) and the walrus-mustached Jump (No. 20). For the glimpses they give of the men themselves the drawings are decidedly interesting, even if only

faintly amusing. Hopkins did better work later on. He illustrated Josh Billings's *Old Probability*, the nine numbers of Josh's *Almanix*, and a collection of Burdette's *Hawkeye Papers*. He wrote and illustrated a *Comic History of the United States*, 1877, and not only made nothing on it but was amazed to see it savagely attacked by reviewers as "devoid of respect for national sentiments." He continued as a free lance, and worked mostly for the Harper periodicals, illustrating books from time to time, among them *Don Quixote*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Baron Munchausen*. Toward the end of 1882 he sailed for Australia, having been engaged as cartoonist by the *Sydney Bulletin*, and except for a couple of visits home, remained there until his death in 1927.

Frederick Burr Opper (1857-1937), who was to have a career of fifty-eight years as cartoonist and comic artist, made his graphic debut in *Wild Oats* in 1876 at the age of nineteen. His first drawing to make the coveted front page of that lively but short-lived weekly was an attack on the Catholic phobia of Thomas Nast. The latter was uncompromisingly opposed to the efforts of politically-minded priests and over-zealous laymen to create a Catholic political faction in city, state or nation. And he fought all their efforts to gain control of the public schools and to obtain state subsidies for their own parochial schools. Events have, on the whole, justified Nast's opposition if not his methods; but he did not always make it clear that he was not attacking Catholicism as a faith. It was not unnatural, therefore, that the youthful Opper conceived of Nast as one who saw snakes whenever the word Catholic was mentioned (No. 21). It is a capital skit and the draughtsmanship gives no hint of immaturity. The veteran Thomas Worth was another graphic humorist attached for a time to *Wild Oats*, and one of his most characteristic contributions was an illustration for a burlesque exposé of the ritual of Freemasonry.

Another cartoonist who made his early appearance in this paper, and who later became famous on the staffs of *Puck* and *Judge*, is James A. Wales (1852-1886). His anti-Grant cartoon, a double-page affair, was done in 1876 when it was feared Grant was seeking a third term. It purports to be *A Warning to Editors of the "Independent" Press* (No. 22), and shows Ulysses I "as supreme despot, surrounded by his Court, while sitting in Judgment." Grant, crowned



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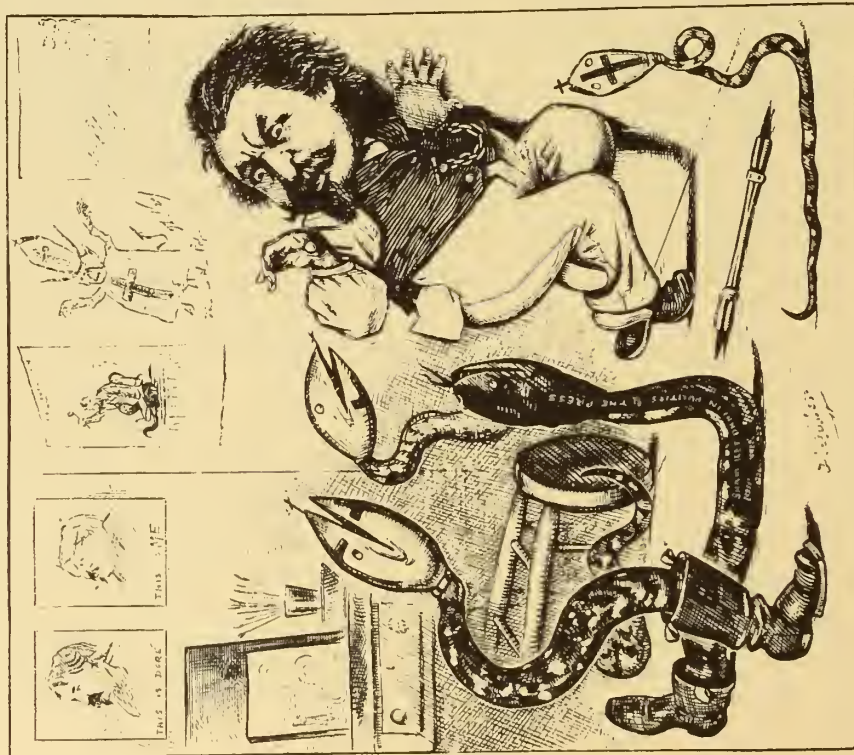
An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fun, Satire, Burlesque, Hits at Persons and Events of the Day.

Vol. XIV.—No. 181.]

New York, June 14, 1876.

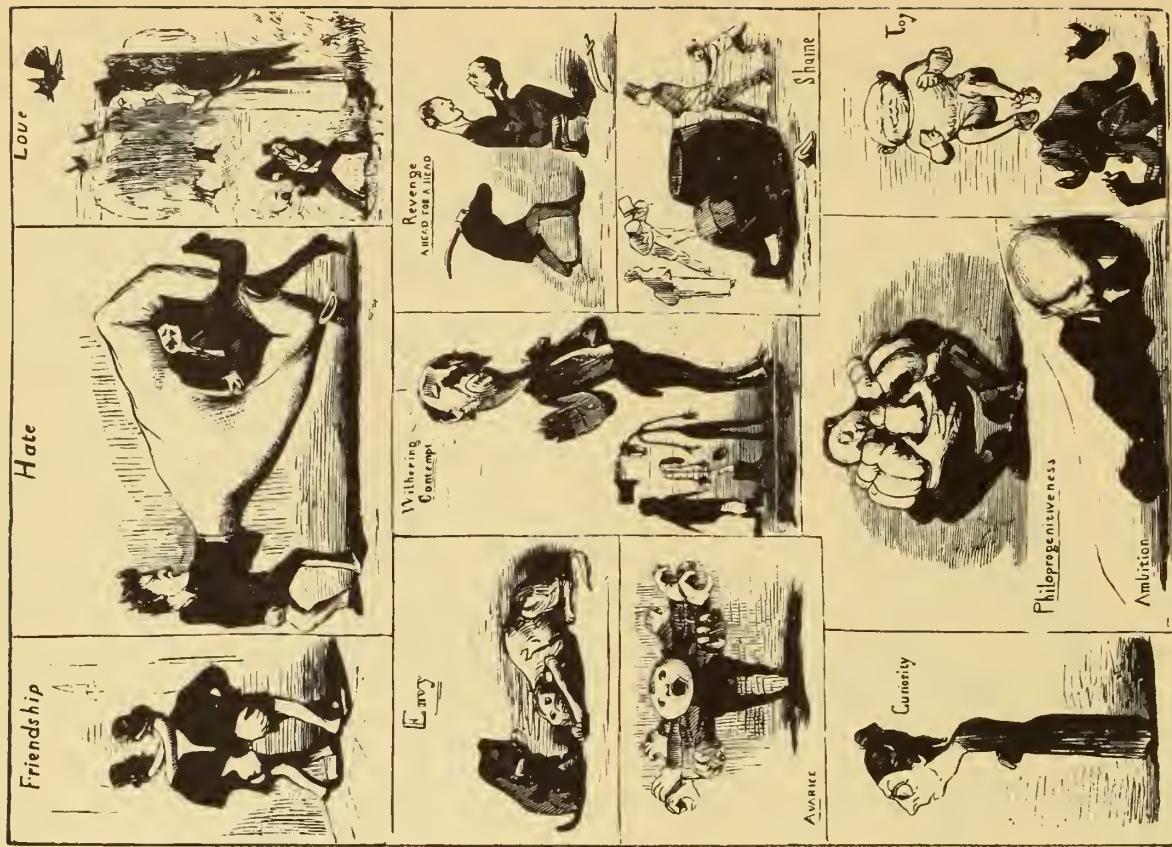
[Price 10 Cents. 15¢ Foreign.]

Printed according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by J. J. O'NEILL, at the Office of the Publisher, at No. 10, Nassau St., New York.



TOMMY SEES SNAKES AGAIN. - A. T. NAST & PARTNER.

21. NAST'S ANTI-CATHOLIC PHOBIA SATIRIZED BY OPPEN, 1876.



THE HUMAN PASSIONS ILLUSTRATED.

24. TYPICAL PAGE OF HUMOROUS DRAWINGS OF THE SEVENTIES.





A WARNING TO EDITORS OF THE "INDEPENDENT" PRESS.—WASHINGTON AS IT MAY BE IN '81. GRANT AS SUPREME DESPOT, SURROUNDED BY HIS COURT, WHILE SITTING IN JUDGMENT.

22. GRANT ADMINISTRATION SEEN HEADING FOR PRESS DICTATORSHIP. BY J. A. WALES.



and enthroned, looks grimly on while Logan reads the death sentences on Bennett, Reid, Dana, and other recalcitrant editors. Conkling is court jester, and Ben Butler as executioner leans affectionately on his axe. It is a highly accomplished piece of work, comparing favorably with any he did later for *Puck* or *Judge*, and indicates that Wales had his share in the origination of those tableau cartoons for which *Puck* became so well known.

And here is our old friend Bellew again. His work had been somewhat uneven and his health decidedly poor in recent years, but in *The New Democratic Team for the Coach of State* (No. 23) he displayed all his old cunning in conception and skill in execution. Of the six ill-matched animals with which the Democrats hope to win the Presidential Tallyho he says in a footnote: "Inflation (sired by Reckless and dam'd by Honesty)—Contraction (got by Bitter Experience out of Panic)—States Rights (got by Cheek out of Treason)—Rebel Debt (got by Davis out of Johnny Bull)—Free Trade (got by Common Sense out of Experience) and Protection (got by Monopoly out of Poor Folks)."

One more contribution to *Wild Oats*, although anonymous, must find place here because it is typical of much of the graphic humor of the time. *The Human Passions Illustrated* (No. 24) is to our eyes decidedly quaint in conception, yet there is a full measure of the human-all-too-human element in it, and each of us may find a favorite among the dozen comics.

Commenting on the high mortality among comic periodicals Frederic Hudson in his *History of Journalism*, 1873, says: "Our people don't want their wit on a separate dish. Wit cannot be measured off like tape, or kept on hand for a week; it would *spoil* in that time. . . . No one can wait a week for a laugh; it must come in daily with our coffee." Yet the *Budget of Fun* and *Wild Oats* were still going strong while Hudson was writing. It would be idle to assume that he was unaware of these publications, but he had the quotidian frame of mind: he worked for and with and was conditioned to the daily press. He also remarks: "Our four or five hundred daily and weekly publications have columns of Nuts to Crack, Sunbeams, Sparks from the Telegraph, Flashes of Fun, Humors of the Day, Brevities, Twinklins, and a host of others. These are the comic departments of the regular press."



THE NEW DEMOCRATIC COACH OF STATE

## 23. CONFLICTING POLICIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. BY FRANK BELLEW.

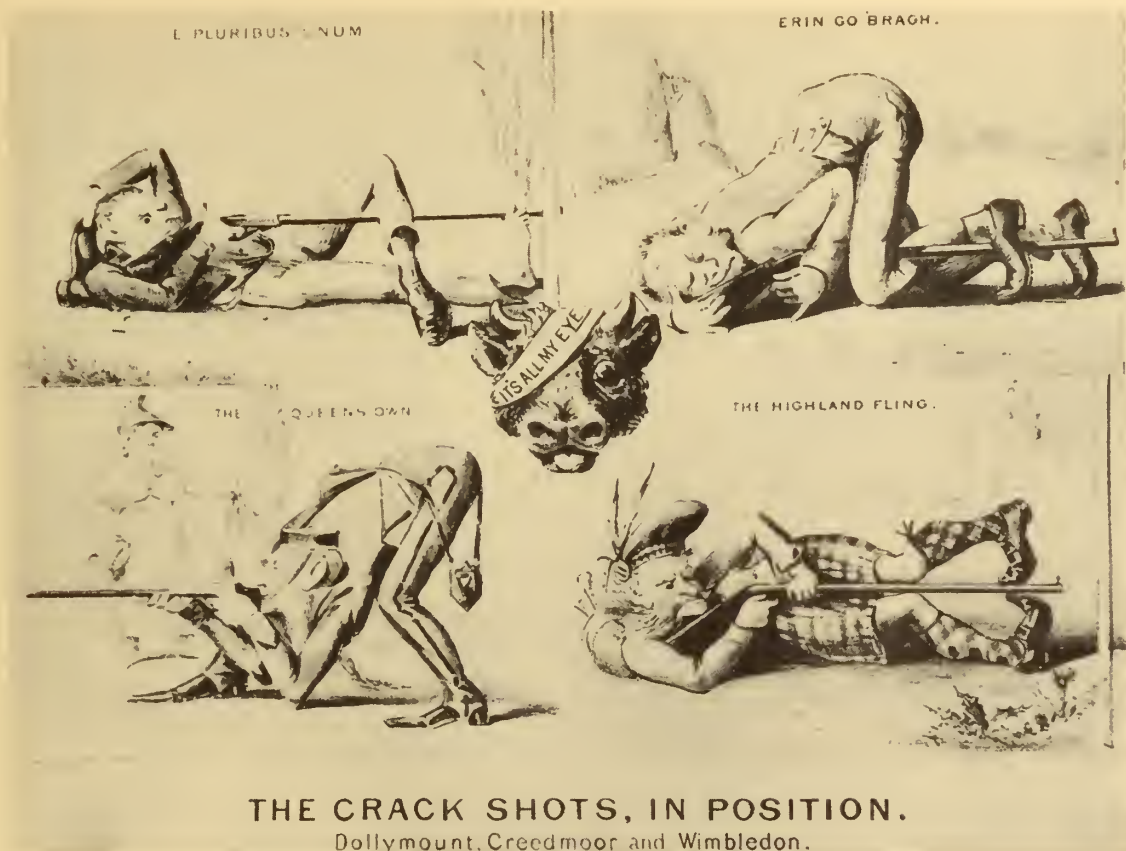
Palmer Cox (1840–1924) had a lively comic talent before he invented the “Brownies” in 1883 and was thereafter condemned to ink them. Born at Granby, Quebec, in his youth he went to San Francisco, tried his hand at many things, among them humorous drawing and verse-making, and came East in the early seventies after the *New York Daily Graphic* had accepted some of his work sent by mail. A few years later he was author and illustrator of *Hans von Pelter's Trip to Gotham*, *How Columbus Found America*, *That Stanley!*, and two collections of Western tales. His range included the wildest slapstick and the most delicate satire, and graphic humor lost “a fellow of constant jest and infinite variety” when he limited himself to the Brownies and illustration for children’s magazines. The *Hans von Pelter* book, published in 1877, describes and pictures the adventures of a Hoboken German in the city of New York. His encounters with bed-bugs, rats, stray dogs, sausages, and cheese are successively and, on his part, indomitably dealt with, but he is stumped when he comes face to face with a nude female statue in the museum (No. 25).



The many and hitherto prosperous lithographic firms were now beginning to be pushed out of the illustration field by the newer and cheaper processes of chemical and steam engraving. But there was life in the old business yet, and several houses continued to issue prints well into the nineties. As for comic lithos, Currier & Ives continued to be well to the fore. *Crack Shots in Position* (No. 26) by C. M. Vergnes, 1875, proves this little-known draughtsman to have had a genuine gift of comic invention and considerable talent in expressing it. The four marksmen in position display decided acrobatic skill and the several national characteristics of physiognomy and garb are made the most of. Comic parodies of popular songs were current then as now, and lithographic artists made their contributions also. *When the Flowing Tide Comes In* (No. 27), an anonymously designed Currier & Ives, shows the imminently tragic result of the efforts of ill-advised amateur oarsmen grounded in the mud. Another print, issued by Parsloe and Vance, signed with a monogram *T.F.* or *T.F.V.*, is entitled *I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary* (No. 28) and shows a lean, romantic, rustic youth playing a flute. The birds in flight add a delicate satiric touch to this very sensitively executed drawing.

From New Orleans in 1876 was issued a portfolio of *New Orleans Characters* by Leon J. Frémaux, comprising eighteen line lithographs, watercolored. The rarity of anything from the South, even at this date, gives these prints an especial interest. A brief study of *On the Flags* (No. 29) discloses that M. Frémaux was a shrewd observer of character. The three cotton factors "selling imaginary stock at real prices" are very skilfully drawn, and the hands and fingers are as expressive as the faces. From 1869 to 1875 a Dr. J. M. Durel published, also in New Orleans, a French-language weekly called *Le Carrillon*, with the amusing subtitle: "*Journal peu politique, encore moins littéraire, et pas de tout sérieux.*" It contained witty and scabrous attacks on carpet-baggers and negro office-holders. One of the very few illustrations was a crude cartoon showing Napoleon III abdicating in favor of Grant, with Secretary Stanton acting as "Maid of Honor" holding up Grant's coat-tails.

Not infrequently prints are found which shed interesting light on past customs, and an amusing example of this is the *Scene in Connecticut* (No. 30).



26. LITHOGRAPH BY C. M. VERGNES FOR CURRIER & IVES, 1875.



27. PARODY COVER DESIGN FOR POPULAR SONG. CURRIER & IVES, 1879.

Anonymous both as to draughtsman and publisher, it perpetuates the almost forgotten purveyor of Triantic Salve, or skunk oil, which was in great demand in the rural districts of New England.

That shifty, squint-eyed, ubiquitous politician General Benjamin F. Butler was the target for another bitter satirical attack in a series of six pen-and-ink sketches, presumably published in Boston in 1874. Its title was *Ye Exploits of*



*On the flags.  
Selling imaginary stock at real prices.*

29. COTTON SPECULATORS IN NEW ORLEANS.  
BY LEON J. FREMAUX, 1876.

*Ye Distinguished Attorney and General B.F.B. (Bombastee Furioso Buncombe).* The drawings themselves bear a remarkable similarity in style to the work of the Baltimore dentist Adalbert J. Volck, some of whose Confederate war etchings were reproduced in Volume I (Nos. 199–203).

The *Daily Graphic*, started in the early seventies, was the first illustrated daily in the United States. Taking advantage of the latest steam engraving and printing equipment it created a new field in journalism, and held its own for several





I'M SITTING ON THE STILE, MARY.

years. Frequent changes in ownership probably did more to cause its demise in the late eighties than did any lack of popular demand. The first few issues had caricatures in the form of statues of prominent public men, drawn by Theo. Wust. These were called *Graphic Statues*. They were not very good. Wust later dropped the pedestal idea, but not the name. One of his most amusing drawings is *A Veterinary Health Commissioner* (No. 31). Precisely why Henry Bergh, who founded the A.S.P.C.A. in 1866, should have been not only ridiculed but repeatedly assaulted for his untiring efforts to bring about more humane treatment of animals is at this later date something of a mystery. One would think that the people of the rough and ready seventies would have admired his pluck and militancy, if nothing more. However, here he is, taking the pulse of a sick-abed horse!

Many humorous draughtsmen found welcome and opportunity in the office and pages of the new illustrated daily. Among them were men since forgotten and men since become famous. Who knows anything today of Miranda, Feggin, Weldon, Cusachs, Piquet, Poland, or Kendrick? And who does not know Hopkins, Kemble, Frost, C. J. Taylor, W. A. Rogers, M. A. Woolf, and A. B. Schultz?

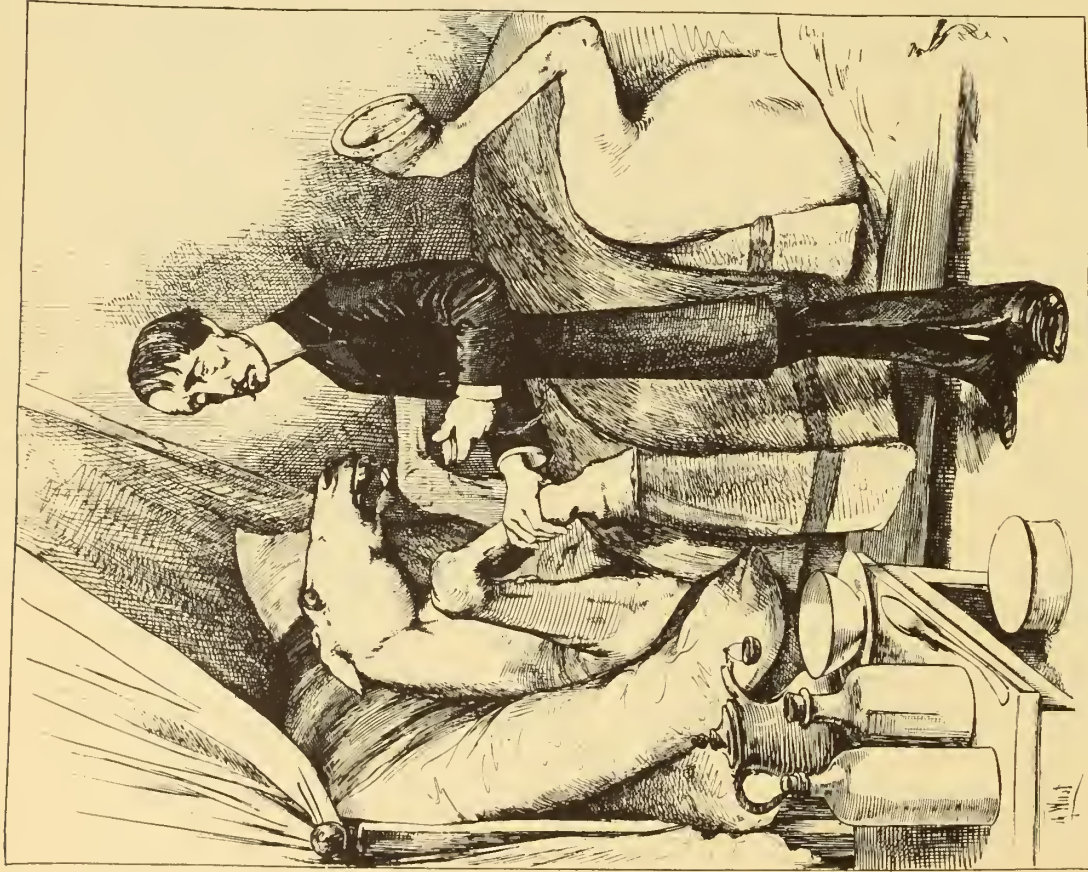
Grey-Parker also did some work for the *Daily Graphic*. From the scanty information obtainable about him I gather that he was of English birth, that he was a dandy in dress, and a sort of *arbiter elegantiarum* in his circle. From his graphic work it is easily perceived that he had taste for pretty women and fine horses. Fashionable seashore, coaching, and hunting scenes predominate among his drawings, and he was in all likelihood the American precursor of that genteel style of social satire popularized in England by Du Maurier and here somewhat later by Gibson. In *Grasshopper Twisting in All Its Forms* (No. 32) he is at his best, ridiculing a then current craze for a bend in the back and a tilt of the head, something akin to which, curiously enough, Gibson was to make fashionable again a generation later.

Arthur Lumley (1837-1912), a good man of whom I have unfortunately been unable to learn anything, was active at this time, and he contributed an excellent bit of social satire to the *Graphic* in *The Intelligent Jury* (No. 33).



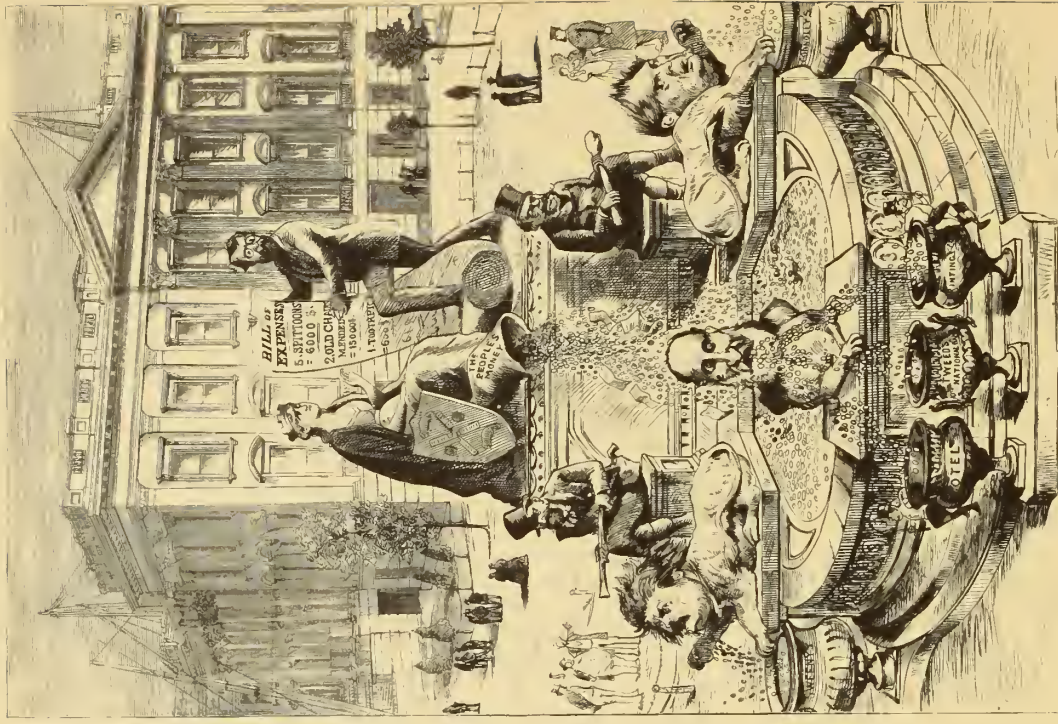






GRAPHIC STATUES, NO. 20—A VETERINARY HEALTH COMMISSIONER.

31. THE FOUNDER OF THE S.P.C.A. RIDICULED BY THEO. WUST, 1874.



DESIGN FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN IN THE CITY HALL PARK.

C. GREY-PARKER

35. A GRAFTER'S MONUMENT BY C. GREY-PARKER, 1871.

Here it is the jury who are indicted—charged with ignorance, prejudice, stupidity, indifference, slothfulness, and corruption. And yet the dominant note is humor—not tolerant humor but understanding humor.

The craze for listening to lectures—or rather seeing celebrities—reached a great height in the seventies. The skilful showmanship of James Redpath, founder of the first lecture bureau in America, was largely responsible: he was the Barnum of culture. Nast was persuaded to lecture in 1873, illustrating the text (prepared by Parton) with large drawings made on the platform, and was amazed to find he had realized \$40,000 for his few months' tour. Bennett of the *Herald* started a mock subscription for the impoverished artist, and Nast had some fun with the idea in a few drawings in *Harper's Weekly*. But the majority of the lecturers were authors, scientists, clergymen, humorists, Women's Rights advocates, and temperance leaders. A drawing by W. Davenport in the *Budget of Fun* gives a lively idea of the situation from the victim's point of view. It bears the legend, *Uncle Sam's Annual Dose of Lecturing*—"They Rave, They Rant, They Waddle Round the Land!" (No. 34). Our Uncle is seated on a bench, literally surrounded by the shouting, gesticulating lecturers, Greeley and Tilton among them.

Many admirers of the work of Abbey, Frost, and Reinhart will be surprised to learn that all three famous illustrators made cartoons in their 'prentice years on *Harper's Weekly*; and had not the field been so limited in those years they might have developed their talents in that direction. But there was Nast on *Harper's*, and not much chance elsewhere. Yet even with Nast, in the years of such hard-fought campaigns as those against Tweed, Greeley, and Tilden, the Harper art department impressed its younger men into cartoon-making and some of them did very creditably indeed. Even Grey-Parker was conscripted for cartoon service, and his daintily drawn and therefore all the more grotesque *Design for a Proposed Monumental Fountain in City Hall Park* (No. 35) is striking. High on a pedestal Mayor "O. K." Hall is showing a female figure symbolic of New York a huge roll labeled "Bill of Expenses." Three lions with the heads of Tweed, Sweeny, and Connolly are vomiting coins from the fountain of "the People's Money" into urns or basins before them. Connolly and Sweeny





UNCLE SAM'S ANNUAL DOSE OF LECTURING.—"THEY RAVE, THEY RANT, THEY WADDLE ROUND THE LAND!  
UNCLE SAM.—"ONE AT A TIME, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU PLEASE!"

34. TOO MANY LECTURERS! UNCLE SAM BECOMES DESPERATE. BY W. DAVENPORT, 1874.



THE INDICTMENT JURY

33. AN INDICTMENT OF THE JURY SYSTEM BY ARTHUR LUMLEY, 1874.



have one each; Tweed has three, labeled "Hotel," "Tweed's 10th National Bank," and "Printing Company." The figures of two Irish henchmen, armed with club and shotgun, guard the fountain from all comers.

C. S. Reinhart's *Drop of Water Under the People's Microscope* (No. 36) is a most extraordinary conception. It shows all the major and many of the minor figures of the Tammany Ring as "political animalculae" or germs as we would say today. These germs and their various symbols and tools make a pretty powerful poison for the citizens to swallow daily.



A DROP OF WATER UNDER THE PEOPLE'S MICROSCOPE.—POLITICAL ANIMALCULE

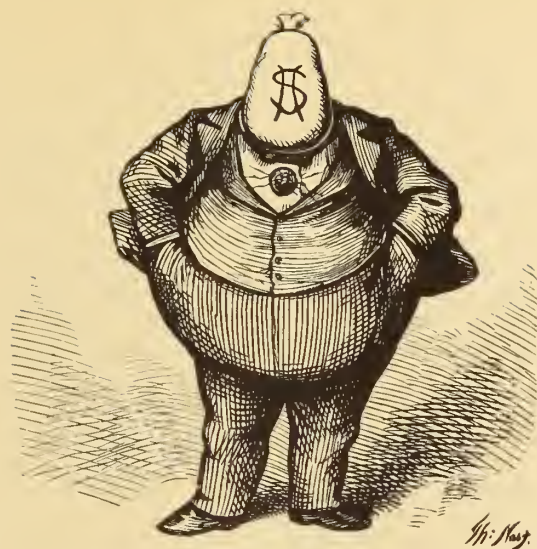
36. C. S. REINHART'S ANALYSIS OF A "DROP OF WATER," 1871.





A GROUP OF VULTURES WAITING FOR THE STORM TO "BLOW OVER."—"LET US PREY."





THE "BRAINS"

THAT ACHIEVED THE TAMMANY VICTORY AT THE ROCHESTER DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

41. THE TWEED RING'S BRAINS. BY THOMAS NAST, 1871.

## CHAPTER III

*NAST'S GREAT FIGHT AGAINST THE TWEED RING. EARLY SKIRMISHES. THE TIMES PUBLISHES COMPTROLLER SLIPPERY DICK'S RECORDS. RENEWED AND MORE POWERFUL ATTACKS BY NAST. THE BEGINNING OF THE END. "THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOSE!" UTTER ROUT OF THE TWEED RING. LIBERAL REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS NOMINATE GREELEY IN 1872. MATT MORGAN'S ANTI-GRANT CARTOONS. NAST FIGHTS FOR GRANT. GREELEY'S HEROIC CAMPAIGN. HIS DEFEAT. NAST'S OCCUPATION GONE. HAYES-TILDEN DISPUTED ELECTION. NAST REFUSES \$10,000. CABINET SCANDALS. NAST'S MAGNIFICENT TRIBUTE TO HIS HERO, GRANT.*

FOR years the people of the City of New York had known they were being robbed by their elected officials, but no one suspected the depths of the corruption or the colossal sums stolen. Headed by "Boss" Tweed, "Brains" Sweeny, "Slippery Dick" Connolly, and Mayor "O. K." Hall, the Tammany Ring had acquired absolute power in the city government, a majority in the state legislature, and control of the courts; and their man, John T. Hoffman, was in the governor's chair at Albany. Not content with emptying the city and state treasuries, they sold Fisk and Gould the legislation and judicial opinions necessary for further plundering of the stockholders of the Erie; and they performed similar favors for Vanderbilt at the very time he was fighting Gould for control of that railroad. "What are you going to do about it?" was Tweed's



cynical query to all protests, whether against stolen ballots, stolen money, or corrupt legislation.

Nast had fired some telling shots at these securely entrenched plunderers just before the fall elections in 1870. *The Power Behind the Throne* shows Governor Hoffman in crown and ermine seated on a Tammany throne, flanked by Falstaff Tweed armed with the Sword of Power, and Executioner Sweeny with headsman's axe. Jim Fisk of the Erie stands behind Tweed. Hoffman looks (as he actually was) completely intimidated by his "ministers." The coat of arms on the canopy displays two tigers rampant. A tiger's head was the emblem on Big Six, the fire-engine with which Boss Tweed used to run when he was a young man, and on transferring his activities to Tammany Hall he took the emblem with him "for luck." Nast used it as a minor symbol of the rapaciousness of Tammany throughout this campaign, and only in the final week did the tiger appear in all his full-bodied ferocity.

In another cartoon, *Our Modern Falstaff Reviewing His Army*, we see Tweed inspecting his "shock troops"—loafers, toughs, ward-heelers, jail-birds and the like. Behind Tweed stand Sweeny, Hall, Gould, and Fisk. Hoffman (become a dwarf) holds Tweed's sword. Surveying his gang of cheerful ballot-box stuffers Tweed remarks: "My whole charge consists of slaves as ragged as Lazarus, and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded serving-men and revolted tapsters. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. Nay, and the villains march wide between the legs, as if they had fetters on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison." These were direct hits, but the Ring again swept the election with its repeaters and with its control of the vote-counting. "What are you going to do about it?"

Nast now knew what to do about it: these men were criminals, he would picture them as criminals—as ruthless criminals, as clumsy criminals, as ridiculous criminals. And between the alternating wrath and jeers of the people they would be swept out of office and into jail. With but little factual evidence in their hands, Louis Jennings with editorials in the *Times* and Nast with cartoons in *Harper's Weekly* courageously hammered at the Ring month after month. Early in January 1871, in a cartoon entitled *Tweedledee and Sweedledum* Tweed and Sweeny

as Clown and Pantaloon are looting the public treasury from behind a screen, reserving the larger booty for themselves and handing out small sums to their needy supporters. The sub-title was *A Christmas Pantomime at Tammany Hall*. It was a bold stroke, for Nast had as yet no actual proof. Tweed was furious, and retaliated by ordering the Board of Education to throw out all Harper bids and contracts for textbooks. Nast's next drawing showed Tweed and Sweeny in the act of throwing textbooks out of a schoolroom window, while Hall at the blackboards points to the statement: "Hoffman will be our next president." What Hall had said was: "It will all blow over. These gusts of reform are all wind and chatter. Next year we shall be in Washington." Nast riddled Hoffman's hopes by portraying him as a wooden Indian being stealthily propelled toward the White House by the Tammany and Erie Ring members disguised as Indians. But Nast was not losing sight of his real aim, and in another drawing we see a gigantic thumb covering the whole of New York City. The cuff-link above the thumb bears the name William M. Tweed, and the Boss repeats his cynical question: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

In July, when the fight was lagging for want of ammunition, the unexpected happened: James O'Brien, a former sheriff, disgruntled minor member of the Ring, appeared at the *Times* office and supplied George Jones, the owner, with copies of Comptroller "Slippery Dick" Connolly's records. As Jones went through these padded and fraudulent accounts he could scarcely believe his eyes. Contractors' bills for material and labor, land purchases, dock rentals and franchises, all were multiplied many times and the differences found their way into the pockets of the leaders of the Ring and its army of satellites. Upwards of ten million dollars a year had been stolen from the city by this means alone, and its bonded indebtedness had been increased fifty million dollars. Jones began immediate preparations to publish daily installments of these amazing records. Rumors quickly spread, and before the first batch was off the presses "Slippery Dick" himself was in Jones's office with offers of a bribe reported to have been in the millions. But Jones was adamant, and the material was released. Nast also was approached and an enormous sum was offered him "to complete his studies of art in Europe."



"WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY?" — DO TELL . N.Y. TIMES

'T WAS HIM.

37. THE TWEED RING "PASSES THE BUCK." BY THOMAS NAST, 1871.

It was the beginning of the end. Now the proofs were in their hands, Jones, Jennings and Nast were inexorable. They demanded not only a clean sweep of the Ring in the November elections but arrest, prosecution, and jail terms for the leaders. During the fight Tweed said: "I don't care what they print about me, most of my constituents can't read anyway—but them damn pictures!" And even to many thousands who could read, the facts and figures printed by the *Times* meant very little compared with the weekly cartoons of Nast. In these he rose to his greatest heights, expressing to the full his imaginative richness and his uncanny ability to render his victims ridiculous yet still sinister and threatening, their expressions changing from time to time, at first sneering, calculating, and defiant; later baffled, apprehensive, and defeated.

The *Times* had revealed that over five million dollars had been paid by the city to a mysterious Ingersoll & Co. Greeley in the *Tribune* raised the question: "Who is Ingersoll's Co.?" Nast answered him in a cartoon of that title in *Harper's*

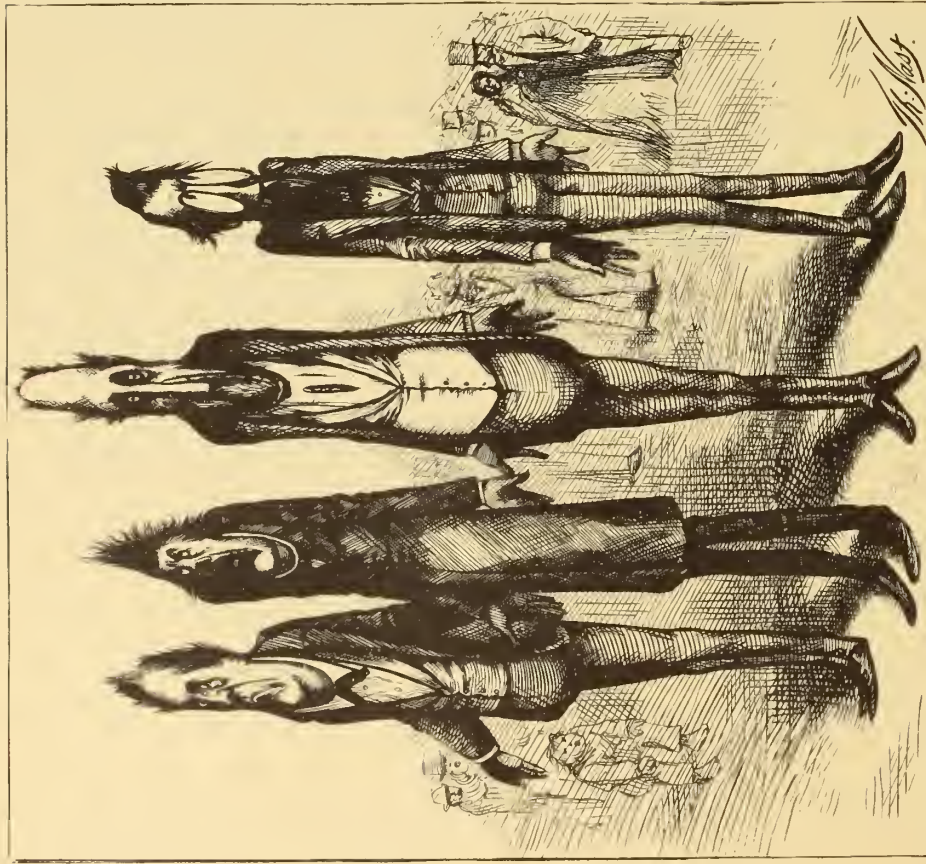


*Weekly*—the Tammany Ring, headed by Tweed. Subjoined to this cartoon is another—one of Nast's most famous drawings—*Who Stole the People's Money?—Do Tell!—'Twas Him* (No. 37). In this the group of plunderers is actually standing in a ring, each pointing with his finger to his neighbor. Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly, and Hall are, of course, in the foreground. It is one of the most forceful and at the same time most mirthful cartoons ever produced.

From this time until after the November elections Nast bombarded the enemy with stinging and blasting cartoons, often several in each issue of the *Weekly*. As has been noted, he had a (for the victims) disconcerting habit of harping on the actual statements of the men he was attacking; and Mayor "O. K." Hall's "It will soon blow over" received attention in a powerful cartoon with the title: *A Group of Vultures Waiting for the Storm to "Blow Over"—"Let Us Prey"* (No. 38). In a lightning-swept rock crevasse the now infamous quartet, with the bodies of vultures, are huddled together. About them lie the bones of the City Treasury and the skulls of taxpayers, suffrage, liberty, and justice. Another double cartoon showed the quartet emerging with bulging pockets from the City Treasury, saluted by the police, while below, the same police are beating up a poverty-stricken man who has just stolen a loaf of bread. *Wholesale-and-Retail* is the significant title.

Then came the amazingly powerful "*Too Thin!*" (No. 39). The four are shown elongated as though seen in a bent mirror, and never did Nast make them look more ridiculous. With hands outspread at their sides in expostulation they protest: "We know nothing about the stolen vouchers. We are innocent." Panic now seized the Ring, and Nast pictured their plight in "*Stop Thief!*"—a drawing in which the whole crowd is footing it for dear life. Under the title is this from *Oliver Twist*: "They no sooner heard the cry than, guessing how the matter stood, they issued forth with great promptitude; and shouting, 'Stop Thief!' too, joined in the pursuit like *Good Citizens*."

Connolly resigned under threats against his life by unpaid City laborers, but the other three held on brazenly, thus giving Nast the inspiration for one of his grimmest cartoons: *The Only Thing They Respect or Fear* (No. 40)—the quartet before some steps leading to the gallows. The shadows of four nooses



"WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT  
THE STOLEN VOUCHERS." "TOO THIN!"  
"WE ARE INNOCENT."

39. THEIR EXCUSE IS TOO THIN! BY THOMAS NAST, 1871.



THE ONLY THING THEY RESPECT OR FEAR.  
"We presume it is strictly correct to say that the one consequence of listening which would now breed is a violent death. Public scorn, or we do not know how this affair may end, but we do know that if — close their careers in peace and ease, and advance, it will be a terrible blow to political and private morality." — *The Nation*.

40. THE RING IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWES. BY NAST, 1871.





THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOSE.—“What are you going to do about it?”





SOMETHING THAT DID BLOW OVER—NOVEMBER 7, 1871.

43. TAMMANY HALL AFTER THE ELECTION. BY THOMAS NAST, 1871.

are seen on the wall. Tweed, hat in hand, bows deferentially; Sweeny and Hall, terror-stricken, huddle behind him; all that is visible of Connolly is his hat. In the same issue appeared the world-famous caricature: *The "Brains" of the Tammany Ring* (No. 41)—the body of Tweed, the head a money-bag featured with a dollar sign.

The issue of November 11th, published two days before the election, contained six cartoons by Nast. One of these, *Going Through the Form of Universal Suffrage*, showed honest citizens voting into a waste-basket while the four Ring leaders loaf cynically behind the table. Says Tweed: "You have the Liberty of Voting for anyone you please, but we have the Liberty of Counting in anyone we please." This was a warning, both to the citizenry and to the Ring; but what shook everyone like a thunderbolt was the great double-page cartoon (No. 42) in which the Tammany Tiger appears for the first time. It was Nast's most powerfully savage blow. The scene is a coliseum; in the imperial box sit Tweed and his cohorts, dressed in Roman style; in the foreground of the arena a fero-

cious tiger is mauling a prostrate female figure—the Republic. Other victims lie in the middle distance, and the Sword of Justice and the symbol of the ballot are broken into fragments. The title of this terrific conception is: *The Tammany Tiger Loose—What Are You Going to Do About It?*

If the citizenry was uncertain before, now it was thoroughly aroused, and the iron grip of the Ring was broken. Many members fled abroad, others were imprisoned, all ultimately passed into oblivion. But they will live in Nast's cartoons as long as printer's ink remains. Nast himself, despite the victory, did not cease firing but kept up pursuit, for Tweed had actually been re-elected to the state senate (although he did not claim his seat) and Mayor Hall was still mayor, no election for his office having been held that year. In *Something That Did Blow Over* (No. 43) we see the members of the Ring half buried among the ruins of Tammany Hall. The mayor, high in the air, is clinging to a precariously standing section of a wall.

But Tweed was broken. In 1873 he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to twelve years in prison. He escaped, fled abroad, and was, by the irony of fate, arrested in Spain on a mistaken kidnapping charge through one of Nast's cartoons. He was extradited and finally died in Ludlow Street jail in 1878.

\* \* \* \* \*

Precisely what caused the defection of Senators Sumner, Schurz, Fenton, Trumbull, and Tipton from the Grant ranks in 1872, or why they chose Horace Greeley as the Liberal Republican presidential nominee at their Cincinnati convention is an involved question—such was the confusion of political issues. But when the Democrats in convention at Baltimore also named Greeley confusion seemed even worse confounded. The violent heat and rancorous tone of that campaign had its reflection and its record in the cartoons it brought forth. Frank Leslie had tried to buy Nast away from the Harpers. The Leslie publications supported Greeley: what then would Leslie have done with Nast, the one man in the field to whom the simile “as conscienceless as a cartoonist” did not and could not apply? Perhaps Leslie and those behind him intended simply to bandage Nast's right hand in good American currency.

The anti-Grant forces had therefore to rely chiefly on Matt Morgan (1828–



Circulars appealing to Democrats throughout the country to unite with the Louisville movement were mailed from the Grant National Congressional Committee at Washington, under the frank of Senator Chandler and others.

Postmasters throughout the country were instructed from Washington to hunt up disaffected Democrats in their vicinity, and distribute these documents to them.



*Matt Morgan*

#### JEREMY DIDDLE'S EXULTATION!

TWEED—"I say, General, you beat me hollow—you're a mighty smart pup. I only stuffed ballots for a city, but how we if you can't do it for a nation. Go it Tins and we will help you."

GEN. G.—"If I succeed, old fellow, I'll remember you. You're as good as a relation, and I never forget them."

FRANK LILLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

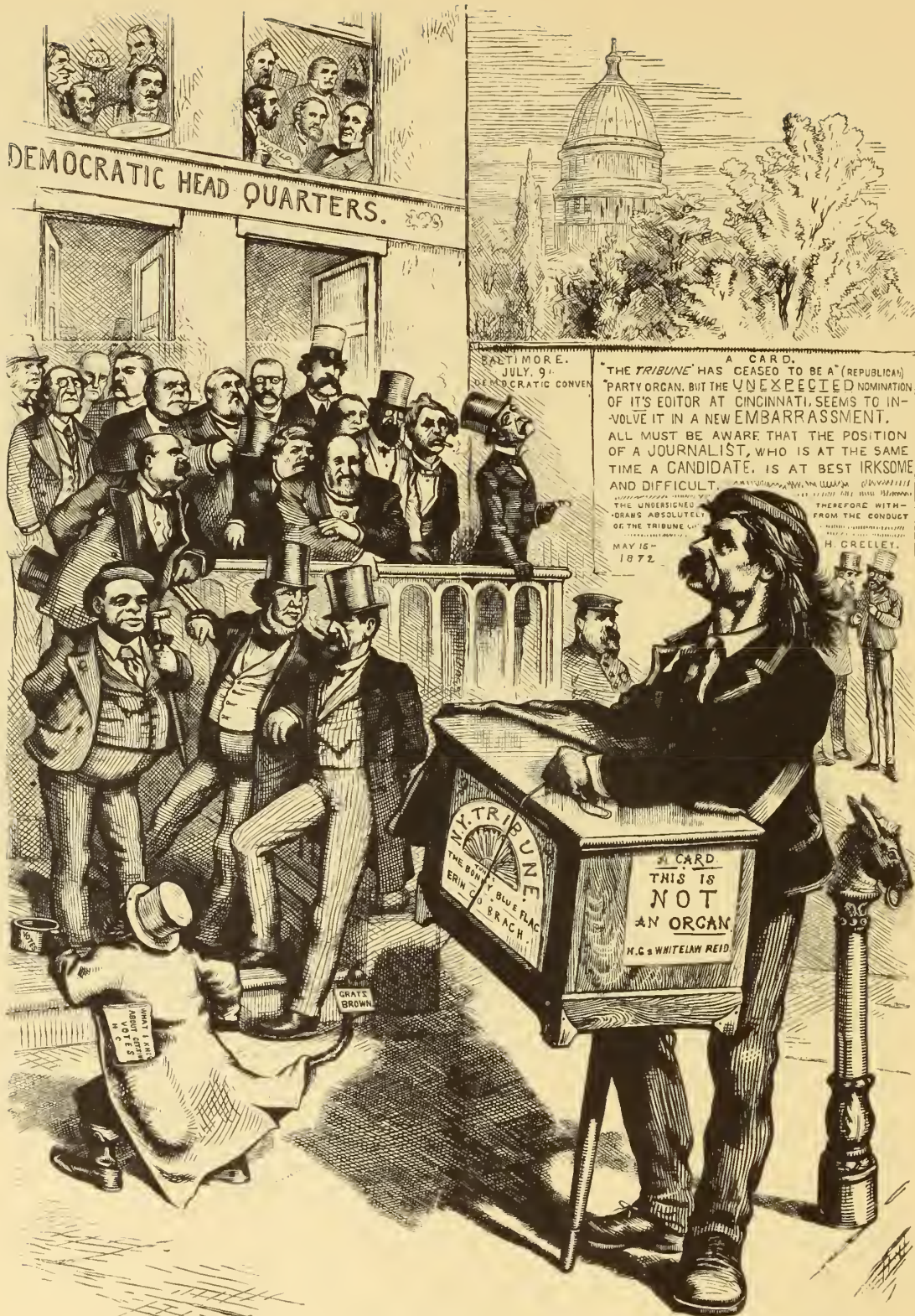
1890) whom Leslie had imported from England in 1870 in the hope of grooming him to become a rival graphic attraction. Morgan was and remained disappointingly innocent of American politics, but he was an adept in pictorial billingsgate, and he rather fancied himself as an expert on American affairs. He had done some Civil War cartoons in the early sixties, a collection of which was published in book form in 1874. In 1867 he became owner and chief cartoonist of *The Tomahawk* in London, but frequent attacks on the Royal Family alienated his subscribers and the publication soon expired. Throughout the Grant-Greeley campaign Morgan drew for *Leslie's* many scurrilous and vituperative cartoons. Ignorant of the issues, he concentrated on personal attacks, picturing Grant and his supporters as drunkards, pirates, and tyrants. Grant as Jeremy Diddler (No. 44) dancing exultantly before Tweed is a fair sample. Diddler was a character in Kenny's play *Raising the Wind*. He was a shrewd ne'er-do-well who none the less always managed to dine and wine in good company—one who worked his way by innumerable tricks and frauds. Grant is shown gloating over stuffed ballots before his great pal Tweed!

But on the whole Greeley fared no better, for while Nast refrained from attacking his personal character he did attack the heap of contradictions that was the Democratic platform, and Greeley's own record of intemperate speeches and editorials. The latter were exhumed, exhibited, and ridiculed with deadly effect by Nast in a notable series of cartoons.

Upon Greeley's nomination by the Democrats Nast showed him as *The Connecting Link Between "Honest Republicans" and "Honest Democrats"* in the center of an arm-linking group of discredited leaders of both parties, his expression a ludicrous combination of embarrassment and defiance. And there is the drawing of Whitelaw Reid as an organ-grinder before the Democratic headquarters. His instrument is labeled "This is not an Organ" on one side and "New York Tribune" on the front. Greeley as a monkey (but still in white coat and hat) is begging with a tin cup labeled "Votes" (No. 45).

As the campaign wore on Nast, incensed by Morgan's savagery, became more savage himself, and taking Greeley's "*Let us Clasp Hands over the Bloody Chasm*" (No. 46) for legend or caption, he pictured the unfortunate man shak-





THE NEW ORGAN- (we beg the "Tribune's" pardon) -IZATION ON ITS "NEW DEPARTURE."-ANY THING TO GET VOTES.  
 "The brain, the heart, the soul, of the present Democratic Party is the rebel element at the South, with its Northern allies and sympathizers.  
 It is rebel to the core to-day."—*New York Tribune* (old tune), February, 1871.

ing hands with the Confederate Army, with Tammany, with the Catholic Church, with the Negro—and finally, over the grave of Lincoln, with the shade of John Wilkes Booth. It is doubtful that anything but the whipping-post could have been so merciless as these drawings. In one cartoon Greeley himself was shown at a whipping-post, but not as the victim. He was swinging the *Tribune* cat-o'-nine-tails on the bare backs of Democrats and branding them with the words "liar, thief, blackleg, convict"—words he himself had applied in earlier days to those whose votes he now sought. A drawing entitled *Red Hot* showed Greeley seated on a high stool eating a steaming bowlful of "My Own Words and Deeds." Among those words which Nast, and after him others, would not allow Greeley to forget was this sentence on the Democratic party: "May it be written on my grave that I never was its follower, and lived and died in nothing its debtor."

Yet despite all this, Old White Hat courageously went on tour towards the end of the campaign; and his indomitable spirit, his splendid oratory and forceful idiom won the cheers of thousands. For more than a generation he had had a multitudinous personal following, and for a brief time it looked as though he might win, but it developed later, as Blaine acutely remarked, "he called out a larger proportion of those who intended to vote against him than any candidate had ever before succeeded in doing." It was during this tour that Nast drew "*The Pirates, Under False Colors — Can They Capture the Ship of State?*" (No. 47), another parody on Biard's then famous painting. It will be recalled that H. L. Stephens in *Punchinello* tried his hand at it a year or so before (No. 16), charging *Harper's* with literary piracy. In his version Nast shows the disgruntled senators and editors attempting to decoy the Ship of State near enough to permit them to board her. Some are disguised and others crouch on the deck. All are armed to the teeth. Logan, nude to the waist, has a woman's hat on his long black locks; he turns his heavily mustached face away from the rail and holds a sunshade coquettishly in his right hand. Whitelaw Reid, standing tiptoe on a powder barrel, is playing alluring strains on a violin. Greeley shows himself, bareheaded and affably unaware of the band of plotters behind him.

Greeley's supporters had begun to speak of a tidal wave, and in October Nast





"THE PIRATES" UNDER FALSE COLORS—CAN THEY CAPTURE THE SHIP OF STATE?

47. GREELEY AND HIS FOLLOWERS AS PIRATES. BY THOMAS NAST, 1872.



drew *That "Tidal Wave,"* overwhelming the two ships "Democrat" and "Liberal" and throwing all their occupants into the sea. Among them may easily be recognized the disaffected senators, Liberal Republican and Democratic editors, and others including Andrew Johnson, "Boss" Tweed, and the boots, coat, and hat of Greeley himself. Attached to the tail of Greeley's coat is a tag bearing the name Gratz Brown. Throughout the entire campaign Nast had put this tag on Old White Hat's coat. Brown was the vice-presidential candidate; Nast had never seen him and had no photograph of him, so he attached the tag. Thus a device born of necessity became somewhat undeservedly famous; but to Nast must go the credit of recognizing its possibilities, since he deliberately and persistently continued to use it.

Nast celebrated Grant's re-election with an amazing double-page cartoon in the upper third of which is seen the Capitol, and Uncle Sam shaking hands with Grant, while in the foreground the earth has cracked apart and has engulfed all the political, editorial, and religious supporters of Greeley, who himself is suspended by the hook of the Gratz Brown tag to a fissure in the rocks. The title is typical of the strained punning of the period—*Clasping Hands Over the Bloodless (Sar)c(h)asm* (No. 48); but the drawing is a merciless finale to a savage campaign.

In the same issue of the *Weekly* Nast made a drawing of himself walking dejectedly along, a portfolio under his arm: *Our Artist's Occupation Gone*. He frequently inserted drawings of himself in *Harper's Weekly* and he has been accused of both egotism and naïveté for so doing. But there are two circumstances to be considered before coming to any conclusion. In the first place it was then a common practice for cartoonists to attack each other in cartoons, as witness the Oppen drawing in *Wild Oats* (No. 21), and Bellew's in *The Fifth Avenue Journal*, captioned *Mixing Day at Harper's—Making Mud to Fling at Greeley*, in which Nast is shown spitting into a bowl of mud. And secondly, in most of the self-drawings Nast used himself as a cartoon figure or symbol. That he was a public figure of importance is amply proved by the fact that when after a long absence from the pages of *Harper's* his drawings began to re-appear, in October, 1873, *The New York Daily Graphic* had a front-page cartoon by





BALTIMORE 1861-1872.

"Let us Clasp Hands over the Bloody Chasm."

46. GREELEY IN A FORGIVING MOOD. BY THOMAS NAST, 1872.



Wust showing *Mr. Thomas Nast at Work Again*. What Nast thought of any issue or situation in those days was news; and when his impatience with the do-nothing policy of President Hayes's administration was restrained by the Harpers who insisted the country wanted to "wait and see," Nast drew himself being forcibly held down in his chair by Uncle Sam. And more than a year later he drew himself falling through the chair, though still defiant, while Uncle Sam dashes away in despair. Nast called it *Our Patient Artist*.



49. THE DEMOCRATS FACING BOTH WAYS.  
BY THOMAS NAST, 1876.



50. TILDEN NURSING THE RAG BABY.  
BY THOMAS NAST, 1876.

As a matter of fact, this device of repeating or returning to the charge with the same cartoon symbol was one of Nast's most successful methods of pressing his attacks home. In the Hayes-Tilden campaign of '76 the Democrats nominated Tilden of the East to satisfy the "hard money" voters, and Hendricks of the West to attract the inflationists. Nast represented them as a tiger with a head at each end of its body (No. 49), the Tilden head with a "contraction" collar, and the Hendricks with an "inflation" one. Behind these stands Morrissey of Tammany Hall as a book-maker, willing to bet \$10,000 "that this double-



headed, double-faced tiger can be turned any way to gull the American people." Two weeks later Nast drew them pulling in opposite directions, while above them are signposts pointing to "hard" and "soft" money. Three weeks later still he showed how they got around it: the elastic deformed tiger has stretched itself around both posts, the heads almost touch, and the collars are tied together with red tape. The device is highly ingenious and one cannot doubt that it was equally effective.

The Rag Baby of Inflation was another of his happy conceits, and Nast used it whenever the Greenbackers started or renewed their agitation for printing-press money. During this campaign Nast drew Hendricks with the Rag Baby on his knees. Tilden, dressed as a woman, is pulling his ear and saying: "Nurse the Baby, While I Stir Up the Stove" (No. 50). The stove in the background is labeled "Reform." In another cartoon both Mama and Papa are congratulating themselves on the fact that the Second Bottle (labeled "Hick Rock Pronouncement") has put the Rag Baby to sleep. In yet another the Rag Baby is tied to the tail of the skeleton "Democratic Wolf, Gaunt and Hungry," waiting before the door of the United States Treasury. Uncle Sam, arms folded on the lower and closed half of the door, looks down without compassion.

Nast contributed a much more persistent symbol, the Republican Elephant, Nov. 7, 1874. It was labeled "The Republican Vote," and the great beast was shown plunging about in panic-stricken fashion among the other animals, while an ass in a lion's skin labeled "Caesarism, New York Herald," was romping around to its heart's content.

One of Nast's most effective cartoons shows Tilden standing unhappily between a Union and a Confederate soldier, replying to their question as to whose side he was on, by stammering: "I—I was—busy in court with a Railroad case." This cartoon appeared more than ten years after the close of the War; but anything is fair in wars and political campaigns. The opposition press could have pictured Nast between the same two soldiers, had they thought of it; and he would have had to admit that he was busy at home with recruiting cartoons. But then Nast was not up for election and Tilden was. Paine in his biography of Nast notes that the cartoonist refused a check for ten thousand dollars from the





CLASPING HANDS OVER THE BLOODLESS SARCASM.  
48. AFTER THE ELECTION. BY THOMAS NAST, 1872.





THE CROWNING INSULT TO HIM WHO OCCUPIES THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.  
51. NAST'S STIRRING DEFENSE OF GRANT, 1876.

Republican campaign committee for his services in aiding the election of Hayes. At that time Nast was earning about twenty-five thousand dollars a year, a fabulous sum in those days.

With the passing of Fletcher Harper, Sr., in 1877, Nast lost his chief supporter in the editorial conferences; and a few months later, over an entirely unimportant drawing, he so missed his old friend's firm and tactful support that he practically ceased to send in anything at all. It was during this *impasse* that George William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, went to Rochester as a delegate to the Republican State Convention. He there made a bitter attack on Roscoe Conkling, and the Senator returned as good as he had received, winding up with a taunting reference to *Harper's Weekly*: "that journal—made famous—by the pencil of Thomas Nast." Conkling had been and was yet to be mercilessly attacked by Nast, but such was his hatred of Curtis that he took a savage delight in throwing the truth in his face. And a short while later Curtis suffered another defeat when the Harpers hastened to come to terms with their great cartoonist.

Of the many striking drawings Nast made in this, his wonderful decade—perhaps the most outstanding for quality and achievement—is the truly great double-page defense of Grant (No. 51) at a time when, after the breaking of the most recent cabinet scandal (the Belknap affair), the press of the country was inclined to put the entire blame for the dishonesty of his appointed officials on Grant himself. The cartoon shows lion-headed Grant rising angrily from the presidential chair, as a fox standing on a kneeling ass seeks to slip the scapegoat mask over his head. In composition and in execution this is a splendid piece of work; and with it we can leave Nast for a while, near the end of his most powerful decade, and executing his tremendously good best in the service and defense of his beloved hero Grant.



PUCK  
No. 1.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1877.

Vol. 1.

# PUCK

PUBLISHED BY THE PUCK PUBLISHING CO.  
OFFICE  
13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.

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A STIR IN THE ROOST.  
"What! Another Chicken?"



THE BROOKLYN GYMNASTIC MINSTREL TROUPE

54. LECTURERS AND REVIVALISTS PORTRAYED AS A MINSTREL TROUPE. BY JOSEPH KEPPLER, 1874.

## CHAPTER IV

JOSEPH KEPPLER. ACTIVITIES IN ST. LOUIS. DIE VEHME. SOME EARLY CARTOONS BY KEPPLER. GERMAN PUCK FOUNDED IN NEW YORK, 1876. ENGLISH PUCK IN 1877. MORE KEPPLER CARTOONS. THE QUESTION OF GOOD TASTE. "FORBIDDING THE BANNS." GARFIELD-HANCOCK CAMPAIGN. NAST'S UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION. HE JOINS THE MUGWUMPS IN 1884. HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CLEVELAND-BLAINE ELECTION. "THE TATTOOED MAN" BY GILLAM. BEARD'S ANTI-CLEVELAND CARTOONS. HIS FAILURE TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN RIDICULE AND CENSORIOUSNESS. "RUM, ROMANISM, AND REBELLION." "FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR." DISILLUSION AND WITHDRAWAL OF NAST.

ALTHOUGH Joseph Keppler (1838–1894) did not attract much attention until after he founded *Puck* in New York in March, 1877, he had been active in comic drawing in the United States since his arrival in 1868. It is interesting to glance back at some of his earliest work, done in St. Louis, for it proves him to have been a man of great comic gifts, and thus refutes the rumor that he was unable to conceive a drawing alone and that the *Puck* staff always had more to do with the Keppler cartoons than did Keppler himself. This rumor got about because of the staff consultations and collaborations on many of *Puck's* most famous cartoons.

Keppler was born in Vienna, and as a youth was a strolling player. After brief study at the Art Academy in Vienna, followed by more acting, he came to Amer-





52. COVER OF JOSEPH KEPPLER'S FIRST PUBLICATION, 1869.

Eine Scene in Hermann, Missouri.



53. KEPPLER'S INVENTION OF "OLD MAN PROHIBITION," 1869.

ica and settled first in St. Louis. He continued his theatrical interests for a while, but in August, 1869, started a comic German-language paper called *Die Vehme*, which lived a year. Keppler was sole artist, and many of the drawings he did for his first American venture are well worth our interest. The cover design (No. 52) is particularly striking—a hooded jester threatening the evidently none too innocent and thoroughly frightened citizenry with a huge quill pen. *The Pharisees* shows Keppler as an extremely keen social caricaturist. The hymn-singing hypocrites are observed to be not without certain profane activities and interests, and it is noteworthy that they are delineated by the artist in no very genteel manner. The figure and costume of the Temperance Advocate in *A Scene in Hermann, Missouri* (No. 53), should convince even those who claim to have invented him that Keppler was the originator of the symbol of Prohibition, for here is the tall, lean fellow himself, with a top hat, tail coat and umbrella complete—and this was drawn in 1869!

After the failure of *Die Vehme* and of a paper called *Puck*, Keppler left St. Louis in the early seventies and came to New York, where he was soon making drawings and cartoons for the *Budget of Fun*. In 1874 that publication printed his *Brooklyn Plymouth Minstrel Troupe* (No. 54), a caricature group of would-be reformers all prominent in American public life of the time and all easily recognizable, more because of than despite the truthful distortion of their features.

Another German-language *Puck* was started by Keppler in New York in 1876 and was continued for many years side-by-side with the English *Puck*, who made his appearance in an amusing fashion as “another chicken” causing *A Stir in the Roost* (No. 55) on the cover of the first issue, March, 1877. The scene is a chicken roost, and the editors or chief contributors of the best-known journals are depicted with the bodies of fowls, looking on with varied expressions of interest, indifference, surprise, and annoyance at the emergence of a bowing Puck from a broken shell—a well-planned Easter appearance. Among these spectators are Bennett, Reid, Dana, Leslie, and Nast.

Keppler too had his anti-Romish moments. In a season of hard times at home the annual huge donation of Peter's Pence was announced; and with the still





56. KEPPLER LOOKS ASKANCE AT AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO ROME, 1877.

unpopular dogma of Infallibility rankling, Keppler drew *The New Pilgrims' Progress — Enlightened Americans Paying Homage to "Infallibility"* (No. 56), the Pope receiving the cash and the Americans the privilege of kissing his foot. The figures and faces of the foremost Americans and of the priests on either side of the Pope are admirable contrasts of abject adoration and too well simulated piety. It is interesting to note the presence of Puck himself (fully clothed, or at least completely covered but for his head) bowing reverently with the other "Pilgrims."

More than fifty years elapsed between the introduction of the telephone for practical communication and that of the radio for broadcasting and yet in the infancy of the telephone Keppler, albeit humorously, foresaw broadcasting possibilities. In a drawing called *A Telephonic Suggestion* (No. 57) he showed half a dozen megaphones from which are hung portraits of contemporary opera singers. Behind the footlights is a notice "Direct wires from all musical points," and a suggestion to the effect that as the singers are invisible it might be well to have the voices labeled with characteristic portraits. It is a most amusing and amazingly clairvoyant conceit.

In 1877 Brigham Young, the much-married leader of the Mormons, died, and Keppler seized upon his passing as the motive for one of his most hilarious drawings, *In Memoriam Brigham Young* (No. 58), which shows, in an enormously wide bed, twelve nightcapped weeping widows. Over the centre pillow is Brigham's hat, draped with crepe, and at the foot of the bed are his boots. It has been and will continue to be argued that this drawing and the American Pilgrims are irreverent and in execrable taste; but censoriousness and censorship to the contrary, nothing is or should be sacred to the humorist. He had his duty to his craft.

*Puck* was born too late to participate in the Hayes-Tilden campaign of 1876, but in the Garfield-Hancock contest in 1880 the young comic weekly struck some powerful blows at the Garfield forces. In fact one of its cartoons is still remembered as one of the most outrageous ever printed. But that is a moral judgment; here we are dealing with humor and there is humor aplenty in *Forbidding the Banns* (No. 59). Garfield, attired as a bride, is on the arm of the prospective



groom, Uncle Sam, before a clerically dressed figure with a ballotbox head. Behind the bridal couple stand Whitelaw Reid and Carl Schurz in elegant bridesmaid finery, and behind them is Murat Halstead. In the background are Conkling, Logan, and other Republicans ready to witness the union. But from the rear W. H. Barnum, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, rushes in with a squalling infant (labeled "Crédit Mobilier") on his arm. The bride tries to save the situation by ingenuously protesting: "But it was such a little one!"

The effect of this cartoon was staggering, and had the Democratic Party been united it might have shaken down the Republican edifice. But there was too much inner dissension, so much too much that after the defeat of Hancock, Keppler drew the scathing *Wake Over the Remains of the Democratic Party* (No. 60) in which we see the corpse on a trestle-bier, flanked by candles stuck in bottles; all around are the Democratic leaders in varying stages of sodden depression or jubilation, while Kelly of Tammany Hall and the ubiquitous Ben Butler (the latter as an old "biddy") dance a jig in the foreground. Dana of the *Sun* is seen in the rear center looking gloatingly at the corpse. The drawing of Kelly and Butler in their *danse macabre* is richly humorous, yet the whole thing is a terrific indictment of a callous betrayal.

Nast himself was in something of a quandary during this campaign. Remembering the Crédit Mobilier scandal he had decided to ignore Garfield altogether in his cartoons. Nor was his task made easier when the Democrats nominated General Hancock, one of his highly valued friends. Ultimately he attacked the Democratic Party's principles, extolled those of the Republicans, only occasionally introducing Hancock and then without any of his customary savagery and venom. Yet he did much to flatten his old friend's chances shortly after Hancock was reported to have waved aside any discussion of the tariff, stating that it was "a local issue." Nast drew the General seated beside Senator Randolph, asking: "Who is Tariff, and why is he for Revenue only?" Immediately everyone realized that Hancock was a tyro at politics, and many Democrats who respected him as man and soldier refused to vote him into office.

A. B. Frost was impressed for cartoon service by *Harper's* and he drew *The Democratic Trojan Horse* (No. 63), an amusingly anomalous mixture of Greek



57. DID KEPPLER FORESEE RADIO AND TELEVISION IN 1877?



58. A HUMORIST'S VIEW OF A TRAGIC SITUATION IN 1877.





FORBIDDING THE BANN.  
THE BRIDE (Garfield);--"But it was such a little one!"

59. KEPPLER'S NOTORIOUS CARTOON OF THE GARFIELD-HANCOCK CAMPAIGN, 1880.





THE WAKE OVER THE REMAINS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

60. AN INDICTMENT OF A CALLOUS BETRAYAL. BY JOSEPH KEPPLER, 1880.



myth and fairytale, with a hint of Gulliver among the Lilliputians thrown in. The army of Democrats looks more like a malevolent crowd of gnomes than American politicians, but the fantasy is highly effective. Nast had used the Trojan Horse idea some years earlier during the Grant-Greeley campaign. Frost's effort is, however, decidedly the more humorous.

But Nast's party interest and allegiances were weakening from campaign to campaign. Wider experience with men and affairs had shaken his fierce idealism. His party had repeatedly failed to put up men he could respect; it had no new issues; and with the nomination of Blaine in June, 1884, he reached the breaking-point.

Months before the Republican Convention, Nast had begun to make use of his repeating-symbol formula. In March he had drawn a richly caparisoned elephant, with himself standing at the right saying: "This animal is sure to win, if it is only kept pure and clean, and has not *too heavy a load to carry*." In the June 14th issue the same elephant is shown sprawling, his back broken by a huge magnet labeled "Magnetic Blaine." *Too Heavy to Carry* was the line beneath. The earlier drawing was ominous of revolt; the second was a declaration of war and caused panic and fury in the regular Republican ranks. That Nast, for twenty years the idolized cartoonist and most powerful propagandist of the Republican Party, had turned "mugwump"—it was incredible, worse, it was treason! The ferocious abuse heaped on Nast and Curtis by the Blaine press throughout the country testified to the sense of loss the defection of *Harper's Weekly* caused among the Old Guard regulars. *The Times* and several other influential papers also refused to support Blaine; and when the Democrats nominated Cleveland the Independent Republican Committee got behind him with its influence and its press, and the fight was on. Cleveland was elected, but only after the most scandalous campaign in our history.

*Puck* began it as early as April 16th with the first famous "Tattooed Man" cartoon, *The National Dime Museum* (No. 64), signed by Bernard Gillam (1859-1896). The true story of this important cartoon is told by James L. Ford in his *Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop*. Himself a member of the staff at the time, he writes: "*Puck*, in the days of its greatness, was a power in the land





THE GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES FAMILY EN ROUTE FOR PARIS.—[Drawn by A. B. Frost.]



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES FAMILY RETURN FROM PARIS.—[Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 51].]

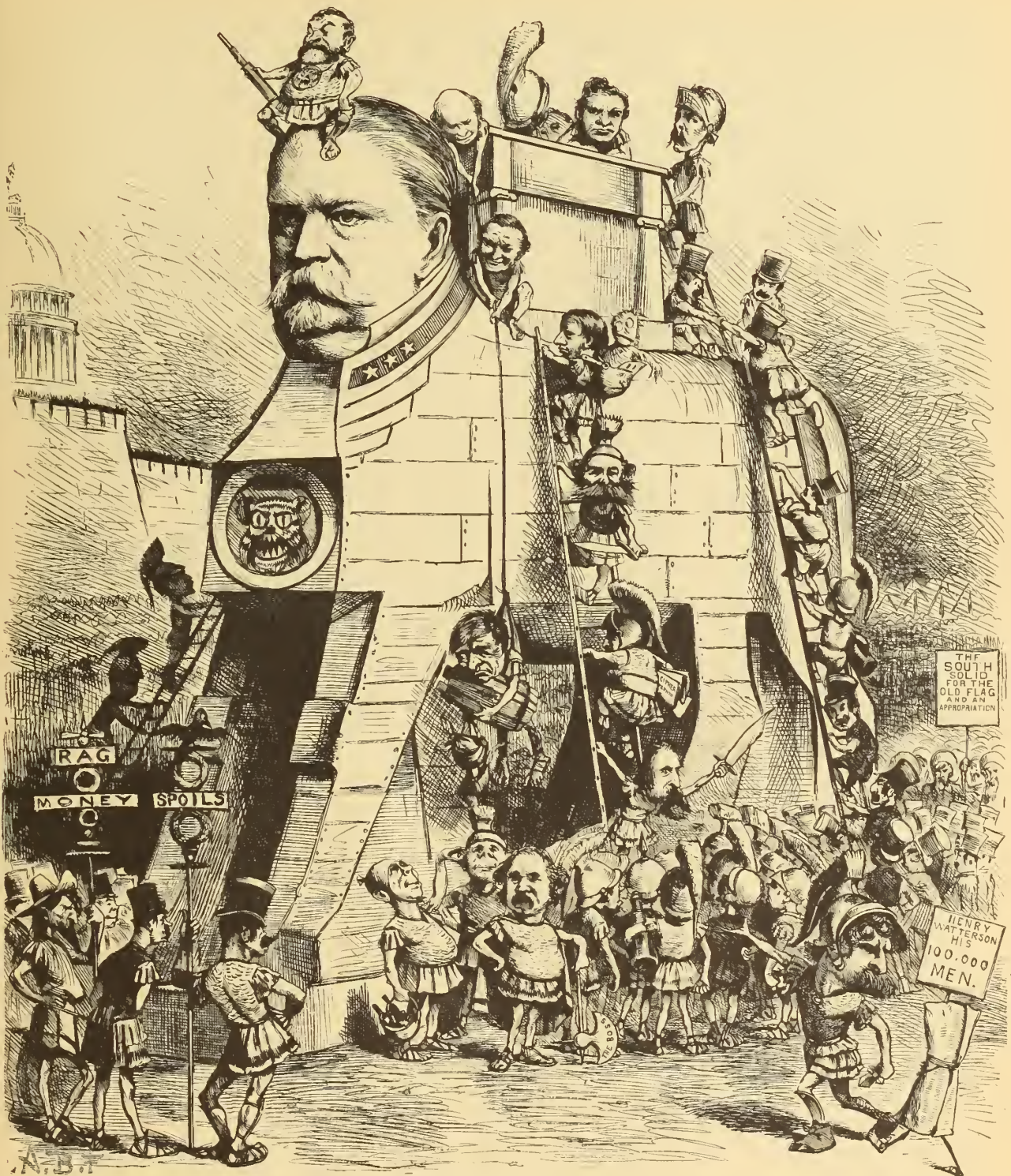
61 AND 62. THE PERENNIAL DRAMA OF THE AMERICAN QUEST FOR CULTURE IN EUROPE—  
IN TWO SCENES. BY A. B. FROST, 1878.



such as does not exist today. . . . Keppler took the place previously held by Nast as the leading American cartoonist, and to his cartoons the members of the staff gave freely of their brains. One of the most famous cartoons ever printed in *Puck* bore the name of Bernard Gillam, then a member of the staff. So effective was it that the Democratic Committee ordered many thousand copies of the paper for distribution. The picture, which was suggested by Charles Hauser, represented various statesmen of the moment as freaks in a dime museum, and when the rough sketch was submitted to the council that assembled weekly to criticize and discuss the cartoons the tattooed man was the figure of David Davis, set far into the background. Schwartzman, one of the proprietors of *Puck*, objected to the use of Davis because of his clear record, and then someone suggested Blaine and someone else remarked that he should be tattooed with the words 'Little Rock' and 'Mulligan Letters', two political war-cries then in vogue. In order to show the lettering the figure of the tattooed man was brought down to the front of the picture and thus became the most striking feature of the cartoon. The proprietors of *Judge* immediately engaged Gillam as their chief cartoonist, but they neglected to employ the members of the staff who had furnished the idea and the suggestions."

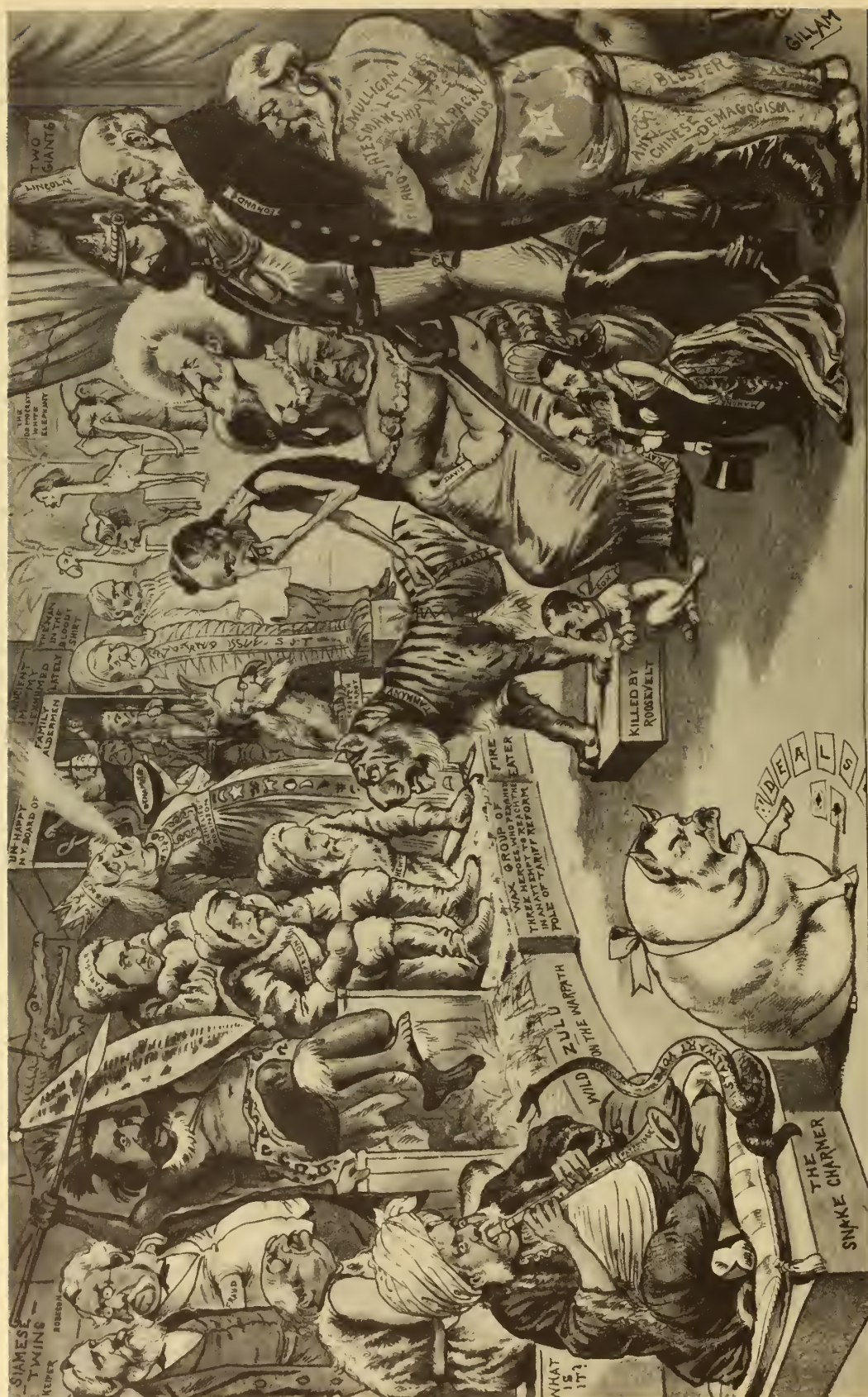
The cartoon itself will repay close examination, for while Blaine gets much the worst of it as the tattooed man other politicians are also roughly handled. President Arthur is present as a snake-charmer; Ben Butler's unprepossessing features are still further distorted to make him a little less than human as the "What Is It?"; Keifer and Robeson are Siamese Twins joined together by Fraud; Logan is a Wild Zulu; Dana is a parrot; Tilden is in the mummy case made for him by Nast; the New York Board of Aldermen are a caged bunch of monkeys; Whitelaw Reid is a giraffe; Conkling is a Bearded Lady; Davis a Fat one; Evarts a Human Skeleton; and Kelly a hog. A stuffed Tammany Tiger occupies the center, while Platt and Mahone figure as Midgets. The composition is in the old crowded manner, yet every detail is made to count.

But a more terrific blow was struck on June 4th when *Puck* printed Gillam's parody cartoon of Gérôme's famous *Slave Market* painting. In a classical setting, before the togaed solons of the Republican Party, Whitelaw Reid in the role of



THE DEMOCRATIC TROJAN HORSE.  
 FOREWARNED, FOREARMED. THE DEFENDERS OF THE CITY WILL NOT BE MISLED BY A "SUPERB" FIGURE-HEAD.









PHYRYNE BEFORE THE CHICAGO TRIBUNAL.  
 ABURNT ADVOCATE.—"Now, Gentlemen, don't make any mistake in your decision. Here's Phryne and Maganum for you--can't be beat!"

65. BLAINE BEFORE THE CHICAGO CONVENTION. BY BERNARD GILLAM, 1884.



slave-dealer, strips the cloak from the modest Blaine and exhibits him tattooed all over with words symbolic of the charges against him: Corruption, Anti-labor, Northern Pacific Bonds, Mulligan Letters, etc. It is entitled *Phryne Before the Chicago Tribunal* (No. 65), and Reid is saying: "Now, Gentlemen, don't make any mistake in your decision! Here's Purity and Magnetism for you—can't be beat!"

Blaine and his supporters were stung to the quick by these attacks; and *Judge* showed how much they hurt by printing a cartoon by Grant Hamilton showing Blaine, Lincoln, and Washington all as tattooed men, the inference being that greatness attracts abuse. Another cartoon, also by Hamilton, derided the strength of the revolting Independent Republicans. In *The Size of the Independent Army* (No. 66) we see a handful of men marching round a tower. All except the clergyman, Beecher, are in motley, with spiked helmets and lances. They are George William Curtis of *Harper's*, Carl Schurz, George Jones of the *Times*, and a small figure labeled "Roosevelt." This last was a mistake; Roosevelt remained "regular."

A little later, however, Blaine's supporters became reckless; they dug up and gave publicity to an old story that Cleveland had had an illegitimate child. There was probably some truth in it, as Cleveland, although urged to do so, would not deny it. But it served the maddened Blaine-men well. On August 16th *Judge* printed a cartoon by Frank Beard entitled *The Mistake of a Lifetime* (No. 67). The scene is a rainy street. Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, dressed as a woman, is leaving the Republican Home with a rag baby labeled "Independent Party" in his arms. The "woman" is passing a billboard announcing a performance at the National Theatre of a play called *Led Astray*. Immediately beneath is a portrait of Cleveland. This cartoon has political significance, quite apart from the scandal. But on September 27th *Judge* printed another by Beard in which a child in the arms of a weeping woman on the street is stretching out toward Cleveland and crying: "I want my Pa!" Cleveland is stopping his ears and dancing with fury. The title is *Another Voice for Cleveland*. Whereas the first presented a humorous aspect of a political situation, although with an innuendo of scandal, the second had no political implications—it was a moral denunciation,

or rather an appeal to prejudice. It is a moot point as to what is bad taste in a cartoon. My own opinion is that it is bad taste for a cartoonist to turn aside from ridicule to censoriousness.

However, the campaign wore on. The embattled cartoonists had fired and worn out their heaviest guns. Nast contented himself with another of his effective repeating series. He showed the Magnetic Man from Maine (as Blaine was called) as a confidence man with a large canvas bag, upon which varying inscriptions were printed as the series progressed. Blaine as a conjurer, as a temperance lecturer, as the real man behind the false face of the Ben Butler Greenback Party, as the associate of Jay Gould, and always with the feathers on his hat



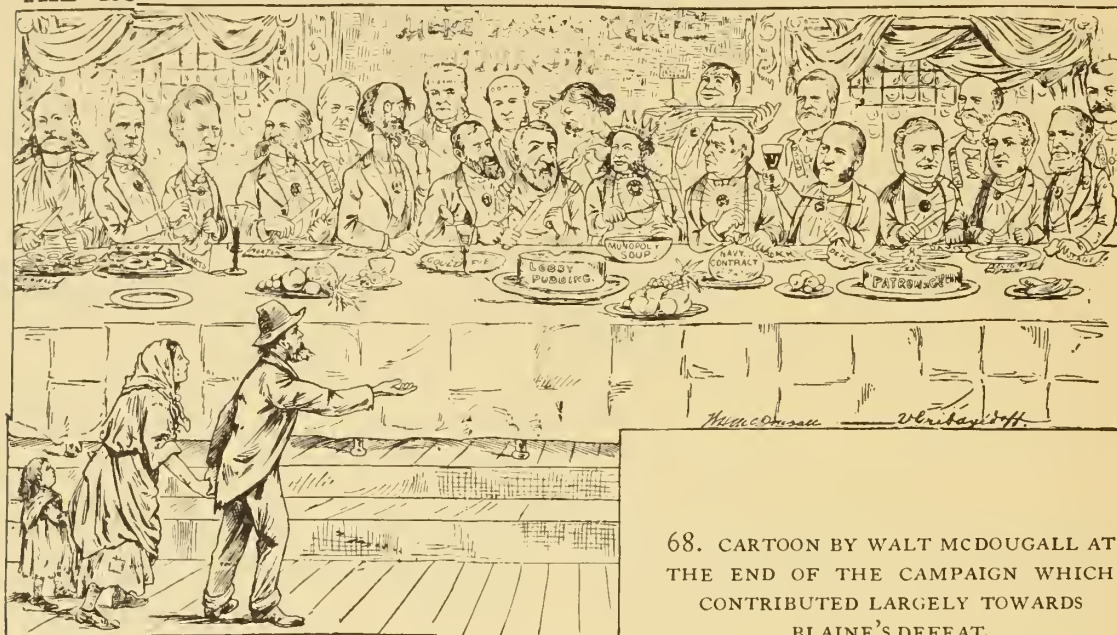
66 AND 67. CARTOONS BY GRANT HAMILTON AND FRANK BEARD, 1884.

reminding the public of Ingersoll's "Pluméd Knight" nominating speech in the convention he failed to carry in 1876.

Six days before the election Blaine returned to New York and was greeted at his hotel by a deputation of clergymen. One of them, Daniel Burchard, made a short speech introducing Blaine in which he said: "We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Within forty-eight hours, through the pro-Cleveland press, the whole country knew of it, and the loss to Blaine was irreparable, for until then "Honest John" Kelly (subsidized heavily



THE ROYAL FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR BLAINE AND THE MONEY KINGS.



68. CARTOON BY WALT MCDUGALL AT THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN WHICH CONTRIBUTED LARGELY TOWARDS BLAINE'S DEFEAT.

by Jay Gould) had kept an army of Irish Catholics in line. On the evening of that fatal day Blaine attended a dinner at Delmonico's as the guest of Gould and other New York financiers. The next morning on the front page of the *New York World* appeared the famous *Royal Feast of Belshazzar* cartoon (No. 68) by a youngster named Walt McDougall. Blaine is centered at a table of honor, flanked by Gould and Vanderbilt. Others at the table and behind it are well-known leaders in industrial finance at the time. Whitelaw Reid hovers obsequiously near the guest of honor. Behind the table is the "writing on the wall," *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin*. In the left foreground a laborer and his family beg for crumbs. McDougall had the assistance of Valerian Gribayédoff in drawing the many faces. Gribayédoff was a Russian soldier of fortune who had settled in New York. He had a clever knack at portraiture and was in some demand as an illustrator.

The cartoon, crude as it was, created a sensation. It was greatly enlarged and posted upon thousands of billboards; and it, the Delmonico dinner, and the Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion speech accounted for Blaine's loss of New York (and consequently the presidency) by a little more than eleven hundred votes. So

ended the most exciting, the most bitterly fought and the most scandalous election campaign in the annals of American history.

And it was the last campaign in which Nast was an important factor. He was at his best amid turmoil and conflict, in times when men's passions were aroused over political and moral issues. He was, as has been said, a crusader and a moralist himself. His practical withdrawal from the arena was less because his old party had lost confidence in him than because he had lost confidence in it. In the tamer, softer times of the last two decades of his life he found little in the world's affairs to move him. Without regret he allowed the twenty-five year connection with *Harper's Weekly* to slip away in 1886; the *Weekly* became more and more a home paper and Nast became a free lance. The separation, apparently inevitable, was good for neither. As Henry Watterson remarked: "In quitting *Harper's Weekly* Nast lost his forum; in losing him *Harper's Weekly* lost its political importance."





The New Presidential Baby.

69. UNCLE SAM PRESENTING GARFIELD AS THE NEW PRESIDENTIAL BABY. BY F. KELLER, 1880.



70. OSCAR WILDE IN CALIFORNIA. BY F. KELLER, 1881.



DUDE STYLES FOR CAMPAIGN 1884

71. CARICATURE BY WALTER, 1884.

## CHAPTER V

THE SAN FRANCISCO WASP AND SOME OF ITS CARTOONISTS. MORE ABOUT PUCK. THE TAYLOR MADE GIRL. FOUNDING OF LIFE, 1883. ITS POLICY. ITS GENTEEL AND INNOCUOUS HUMOR. ADVENT OF C. D. GIBSON. HIS EARLY WORK. T. S. SULLIVAN. M. A. WOOLF. A. B. FROST. PALMER COX'S BROWNIES. FOUNDING OF THE JUDGE. J. A. WALES. WORTH'S "DARKTOWN" LITHOGRAPHS.

THE *San Francisco Wasp*, established in the late seventies, was a very lively satirical journal which published drawings by several talented artists whose names I have not met with elsewhere. There are no files of the early *Wasp* available here in the East, consequently any adequate account of these men must await more data. The few clippings I have (furnished by the unfailing goodwill and generosity of Mr. Harry MacNeill Bland) prove that in the early eighties *The Wasp* had at least three very good men on its staff: Barkhaus, Keller, and Walter. Keller's *New Presidential Baby* (No. 69) published immediately after the election of 1880 shows a fatuously proud Uncle Sam exhibiting a bearded baby Garfield to a group of amusingly drawn figures representing foreign powers, potentates, and types. His *Modern Messiah* (No. 70) commemorating the triumphal entry of Oscar Wilde into San Francisco is itself



a triumph of satire. The notoriety-seeking author is shown on an ass, surrounded by an adulating throng carrying, wearing, or decorated with sunflowers. In the foreground are several then prominent San Franciscans.

Walter's "*Dude*" *Styles for Campaign 1884* (No. 71) contains excellent caricatures of five famous Americans: J. G. Bennett, Jr., H. W. Beecher, G. W. Curtis, Carl Schurz, and Thomas Nast. Included also is the silk-hatted child Puck, arrayed this time in full dandy style instead of only the ribbon his originator Keppler gave him.

Barkhaus possessed a talent of quite another kind. He was one of the old "rough and readies," a good draughtsman and a two-fisted fighter. In *Dodging the Issues* (No. 72) we see the Democratic Party as a ragged slut, the sawdust baby Jeffersonian Principles in her arms, being attacked from all sides by the leaders of various factions within the party. Dressed as ragamuffins and beggars, Kelly, Tilden, Butler, and Bayard are assailing her with dead cats, garbage, bricks, and mud. This unusually forceful cartoon was published shortly before the nomination of Grover Cleveland.

A common graphic practice of the day was to make a political parody of popular paintings or lithographs. Walter's *The Boss of the Road* (No. 73) is a good example. Blaine and Cleveland, driving fast Party horses in opposite directions, are both forced to turn off the road by Ben Butler in the guise of a stout old negro mounted on a slow-moving mule. Anyone acquainted with the original print will instantly see how cleverly and how closely Walter has followed its design and with what few deft changes he contrived the excellent and effective parody.

Louis Dalrymple joined *Puck's* staff in the late eighties, and among his most forceful efforts were some cartoons against the pension grabbers and grafters of those times. The powerful pension lobby had at last got its chief, Tanner, in office as Pension Commissioner, and Dalrymple's *It Beats Brown-Séquard* (No. 74) shows Tanner standing behind an open safe labeled "Surplus," filling the pockets of "disabled" veterans with coins from a huge syringe labeled "Tanner's Elixir of Life." Those who have already received "treatment" are seen capering off to the right, tossing their crutches and wooden legs in the air. Brown-



72. DEMOCRATIC PARTY ASSAILED BY ITS OWN LEADERS. BY BARKHAUS, 1884<sub>+</sub>



THE BOSS OF THE ROAD.  
73. BEN BUTLER FORCES THE REGULARS OFF THE ROAD. BY WALTER, 1884.





IT BEATS BROWN-SQUAD. — TANNER'S INFALLIBLE ELIXIR OF LIFE FOR PENSION-GRABBERS ONLY.

74. TANNER'S PENSION ELIXIR FOR NEEDY VETERANS. BY LOUIS DALRYMPLE, 1881.

Séquard, a French-American physician, had recently gained much notoriety through his claim of discovery of a rejuvenation injection. Thus Dalrymple's application of the Elixir to the pension situation was not only timely but also a very good cartoon idea.

There was considerable outcry and alarm in the air about waist-pinching corsetry, and Carl von Stur filled a page of *Puck* with drawings of *The Mode and the Martyrs* (No. 75). The central picture of the goose-headed woman, standing patiently while Death pulls the string of the hour-glass corset even tighter, is excellent social satire.

In 1880 Sarah Bernhardt made the first of her many tours of the United States, and young Fred Oppen seized the opportunity to make fun of her eccentricities (No. 76). Her luggage (including the famous coffin), her tableware, her bed, and the "*Coupé à la Sarah*" with a hole in the roof to allow her to sit up straight are all very amusing. But the telegraph-pole poster in the center is a positive inspiration. Oppen worked like the proverbial bandog for *Puck* during the first few of his eighteen years with that publication. He and Keppler did practically all the illustrations in the earlier years, and the experience and versatility developed in those short-handed times aided him greatly in his career of more than half a century as a comic artist.

C. Jay Taylor was far in front with his Taylor Made Girl in the later eighties, but he rapidly lost ground to Gibson. The superior air, style, and appeal of the Gibson Girl outclassed the Taylor Made one, chiefly because she was always the central figure, the cynosure; whereas the Taylor lass was merely a charming girl among charming people. Aside from these drawings, which only courtesy can call social satires, Taylor displayed decided humor in some of his contribution to *Puck*. *The Taylor Made Girl*, including twenty-six illustrations by Taylor, accompanying dialogues by Philip H. Welch, was published in 1888. The dialogues are skilful exposés of the frivolity, spite, and snobbery of the society butterflies of the time; and the illustrations show the pretty girls, the fashionable clothes and the boudoirs and drawingrooms of the period. *In the 400 and Out*, a collection of Taylor's contributions to *Puck*, was printed the following year. The *Out* section is much the more interesting. The drawings for the crude and



adolescent jokes deserved better material. One entitled *Southern Conciseness* (No. 77), in which a resident of rural upper Georgia proposes by asking, "Polly want a Cracker?" is a splendid bit of graphic humor, regardless of the strained pun.

Most of the endless successions of Western, rustic, and local type jokes bear down rather heavily on us today, and the wonder is that the comic artists of the eighties did so well by them. The Westerner who shoots at the bell to summon the boy, the rustic who blows out the gas in his hotel room, the local tough who blunders into conflict with quieter citizens—these were the stock jokes. Irish servants and policemen, Jewish clothing dealers and pawnbrokers, and negro chicken or watermelon thieves also were put through acrobatic paces and farcical scenes.

Early in 1881 Keppler began to print in *Puck* the series of *portraits chargés* he called "Puckographs." These were very mild caricatures of prominent persons, somewhat like and probably inspired by those done in England by "Ape" (Pellegrini) and "Spy" (Ward). But they were full-page color supplements and they made a notable impression at the time.

S. Ehrhart and Syd B. Griffin were regular and prolific contributors to *Puck* for many years. Ehrhart was equally well known for his delicately drawn pretty women and his robust travesties of immigrant Irish and the light-fingered negro. In the drawing here reproduced (No. 78) we see both his Irish servant and his elegant lady. The discussion is about Master Dick, who, according to Honora, is "after eatin' all th' holes Oi punched out o' the jumbles." Syd B. Griffin was a versatile comic artist whose single and sequence drawings enlivened many pages for *Puck's* subscribers. He was especially good in his animal fables and hunting scenes. Here (No. 79) we see a couple of lumbermen and a bear. One of the men has got(?) the bear, and is asking his companion to kick the beast once or twice to even things up, as "a bee's stung me four times."

F. M. Haworth left his bank clerk's stool in Philadelphia in the early eighties to become a contributor to *Judge*, and shortly afterwards moved over to *Puck*. The stratagems and plights of his big-headed large-eyed little people amused the public for more than a generation. His fund of ideas seemed inexhaustible,



THE MODE AND THE MARTYRS.

75. THE MODE AND THE MARTYRS. BY CARL VON STUR, 1881.



THE BERNHARDT BOOM IN NEW YORK.

76. THE BERNHARDT BOOM IN NEW YORK. BY F. B. OPPER, 1880





#### SOUTHERN CONCISENESS.

MR. CLAY C. TERPENTINE (*of the Georgia Uplands, proposing*). — Polly want a Cracker?



#### A CORMORANT.

HONORA. — I wisht y' 'd kape Master Dick out'r the kitchen, Ma'am.  
 MRS. ST. JONES. — Does he annoy you?  
 HONORA. — He does, Ma'am. He 's just afther eatin' all th' holes Oi punched out o' the jumbles.



#### REVENGE.

LUMBERMAN (*in chancery*). — Kick him once 'r twice 'fore you swat him, Bill, t' kinder even up. A bee 's stung me four times while he 's held me here.

and unlike the comic strip men of today he did not confine himself to the same characters. All kinds and conditions of people figured in his sequence drawings, but all were unmistakably Haworth people. *The Near-Sighted Gardener* (No. 80) is typical both of his drawing and of his wordless humor.

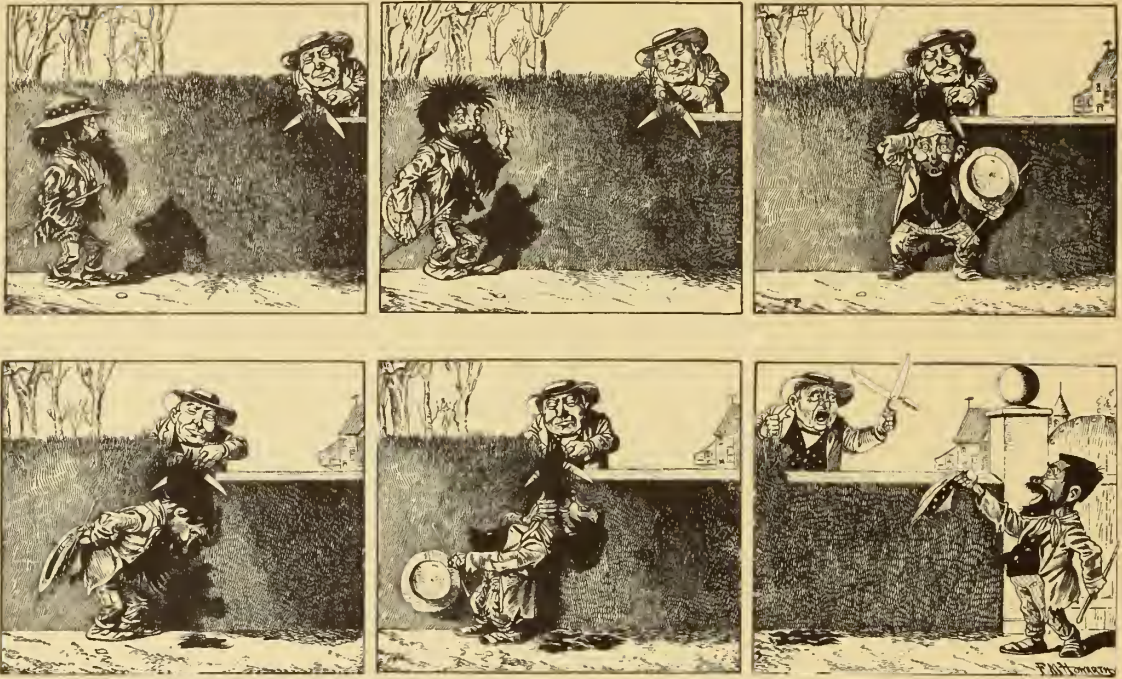
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From the early eighties to the turn of the century the history of graphic humor in America is largely the history of the comic and the satirical press. The great vogue of the separate and series prints issued by the lithographic houses (such as Worth's Darktown travesties on negro life) finally collapsed, and the new dictators of humorous drawing were the editors of the comic weeklies and monthlies. Later still the individual and syndicated comic departments of the great metropolitan dailies exerted a tremendous influence on the trend of graphic humor.

In January, 1883, John Ames Mitchell and Edward S. Martin, convinced there was room for a satirical weekly "of higher artistic and literary merit" than that displayed in their "colored contemporaries" *Puck* and *Judge*, issued the first number of *Life*. For the following six months they fought an uphill fight, for while they did not exactly have to create the taste whereby their little publication was to be enjoyed, they did have a hard struggle to get it into the brownstone houses of those for whom it was intended. The Elegant Eighties were in part a decade of social snobbery, and *Life* played the role of *arbiter elegantiarum*. From both text and drawings readers might gather hints as to dress and conduct. Censor and mentor, *Life* spoke *for* those who knew and *to* those who aspired to know, and always in a delicate, refined manner. Today the early volumes of *Life* seem preposterously smug and innocuous, but viewed in their historical perspective they illuminate the social customs, pretensions, and prejudices of the time more clearly than do any of their contemporaries. They represent the genteel school of humor at its best—and at its worst. To us its best seems only fair, and its worst quite depressing. Among its earlier artists were Mitchell himself, F. W. Attwood (who had illustrated the famous parody of the Rollo books, *Rollo's Journey to Cambridge*), H. W. McVickar, W. H. Hyde, and R. F. Bunner for social satire; E. W. Kemble brightened a page now and then,



THE NEAR-SIGHTED GARDENER; OR, HOW WANDERING WILLY SECURED A HAIR CUT.



80. COMIC SEQUENCE BY F. M. HAWORTH, 1892.

and Palmer Cox contributed some really amusing animal-fable drawings.

The social satire drawings were seldom humorous; they were formal illustrations; but they were always correct and elegant in details of dress and interior arrangement; and the legend or joke printed below either rebuked the loquacity of a bore or reduced the pretensions of an upstart to an abashed eclipse. W. H. Hyde's *To the Stars Through Difficulties* (No. 81) is a fair sample. Several persons are seated at a sumptuously-laid table in a well-furnished dining-room. The footman is whispering to the host: "Mrs. Doubledollar wants you, sir, to finish your fish as quick as ever you can and not to ask for a third helpin'." The expression of disdain and disapproval on the faces of some of the guests is mildly amusing. After looking at many pages of such forced and feeble humor it is decidedly refreshing to come upon the amoral fantasies of Palmer Cox.

Both Mitchell and Attwood made several small drawings illustrating limricks. These drawings, much less pretentious than their full-page contributions, were free, fanciful, and often genuinely amusing, such as the man who, by not replying to a nagging wife, was "as happy a man as you'll find" (No. 82).



TO THE STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES.

Footman (in a whisper to Mr. Doubledollar): MRS. DOUBLEDOLLAR WANTS YOU, SIR, TO FINISH YOUR FISH AS QUICK AS EVER YOU CAN AND NOT TO ASK FOR A THIRD HELPIN'.

81. GENTEEL SOCIAL SATIRE FROM "LIFE." BY W. H. HYDE, 1883.

By 1886 *Life* was firmly established, and in that year it published contributions by M. A. Woolf, Van Schaick, C. G. Bush, Clinton Peters, and Coultaus, as well as the early efforts of Peter Newell, Oliver Herford, Albert Sterner, "Chip" Bellew, and Charles Dana Gibson.

W. A. Rogers (1854-1931) is represented by an excellent example of his early manner in his humorous summation of the longstanding feud between Halstead and Senator Logan (No. 83). The two men are shown as gladiators; Logan has thrust his spear through Halstead and has raised him aloft, but Halstead has seized Logan by the hair and cut his head off. And the title is *A Harmless Pastime*.

Charles Dana Gibson had progressed from an occasional comic in 1886 to double-page cartoons in 1888. *Erin's Dream* (No. 84) presents him in this little-known phase of his graphic career. It is an amusingly conceived and executed skit, an Irish Triumph. Old Queen Victoria and her eldest son are seated backward on shaggy donkeys which are drawing a triumphal car upon which re-





ERIN'S DREAM.

84. THE YOUTHFUL CHARLES DANA GIBSON INTERPRETS ERIN'S DREAM, 1888.

clines a sodden and contented Irishman. The rear of the car is furnished with stocks in which Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, is securely locked. It was a triumph for the youthful artist, anyway, and while the drawing lacks the economy and the surety of line of his later and more famous Gibson Girls, it has much more genuine humor. Gibson's other contributions at this period included a drawing of an evening party in which the men appeared in low-necked and sleeveless dress coats (collarless and shirtless, too, of course), conversing and dancing with ladies in ballroom costumes. The title was *Why Not?* Another, *The Art Museum of the Future*, shows a large hall in which some of the most



His wife, though at heart she was kind,  
Ne'er scrupled to speak out her mind.  
But he, not replying,  
Was living and dying  
As happy a man as you'll find.

82. LIMERICK ILLUSTRATION  
BY J. A. MITCHELL, 1883.



A HARMLESS PASTIME.  
THE CELEBRATED LOGAN-HALSTEAD COMBINATION IN THEIR WORLD-RENOWNED  
GLADIATORIAL CONTEST.

83. A "CLASSICAL" CARTOON.  
BY W. A. ROGERS, 1886.

famous pieces of ancient sculpture have been reconditioned: the Venus de Milo is restored to hold tennis racket and ball, Hercules is given boxing gloves and a championship belt, the Discus Thrower is outfitted as the Bowler, and there are the Dying Umpire, the Pitcher, and other plastic parodies. Gibson joined the staff of *Life* in 1888 after serving two years as graphic man-of-all-work on *Tid Bits* (New York).

S. W. Van Schaick, whose "pretty women" drawings owed something to Du Maurier, contributed frequently to *Life* in the later eighties and early nineties. His *Easter Belles* (No. 85) shows him at his best. A number of fashionably





EASTER BELLES.

85. THE CHURCH LOSES A ROUND TO THE DEMON OF FASHION. BY VAN SCHAICK, 1888.



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

*Spazzoni:* DO YOU DENY YOUR HANDWRITING?

*Veronica:* GREAT HEAVENS! GUZMAN HAS BETRAYED ME, AN' I AM LOST!

88. SOME OF M. A. WOOLF'S URCHINS, FROM "LIFE," 1888!

dressed young women are rushing from church to the millinery establishment of "The. Deviln, à la joie d'Easter." Clerics and vestrymen about the church doors are appalled by the women's behavior.

T. S. Sullivant, one of America's most gifted draughtsmen, made an early appearance in *Life* in 1888 with *A High Bred Man on a Low Bred Horse* (No. 86). Later his peculiar gift of humorous distortion was to develop from the amusingly whimsical to the hilariously grotesque. His drawings were always carefully conceived and, despite skilful economy, completely realized. He is one of the few comic artists held in high estimation by all his fellow craftsmen.



A HIGH BRED MAN ON A LOW BRED HORSE.



"She twined herself around the strong, resolute man as the slender vine clings to the mighty oak for protection and support."—*Popular Novel*.



86, 87 AND 90. COMICS BY T. S. SULLIVANT, FRANK BELLEW AND PALMER COX.

Some of the last drawings of Frank H. T. Bellew were done for *Life* in the year of his death, 1888; and some of the early work of his son Frank W. ("Chip") Bellew also appeared there from 1886 on. The elder Bellew's highly imaginative drawing illustrating an over-romantic description from a popular novel—"She twined herself around the strong, resolute man as the slender vine clings to the mighty oak for protection and support" (No. 87)—proves him sure of hand and fertile of invention to the last; while the rich comic gifts of the younger man quickly established his claim as a true chip of the old block.

Michael Angelo Woolf (1837-1899) holds a unique place among those who depict the humor and pathos of the lives of "the children of the mobility."



After an early career on the stage, Woolf studied painting in Munich and Paris with indifferent results, and it was only in his last years that he made the drawings on which his fame rests. These drawings of the tragedies and comedies of the neglected children of the slums greatly endeared him to J. A. Mitchell of *Life*, who maintained a farm-camp for city waifs for many years. Woolf's best work was done for *Life* during the decade 1886-1896, throughout which period he often had three or four drawings in an issue. His old-fashioned technique, reminiscent of Cruikshank and Leech, was admirably suited to his sympathetic portrayal of the rags and romances of his by no means always wretched little people. His dialogues were always extravagantly melodramatic and often quaintly at variance with the realism of the drawings. His stage experience led him to depict rehearsals by urchins in backyards and alleys. In the drawing here reproduced, *A Private Rehearsal* (No. 88), the stage is an upturned packing-case, the costume of the hero or villain a paper hat and a wooden sword; but melodrama tensely tragic is going on—and greatly to the amusement of the assembled crowd of gamins and a few elders.

In *Humor in Animals*, written and illustrated by William Holbrook Beard (1824-1900), there are several well-drawn animal story illustrations but none approaches *The Ballet-Dancer* (No. 89) for whimsicality of humor and delicacy of execution. The book was published in 1888 and the author-illustrator was an uncle of Frank and Dan Beard.

The first edition of Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus* was published in 1880 with illustrations by F. S. Church and J. H. Moser. Good as these were, they fell by the wayside when A. B. Frost published his famous illustrations to the American classic in 1895. The name of Frost's great contemporary E. W. Kemble is inseparably associated with Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*, 1884. That same year also saw the appearance of Kemble's *Thompson Street Poker Club* in book form, the drawings having previously been printed as contributions to *Life*. Richard M. Johnston's *Mr. Absalom Billingslea*, 1888, had the good fortune to be illustrated by both Kemble and Frost. *Lectures Before the Thompson Street Poker Club*, 1889, was illustrated by John Durkin. Other notable humorous book illustrations of the eighties were Van Schaick's *The*





THE BALLET DANCER.

89. A FANTASY BY W. H. BEARD, 1885.





91. COVER OF FIRST ISSUE OF "JUDGE." BY J. A. WALES, 1881.



93. PROMINENT EVANGELIST IMITATING OSCAR. BY J. A. WALES, 1882.

*Lorgnette*, 1886; books by Bill Nye illustrated by Oppen, Hopkins and J. H. Smith; Watterson's *Oddities in Southern Life*, illustrated by William Ludwell Sheppard and F. S. Church; Hoppin's illustrations to his own books of travel and adventure; Herford's illustrations to Bang's *New Waggings of Old Tales*; and *The Good Things of Life*, selections from the first volume of the weekly, 1884.

For the readers of *St. Nicholas Magazine* in the early eighties, Palmer Cox invented his "Brownies," whose antics were followed with delight by at least two generations. The Brownies (No. 90), impish-looking, wide-mouthed, oval-headed little fellows, came from Dunbrownie, North Britain, according to their author, and later they were joined by the O'Brownies from Ireland, the Brownskis from Russia, the Ah-Brown-Ees from China, and many others. And they greatly increased in numbers, although there was never a sign of a lady or an infant Brownie. But, as was hinted earlier, Palmer Cox was from now on a prisoner; neither the children nor the Brownies would allow him to escape, and while he may quite possibly have taken pride and pleasure in the joy he brought to hundreds of thousands of children, it is not improbable that he sighed for the good old days when he illustrated *Hans von Pelter*, *That Stanley!* and *How Columbus Found America*. He wrote and illustrated thirteen Brownie Books, and he estimated he had drawn upwards of ten million Brownies for the insatiable young readers of *Little Folks*, *Wide Awake*, *Harper's Young People*, and *St. Nicholas*.

The first issue of *The Judge* appeared on October 29th, 1881. Like *Puck* the new comic weekly used a rather crude color-printing process on its cover, back, and middle pages. Its political impartiality was proclaimed by the cartoon by J. A. Wales on its first issue cover, *The Two Political Dromios* (No. 91). Both Tammany Boss Kelly and Republican Boss Conkling are putting their heads together after finding themselves locked out of their respective headquarters. But good intentions do not pay printers' bills, and very shortly *The Judge* rendered his decisions in favor of the Republicans. Among the early graphic contributors were L. Hopkins, with a life story in pictures of a defaulting bank-teller; Bellew with a very good six-drawing sequence dealing with the adventures of an



inebriated gentleman and a (to him) pugnacious rocking chair (No. 92); Thomas Worth with a burlesque *Surrender of Cornwallis*; and E. W. Kemble (1861-1933) with "an aesthetic walking costume" for a lady and a fanciful vision of Oscar Wilde's farewell to America.

Wilde had then been here for some months and his affectations and eccen-

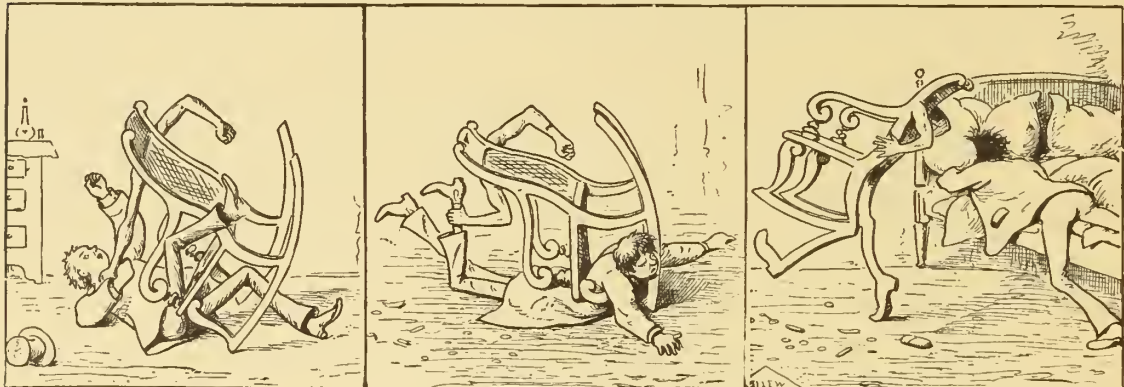
MR. BOWLER'S MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.



Mr. Bowler returns home rather late, and is attacked in the most unprovoked manner by an article of furniture in his own room.

Of course he promptly resents the indignity.

But the article of furniture gives him a taste of the Greco-Roman art.



Hurling him to the floor,

And then proceeds to conduct himself like a Muldoon,

Till at last Mr. Bowler, being human, retires from the contest, leaving the field to his triumphant antagonist.

92. A BIBULOUS BOUT WITH A PUGNACIOUS CHAIR. BY FRANK BELLEW, 1881.

tricities, although constantly ridiculed in the press, had found him admirers devoted enough to start an aesthetic craze which swept across the country in his wake. Kemble's caricature of the egotistical poet is emphatically good; the expression of combined satisfaction with self and contempt for all others is very well realized. Thomas Worth broadly burlesqued some incidents at an *Aesthetic Reception* and J. A. Wales ridiculed that spectacular preacher, De Witt Tal-



94. THE DARKTOWN FIRE BRIGADE—SAVED! LITHOGRAPH BY THOMAS WORTH, 1884.

mage, in *The Clown Business is Done For. I Must be Aesthetical or Lose my Grip* (No. 93). This is a particularly good quip at the opportunistic, acrobatic divine, who is shown attitudinizing before a poster of Wilde.

No saloon, poolroom, or barbershop was as it should be in the late eighties unless it had one or more of Thomas Worth's Darktown lithographs. Several series of these roughhouse comics were made by Worth for Currier & Ives, and they were immensely popular. The doings of the *Darktown Fire Brigade* was the most favored series. In our reproduction (No. 94) Worth presents a lively scene in which rescues are going forward rather dangerously; one fireman is playing the hose on a man who has fallen through the roof, while a woman with a fan jumps modestly into a ragged blanket held by two frightened firemen. Another rescuer staggers out of the house with a buxom night-shirted wench over his shoulder, and meanwhile the flames make unhindered headway.





THE SALONS OF NEW YORK  
AN EVENING WITH THE GENTLEMEN OF NEW YORK CITY



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A SENSELESS AFTER-DINNER CUSTOM.  
SO THINER THE YOUNG MAN WHO NEXT LIVES TO HER FATHER'S FRIENDS DURING THE NEXT HOUR.

95 AND 96. CHARLES DANA GIBSON INFUSED HIS "LOW LIFE" SCENES WITH MORE HUMOR IN 1892 THAN HE WAS ABLE TO PUT INTO HIS GIBSON GIRL EPISODES IN 1899.



The "gentle thing" develops a tendency to play rather startling to the Humane Man.

100. A PAGE FROM A. B. FROST, 1892.

## CHAPTER VI

*THE GAYER BUT NOT NAUGHTY NINETIES. COUNTRY-WIDE VOGUE OF THE GIBSON GIRL. HER MISSION A SERIOUS ONE. GIBSON A GREAT HUMOROUS ARTIST WHEN HE GOT AWAY FROM HER. HY MAYER, KEMBLE, AND FROST. COMIC HISTORIES. THE BICYCLE IN CARTOON AND COMIC ART. FRANK NANKIVELL. "CHIP" BELLEW. PETER NEWELL. BERNARD GILLAM REVERSES HIMSELF. LIFE DEVELOPS A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE. CARTOONS BY WILLIAM H. WALKER AND F. T. RICHARDS. THE LARK, THE BEE, THE GREAT DIVIDE, AND THE VERDICT. VICTOR GILLAM.*

THE much-vaunted Naughtiness of the Nineties was, as regards graphic humor, largely a matter of geography—and European geography at that. Certainly there is no hint of naughtiness in the American comic and satirical periodicals of the decade. They were, however, a little gayer in the sense of being brighter and more lively, and they were much improved in appearance. A better quality paper was used; in general the make-up was more pleasing to the eye; and the old crudeness of reproduction vanished before more modern processes.

The most admired and widely influential drawings of the nineties in America were of course Gibson's idealizations of the American Girl. In view of the phenomenal vogue of these drawings it is curious to observe how very few of



them may be honestly termed humorous. But Gibson's clientele did not wish to be amused: they wanted an idealization which they might emulate. For more than twenty years the young women of America modeled their clothes, their carriage, their manners, and their outlook on life on those dictated by the creator of the Gibson Girl. And the men worshipped her too. From coast to coast, in boarding-school and parlor, in college dormitory and roadside shack, the Gibson Girl reigned. She changed the outlook of a generation. She made young men and women conscious of themselves, of others, and of their own high destiny. But she was completely devoid of humor: hers was a serious mission. In fact the Gibson Girl belongs more to social history than to graphic humor. The pitifully abject states to which her coldness reduced her admirers are often ridiculous, yet it is obvious that when Gibson drew his queenly Girl humor was never uppermost in his mind.

In this connection we may aptly recall the boast made by Oscar Wilde that he could make a joke on any subject. A retired army officer glared at him and ejaculated, "The Queen!" "The Queen," replied Oscar gravely, "is not a subject." Gibson himself, despite his graphic indictments of social climbers and of the futility of the social whirl, was more than a little respectful of Society; and, since the Gibson Girl was its Queen, neither she nor it was to be laughed at. Only those who made up its "lunatic fringe" were fair game, and upon them Gibson laid ridicule with a trowel.

No such self-imposed inhibitions controlled his drawings of middle-class and lower middle-class life. The series of *Salons of New York* in *Life*, 1892, depicting receptions and dances in Jewish, musical, artistic, and Irish circles, have more humor to the inch than the Gibson Girl series have to the yard. In *An Evening with the Gentlemen's Sons' Chowder Club* (No. 95) he takes us to a dance held in the loft of an old building. Every one of the twenty-odd people present is acutely observed and succinctly stated. Their clothes, gestures, movements and expressions are all set down with economy, skill, and above and throughout all, with humor. The same is true of his racetrack and baseball addicts. Gibson was a great graphic humorist when he got away from the Gibson Girl. But for the record, one should be included here. *A Senseless After-Dinner*

SPAGHETTI AND GESTICULATION.  
A TALE OF AN ITALIAN DINNER TABLE.





*Custom* (No. 96) is typical. Several collections of Gibson's drawings were published in the nineties and later. *The Education of Mr. Pipp*, 1899, was the most humorous, and incidentally the most successful.

Hy Mayer (born 1868) came to New York (via London, Berlin, Cincinnati and Chicago) in 1893, and for the next five years his distinctive drawings were printed in *Life* and other humorous publications. There was a new note in them that met with immediate recognition and had considerable influence. He "spotted" his work very skilfully and he used white as a color; his drawings were always attractively decorative, and his large, singing use of line gave an effect of unusual vitality. His humorous ideas, inventions and fantasies were seemingly inexhaustible. In *Spaghetti and Gesticulation* (No. 97) we have a taste of his quality in fanciful mood—a couple of Italians, trying to talk and eat at the same time, become helplessly enmeshed in their favorite staple. Mayer went to London in 1898, where his work was so popular that he stayed two years and laid the foundations of that international reputation which led in a short while to his contributing to such famous Continental publications as *Figaro*, *Jugend*, and *Fliegende Blätter*. An early collection of his drawings was published in New York in 1899 under the title *In Laughterland*.

E. W. Kemble was a great artist in the arena of boisterous comic action and robust good fun. The farcical misadventures of his big-game hunters and entomologists with lions, bears, and cobras; the hilariously spontaneous results of the elixirs concocted by his queer pedants; and the almost devilish ingenuity of his prankish small boys—all these are timelessly funny, and in none does he descend to the slapstick methods of the lower comedy. His humor is broad but never grotesque. Kemble contributed frequently to *Life* in the nineties. His *Power of the Human Eye* (No. 98) in three scenes is a characteristic example.

Kemble is better known for his negro drawings, many of which were contributed to *Life*, and some were published separately in an album entitled *Comical Coons*. From this collection comes reproduction No. 99, in two scenes, one an impending tragedy and the other showing how the tragedy was averted. To Kemble the negro was not a butt of jokes on ignorance, but a being with an infinite capacity for the enjoyment of life, and his drawings of negroes are



98. THE POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.  
BY E. W. KEMBLE, 1895.

richly sympathetic of the simplicity and geniality of the colored people. The negroes had had an earlier friendly observer in William Ludwell Sheppard and yet another in Sol Eytinge. Kemble also drew the adventures of the famous *Blackberries*, incredibly comical negro children, which appeared in book form in 1897, and also as a Sunday comic feature.

A. B. Frost put out his *Bull Calf and Other Tales* in 1892, a collection of picture stories in which a bull calf gets much the better of a very humane man (No. 100). In the other tales some shrewd negroes conquer fractious mules; and organ-grinders, bears, tramps, editors, and poets all figure in ludicrous situations with plenty of acrobatic action. His illustrations for *Uncle Remus and His Friends*, 1892, and *Uncle Remus, His*

*Songs and Sayings*, 1895, won him immediate and lasting acclaim for having created the most sympathetic and completely satisfying graphic complement to Harris's immortal negro.

Comic histories continued in demand in the nineties. Bill Nye's *History of the United States*, 1894, was illustrated by Oppen, and his *History of England*, 1896, by W. M. Goodes and A. M. Richards. Charles M. Snyder's *Comic History of Greece*, 1898, had drawings by John Sloan, Everett Shinn, Goodes,





99. A TYPICAL KEMBLE COON ADVENTURE IN TWO SCENES, 1895.



101. F. B. OPPEL'S SUGGESTION TO THE CLERGY IN 1895.

Bob Addams, H. Blue, F. C. Schell, and F. McKernan. James S. Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*, added to the fun with his *Mythology for Moderns*, 1899, illustrated by Gibson, Attwood, Herford, "Chip" Bellew, A. D. Blashfield and A. Brennan. Books of stories by H. C. Bunner, the brilliant editor of *Puck*,—among them the well-known *Short Sixes*—were illustrated by members of *Puck's* graphic staff: C. J. Taylor, Syd B. Griffin, Fred Oppen and others.

The bicycle craze, at its height in the nineties, could not of course escape the attentions of the comic press. Even the cartoonists used it to "make the point." F. T. Richards drew for *Life* in 1895 a tandem on which were Queen Victoria and Grover Cleveland. In 1897 he showed Mark Hanna coasting down to Washington with a diminutive McKinley in the delivery basket attached to the handle bars. For the cover of *Pickings from Puck*, 1896, Ehrhart drew *The New Woman Taking Out Hubby*, much the same idea as Richards's but in a very different mood. The versatile Oppen was not to be left behind, and in the





102. CLOSE AT HAND.  
BY FRANK NANKIVELL, 1897.



103. CARICATURE OF SPEAKER  
REED. BY NANKIVELL, 1899.

same publication we see his *Puck's Suggestions to His Reverend Friends* (No. 101), an open-air church on wheels, containing pulpit, clergyman, organ, and organist drawn by a spanking pair. The coachman has the additional task of bell-ringer, and the "Sunday Service for Wheelmen" is followed by a group of plodding cyclists.

Frank A. Nankivell, born in Australia in 1869, came to New York in 1896 after two years in San Francisco. His distinctive drawings soon began to add what was then a decidedly modernistic note to the pages of *Puck*. His characteristic elegance and cosmopolitan humor are admirably shown in *Close at Hand* (No. 102), wherein a young lady is listening to a professor of decidedly anthropoid appearance telling her that one has not to go far to seek indisputable evidence of the descent of man. Both drawing and joke indicate in their sophistication a turning aside from the rustic and low-comedy quality of most of *Puck's* previous contributions. Nankivell also revived the *Puckographs* in a new series, this time printed without color and in much smaller size. The first, *One Czar*

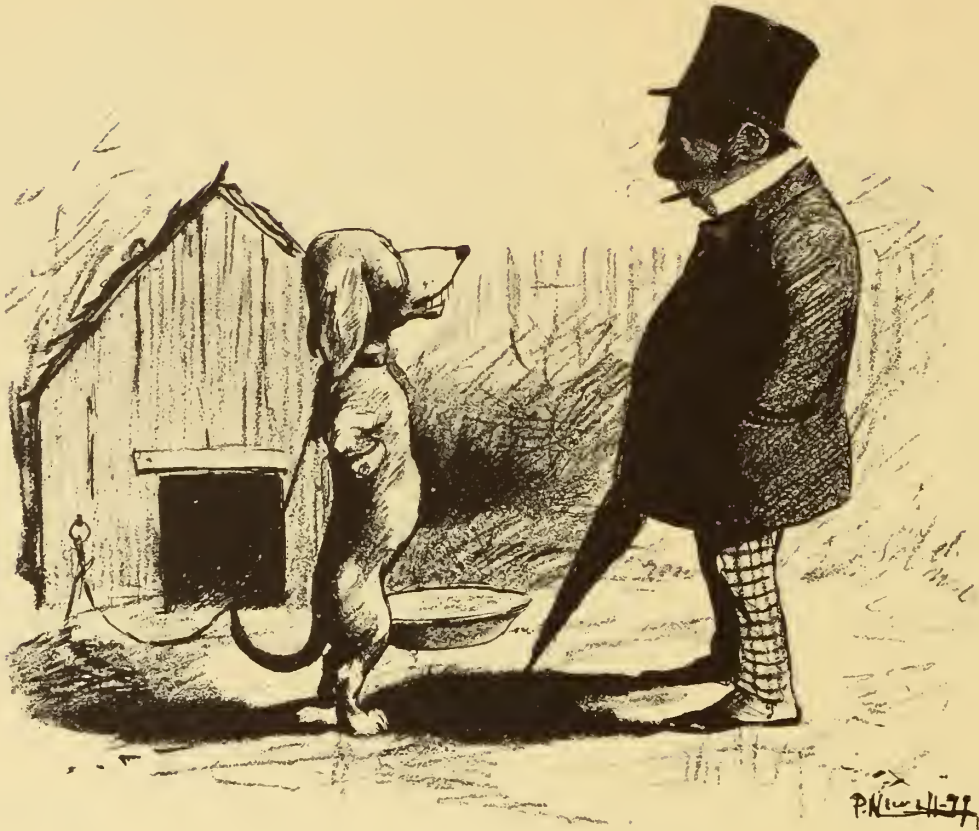


104. A CHARACTERISTIC WORDLESS COMEDY BY "CHIP" BELLEW, 1895.

*Who Never Called a Peace Conference* (No. 103) is a caricature of the then Speaker of the House, Representative Reed of Maine. Reed was a difficult subject for the caricaturist. W. A. Rogers and Homer Davenport among others had tried to do him, but Nankivell's effort is the most successful. Nankivell gave up all magazine work many years ago and became one of America's leading etchers.

F. P. W. Bellew ("Chip") died in 1894 at the early age of thirty-two. In 1895 some of his comic drawings were published in an album entitled "*Chip's*" *Dogs*. They had for the most part appeared earlier in *Life*, but many people who were children in the nineties will recall the pleasure with which they turned the pages, following the struggles of a dog with a muzzle, the dog which scratched himself so frantically that there was nothing left of him but a few bones, and the many other canine mischiefs and misadventures. In *His Last Attack* (No. 104) we see what two small boys, a pot of paint and three pups did to a drunkard. Bellew had a real comic gift, and almost inexhaustible invention. His other album "*Chip's*" *Old Wood Cuts*, published in the same year, is crowded with





105. ONE OF PETER NEWELL'S WHIMSIES.

the inspired anomalies which make burlesque history positively enjoyable. His untimely death was a heavy blow to the comic draughtsmanship of the period, even though he had many followers in his special fields.

Peter Newell (1862–1924) first came to the fore in the nineties with his highly individual and quaintly imaginative drawings in flat half-tones. He took a decidedly whimsical view of this world of men, animals, and things; as, for instance, that now famous timid child who was afraid of the flowers because they were “wild.” It is unusual that so unique a talent as Newell’s was able successfully to illustrate books other than his own; but his drawings for some of Bangs’s works—notably *A Houseboat on the Styx*, *The Pursuit of the Houseboat*, and *The Enchanted Typewriter*—are delightfully apt, and to all who know them, inseparable from the texts. Newell made many drawings for *Life* and *Harper’s*, and a collection of *Pictures and Rhymes* was published toward the end of the



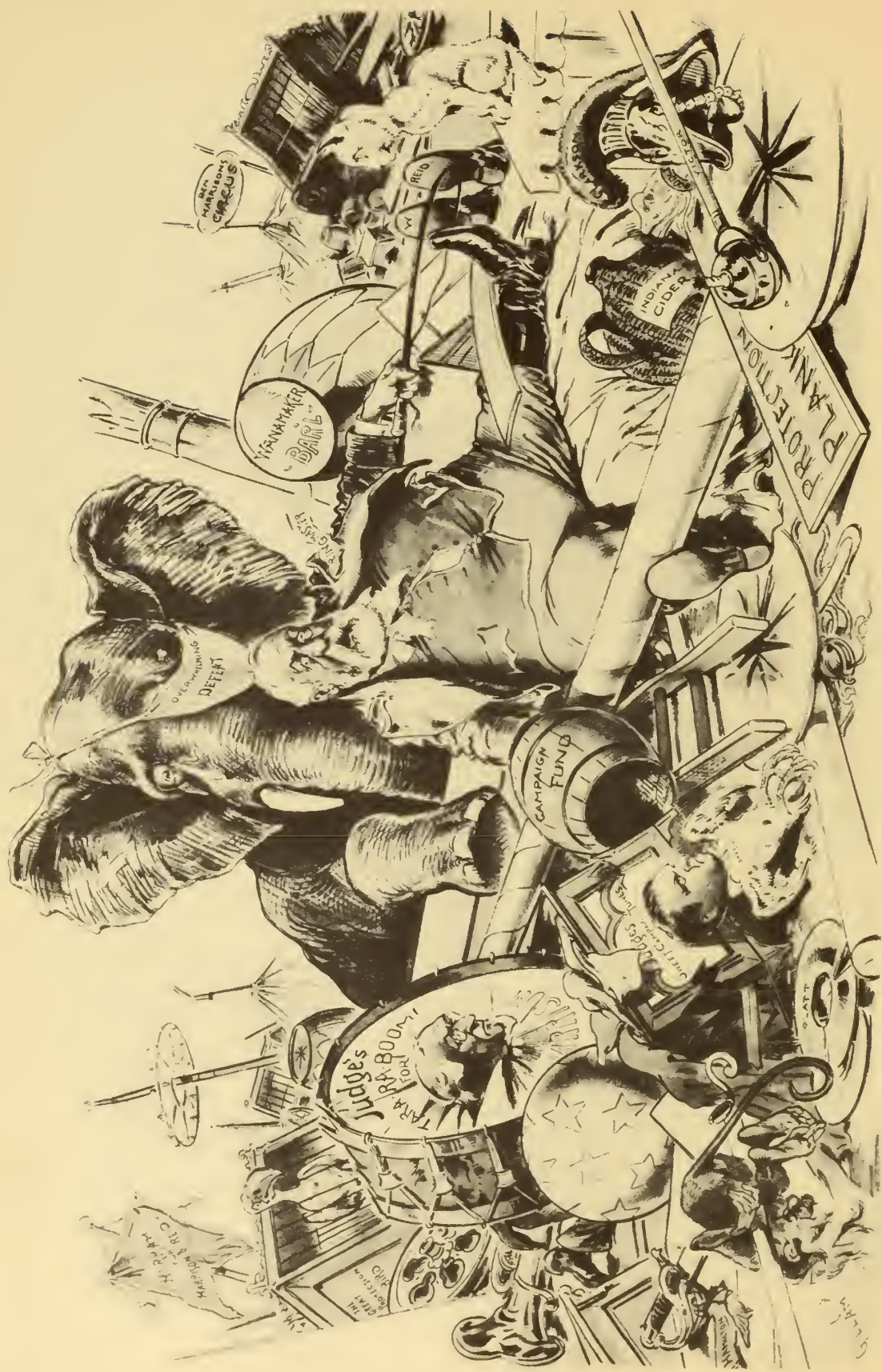
106. QUEEN VICTORIA BY OLIVER HERFORD, 1899.

century. *Topsy Turvies*, a reversible volume for little children, became a great favorite. *A Complaint* (No. 105) is typical of his graphic drollery.

During the summer of 1899 Oliver Herford (1863–1935) contributed a number of alphabetically arranged drawings called *Life's Biographical Primer*. These were of uneven merit, but one, *Q is the Queen* (No. 106), is perhaps the most remarkable of his many and versatile achievements. It is an excellent caricature of the old Queen and is executed with masterly economy and distinctive humor.

Dan Beard whose illustrations for Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, 1889, have been highly praised, contributed some fantasies to *Life* in the nineties. *Seaside Vagaries* (No. 107) is an airy mélange of mermaids, sportive fishes, and the like, all done in a light and graceful manner but only mildly humorous. Will Crawford, later to go forward, had some comic *Historical Bits*; there were gracefully drawn humorous coaching episodes by Grey-Parker; insect comedies by Gus Dirks; and contributions of varying quality by C. H. Ebert, T. K. Hanna, H. B. Nelson, E. G. Lutz, W. M. Goodes, O'Neill Latham (the only woman), F. W. Read, C. A. Gilbert, P. Stanlaws, Bodfish, O. Toasperm, Albert Sterner, and others.





U. AMIN "WHERE AM I AT"

108. DRAWN BY GILLAM JUST BEFORE THE ELECTION OF 1892.

An interesting and amusing crisis illustrating the necessity of simpler composition, even in a weekly, occurred in *Judge's* office on the night of the Cleveland-Harrison election of 1892. Everyone on the staff of that strongly Republican journal had been convinced that Harrison would be re-elected. Bernard Gillam had composed an elaborate cartoon (No. 108), *Where Am I At?*, in which Cleveland was seen sprawling amidst the ruins of his bandwagon. The triumphant



SEA-SIDE VAGARIES.

107. BY DANIEL CARTER BEARD, FROM "LIFE," 1892.

Republican Elephant was marching over the debris. There was not time enough to plan and draw another. The plate, already in the press, was withdrawn; Gillam added a beard and a few touches to the face of Cleveland, transforming him into Harrison; the Elephant was given a big patch labeled "Defeat" over one eye; labels and names were changed throughout and Gillam drew, near his signature, a caricature of himself as a monkey turning a complete somersault. It was indeed



a very clever reversal, and Gillam's fellow craftsmen congratulated him heartily on it; but it was a warning of what was to come, and in a few years the complex crowded cartoon was itself crowded out.

In fact Gillam, some two months before that fiasco, had drawn an excellent cartoon in the coming manner in *I Am in the Hands of My Friends* (No. 109). The title was from a remark by Cleveland, and the candidate is shown as a much



"I AM IN THE HANDS OF MY FRIENDS."—GROVER CLEVELAND.  
Mr. Cleveland has acceded to the demands of the Tammany machine. Tammany will now run the Cleveland campaign in New York state.

109. GROVER CLEVELAND "IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS." BY BERNARD GILLAM, 1892.

disturbed fat man, his hat poised above his head, escorted by Hill and Croker dressed as pirates and eyeing him with uncomfortably determined anticipation as they lead him whither they wish to go. It is a very good and a very amusing drawing, and it made the point of Cleveland's supposed reluctant compromise with the Tammany forces to the complete satisfaction of Republican partisans.

Archie Gunn, a clever illustrator of the "pretty girl school," was producing

many technically vivacious but not really humorous drawings. One of his (for the time) most daring efforts was that in which a nude girl at the telephone was saying: "No, I haven't a thing on today." Another stunt drawing of a very different but equally popular nature was by C. Allan Gilbert. It showed a young woman seated at a dressing-table behind which a large circular mirror reflects her head and shoulders; and the whole composition, down to the last detail on the dressing-table, by a clever arrangement of light and shade, made it appear at a little distance to be a human skull. These two graphic oddities, the one depending on nudity for its success and the other on ingenuity, were reproduced and sold by the hundreds of thousands.

J. A. Mitchell, the founder and editor of *Life*, was a man of strong social convictions which were—with the exception of his anti-vivisection bias—generally progressive and liberal. With his encouragement his cartoonists campaigned for the Sunday opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for a more liberal attitude toward divorce on the part of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and against the Expansionist hysteria following upon the Spanish-American War. Great Britain's adventure in the Transvaal was also graphically condemned. In fact near the turn of the century *Life*, which had begun some twenty years earlier as a mildly amusing guide to manners and morals, had become the expression of the liberal social conscience, still genteel in the main but occasionally startlingly forceful.

William H. Walker (1871-1938) made many cartoons for *Life* in the late nineties, some of them bitter attacks on the Spanish War and Expansionist fever. One showed Uncle Sam clasping hands with John Bull. Behind the former lay dead Filipinos, behind the latter the natives who fell at Omdurman. Between the two congratulating each other on "civilizing a good many these days," are seated the American Eagle and the British Lion, chuckling over that passage in the Bible which reads: "The meek shall inherit the earth." A little later Walker drew Uncle Sam with a sword in his hand dancing with a uniformed skeleton drummer labeled "War." Peace stands disconsolate to the left, while in the background birds of prey hover over new graves. The title is *Our Expansive Uncle*, and smaller print expresses the hope that it's only temporary (No. 110).



Frederick Thompson Richards (1864-1921) drew some cartoons in defense of Dreyfus and in approval of Zola's courage during that celebrated *affaire*—one showing a very diminutive Zola-David slaying the Giant French Army Clique. Another good Richards effort was that in which Uncle Sam and John Bull, with halos attached to their top hats, stand arm-in-arm on a tomb piously singing hymns. The inscription on the tomb reads: "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward



110. UNCLE SAM HAS A TOUCH OF WAR-FEVER. BY WILLIAM H. WALKER, 1899.

Men." The background is covered with the bodies of Boers and Filipinos (No. 111).

In May, 1895, San Francisco was somewhat startled by the appearance of the gay, irresponsible *Lark*, owned and edited by Gelett Burgess, Ernest Peixotto, and a few others. Burgess's once too-much-quoted *Purple Cow* quatrain first met the eye from the pages of the *Lark*, with other rhymes and drawings reprinted all over the country.

*The Bee*, a lamentably short-lived weekly with color illustrations at the astonishing low price of five cents, put forth its first number in New York on May 16th, 1898. J. C. Cory was chief cartoonist. It featured some good cartoons of the Spanish-American War and some excellent caricatures of editors of New York papers. Hearst as the Yellow Kid of Journalism was especially good.

Chicago produced *The Great Divide* in the nineties—an effort to be all things to all men. It had fiction, scientific items, jokes, biographical sketches, reminis-



THE TEDDY IDEA OF A VICE PRESIDENT WHO WOULD "DO THINGS."

112. DEMOCRATIC VIEW OF T. R. BY HORACE TAYLOR, FROM "THE VERDICT," 1900.

cences of the Old West and Indian Wars, and front and back cover cartoons by Frank Beard. The editorial policy was non-partisan and mildly pro-labor. Beard's cartoons, such as Plutocracy pictured as a crowned hog holding the dogs of the Democratic and Republican parties by chains of gold coins, and another showing a man labeled "Monopoly" with his head and shoulders in a workingman's kitchen window, in the act of cutting a large piece from a loaf labeled "Wages" with a knife labeled "Capital" while the workingman protests in vain, reveal





A PAGE FROM TEDDY'S CROMWELL.

EXCEPTIONAL PRIVILEGE TO FEED THE LEVEE - I Pay Three. Remember 1904. Their Extended Victim is Some of of a Levee Himself

113. T. R. TAKES A PAGE FROM HIS LIFE OF CROMWELL.

BY R. L. BRISTOL, 1900.



HANNA: THAT MAN CLAY WAS AN ASS. IT'S BETTER TO BE PRESIDENT THAN TO BE RIGHT.

114. HANNA AND MCKINLEY.

BY GEORGE LUKS, 1899.

a decided change in the fierce partisanship which he exhibited in the Cleveland-Blaine affair ten years previously. But yet another change was to come over Old Frank; his last years were devoted to religious propaganda drawings for the Methodist periodical *The Ram's Horn*.

*The Verdict*, a quarto-size periodical, was published in the Democratic interest a year before and during the presidential campaign of 1900. August Belmont was the founder, the brilliant Alfred Henry Lewis the editor, and the cartoonists were Mirs, Anthony, Bristol, George Luks, and Horace Taylor. Cartoons were printed in color on cover, back cover, and middle pages, and many of them were unusually good. Horace Taylor showed how some people viewed the prospects of *A Vice-President Who Would "Do Things"* (No. 112): Teddy Roosevelt as a rampant cowboy shooting at the feet of a much-perturbed dancing Columbia, while Mark Hanna, also in cowboy garb, grins and strums a guitar. R. L. Bristol drew Roosevelt as Cromwell ordering Platt as executioner to remove Lew Payne, a corrupt State Superintendent of Insurance (No. 113). Quite the most savagely pointed and the best of this decidedly above-average lot is George Luks's gross Mark Hanna talking to a shabby genteel McKinley. A portrait of Henry Clay is on the wall behind them, and Hanna, indicating it with a \$-marked thumb, says: "That man Clay was an ass. It's better to be President than to be right" (No. 114).

The death of Bernard Gillam in 1896 deprived *Judge* of one of its ablest artists, but it still had Grant Hamilton, "Zim," Florhi, and Victor Gillam. The latter, during his brother's life, had signed his work F. Victor or Victor, and now he reclaimed his last name. He was as able a cartoonist as any of his contemporaries, but Bernard Gillam's great reputation, beginning with the famous *Tattooed Man*, had thrown Victor into the background. He did much good work during the campaign of 1900. One of his best cartoons was *Don Quixote Bryan Meets Disaster in His Fight Against Judge's Full Dinner Pail* (No. 115). Even to those who had never heard of Cervantes's Knight this drawing of Bryan in armor unseated from his Democratic donkey with a Free Silver saddle after an unsuccessful tilt against a huge Dinner Pail—even to the illiterate its meaning went home. The gigantic knife and fork crossed behind the pail looked like

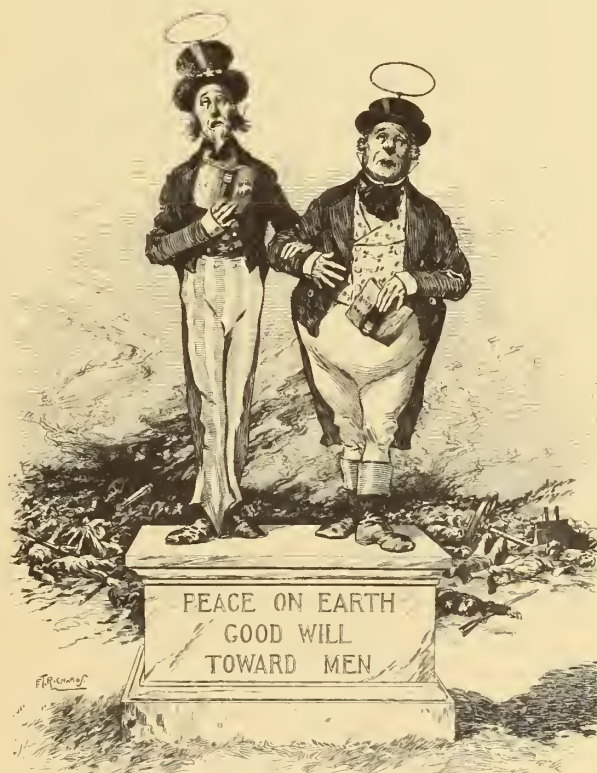


*Judge*



DON QUIXOTE BRYAN MEETS DISASTER IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST  
JUDGE'S "FULL DINNER-PAIL"

windmill arms. From the right Croker as Sancho Panza hurries forward in alarm, leading the Tammany Tiger by a rope. It is a triumph of the art of adapting the external features of a classic literary situation to a modern political issue, in that it does not lean too heavily on the allusion for its full effect.



III. A SANCTIMONIOUS DUET. BY F. T. RICHARDS, 1899.





ABOUT RUN DOWN



116. T. R. AS THE MISSING LINK IN THE REPUBLICAN CHAIN. BY C. G. BUSH, 1898.

## CHAPTER VII

GROWTH AND INCREASING USE OF THE NEWSPAPER CARTOON. SOME PIONEERS. SIMPLER TECHNIQUE NEEDED AND DEVELOPED. C. G. BUSH, HOMER DAVENPORT, W. A. ROGERS, AND OTHERS. CHARLES NELAN'S SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR CARTOONS. BEGINNINGS OF THE SUNDAY COMIC SUPPLEMENT. OUTCAULT'S "YELLOW KID." OPPER AND OTHER PUCK, JUDGE AND LIFE ARTISTS WON OVER BY SUNDAY SUPPLEMENTS. PREDOMINANT GERMAN INFLUENCE IN THE EARLY AMERICAN COMICS. THEIR ENORMOUS POPULARITY.

ALTHOUGH the newspaper cartoon first became a force through Walt McDougall's efforts in the *New York World* at the end of the presidential campaign in 1884, this was by no means the first time cartoons were used in daily papers. The *New York Evening Telegram* for March 9th, 1872, had a half-page cartoon by W. Davenport showing Judge Davis (a potential presidential candidate at that time) as an acrobatic rider in a circus. The same paper printed cartoons by C. G. Bush in 1879. Nor must we forget the great steps taken by the *Daily Graphic* in the seventies and eighties. Readers of the first volume of this history will also recall the reproduction (No. 64) of a cartoon that appeared in the *New York Evening Post* in 1814.

But it was not until the middle and late nineties that cartoons became a regular



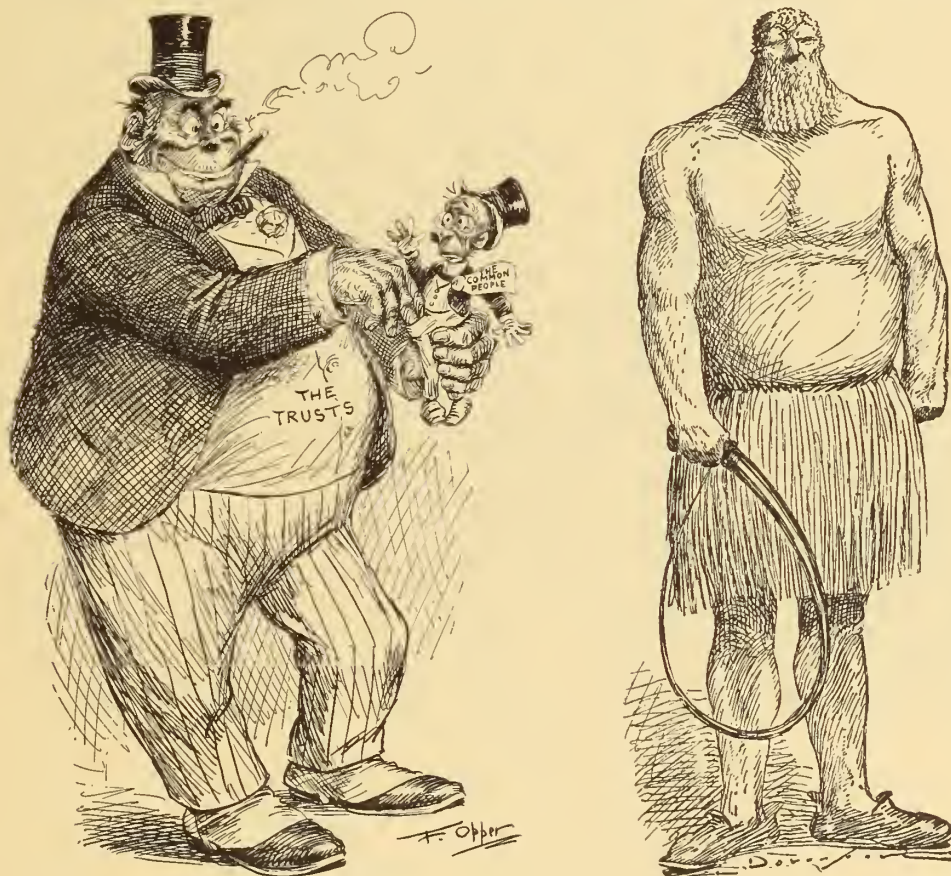
feature in a few of the great American daily newspapers. Leon Barritt, Valerian Gribayédoff, C. G. Bush, Dan McCarthy, W. Bengough, De Grimm, Rigby and Van Sant were among the pioneer cartoonists. As other papers entered the cartoon field the demand for capable men exceeded the supply, and the editors and owners of the great dailies reached over and lured the weekly and monthly magazine artists away from their previous loyalties by offers of much larger salaries. C. J. Taylor, Oppen, Rogers, Hyde, Kemble, Beard, De Grimm, Thulstrup—even T. S. Sullivant—were among those who tried the daily grind. But as McDougall observed in his book of reminiscences, most of the periodical men were “geared too low for the fast moving stuff that hopped circulations up,” and some were “too high-hat and artistic for the class to which newspapers appeal.”

The daily cartoon, conceived and drawn at short notice and under pressure, necessitated a new technique. The elaborate, crowded compositions of *Puck*, *Life* and *Judge*, so long dominant, were obviously useless as models; and the new newspaper cartoonists turned more to the symbol, to the swift summing-up of a political situation with a visual figure of speech. They used and standardized Nast's two greatest symbols, the Republican Elephant and the Tammany Tiger. (Nast did not invent the Democratic Donkey: he came in with Andrew Jackson.) They turned to Nast, too, for the incisive directness of his most simplified and effective work. The daily cartoon was not so much a new language as it was a new method of expression: it was graphic shorthand, a deft, simple statement of the issue, economical in line and emphatic in its effect.

The trick of dramatizing remarks made by politicians and candidates was and remained a very potent device in the hands of the skilful cartoonist. When Boss Tom Platt said, in announcing Theodore Roosevelt's candidacy for Governor of New York in 1898, “We have discovered in Mr. Roosevelt the Missing Link,” C. G. Bush, then on the *New York World*, drew a simple-visaged, boyish-figured Teddy in Rough Rider uniform hanging on to the arms of Platt on one side and Choate on the other, while each of these is arm-in-arm with a semicircle of his own supporters (No. 116). No wording is necessary to inform the reader that from the Democratic viewpoint Roosevelt was acceptable to both the Platt political machine and Choate, Seth Low, and the reformers. And in the drawing he is

made to appear the dupe of both groups. Bush was one of the earliest masters of the daily cartoon technique, and being (as many cartoonists were not) a well-informed man with a splendid sense of humor, his work during the last twenty years of his life as cartoonist on the *World* was highly significant from all points of view.

Homer Davenport (1867-1912), Hearst's only real discovery among car-



117 AND 118. CONTRASTING CONCEPTIONS OF THE TRUSTS BY DAVENPORT AND OPPEN, 1900.

toonists, was brought from San Francisco to New York in 1895 and immediately made a great name. He had a powerful pen-and-ink technique, somewhat marred by cross-hatching, and—according to most of his fellow workers—no ideas at all and was “as simple as they come.” This estimate is hardly borne out by his work. He was a simple farm lad and success may have made him arrogant, but he unquestionably had some native shrewdness. His caricatures prove him to have



been a keen, savage observer of mankind; and his cartoons, whether the ideas were his own or not, were always convincingly drawn and always "made the point." Or rather nearly always, for his huge prehistoric barbarian "Trusts" symbol (No. 117) lacked any identity or connection with anything in the American scene—yet it achieved a certain notoriety. Contrast it with Oppen's big, silk-hatted, loudly dressed, well-fed, amiably grinning Trust fellow (No. 118) and we all know where we are—and what is more, where we "get off." Oppen's Trust giant grins broadly as he picks up little Mr. Common People and thrusts



119. BY HOMER DAVENPORT, 1898.

two big fingers into his pockets, saying jocularly: "This hurts me more than it does you." But Davenport's humorless barbarian swings his huge whip literally over our heads.

While on the Hearst papers Davenport was anti-Roosevelt, and in the gubernatorial campaign of 1898 he drew Teddy as Trilby, hypnotized by Platt as Svengali. The wide-mouthed, big-teethed Roosevelt in classic female costume (No. 119) is rich in humor; and one must remember that Du Maurier's book was still in its heyday as a best-seller at the time. Mark Hanna, the Republican National Chairman, was a dominating figure of this period, and as such was fair game for cartoonists. Davenport always drew him in a checked suit covered with dollar signs, and on one occasion (No. 120) graphically suggested that the statue of Washington outside the Sub-Treasury Building in New York be removed and one of Hanna placed there instead, he being so much closer to Wall Street. In 1898 a handsome album of Davenport's cartoon contributions to the Hearst papers up to that date was published in New York.

W. A. Rogers had not yet entered the newspaper field. He was on *Harper's Weekly*, and in 1899 the best of his then recent work was reprinted under the title



Wall Street's New Guardian.



*Hits at Politics.* He had a long and successful career as a cartoonist, yet he was not primarily a humorist nor did he feel that humor was essential. But there are contradictory factors both in his works and his words. In the campaign of 1896 Rogers drew *About Run Down* (No. 121). Bryan and other minority candidates are shown as clockwork figures—Debs as a brakeman, Watson as a child with a paper strait jacket, the Tammany Tiger with a drum, Tillman as a rustic with a pitchfork, and Bryan as a clown with bells, a propeller and two Bunco Dollar cymbals. All have wheels burst from gear at the back of their heads—a splendid and amusing presentation of the “lunatic fringe” from the conservative viewpoint. In another he shows all the Free Silver advocates as cranks and eccentrics, mounted on a huge wooden horse labeled “Silver,” which is standing on a flat wagon with United States gold coins for wheels. A sturdy little horse labeled “Gold Reserve,” urged on by Uncle Sam, draws the load.

Rogers in his book of reminiscences gave first place among his contemporaries to Grant Hamilton and Opper. “Of the two, Hamilton had more truly the real cartoon idea which, contrary to the notion prevalent among newspaper readers, has nothing to do with comic art. However no one will quarrel with Opper because of the comic element in his pictures.” And Rogers generously adds: “He [Opper] has made more people laugh than anyone else in the country.” Yet only two paragraphs before this Rogers admits in speaking of Nast, “To have the skin cut off one’s back was bad enough, but to be made ridiculous besides—that is what made Nast’s satire so deadly.” On the whole Rogers favored the Tenniel attitude, and concluded that “that was a cartoon which did not exclude humor or wit, but did exclude fooling and clowning.”

Mark Sullivan, in Volume II of *Our Times*, records that at the instigation of Senator Tillman of South Carolina Tom Fleming drew a cartoon which was circulated by the million during the McKinley-Bryan campaign in 1896. An enormous cow, her head and fore feet beyond the Mississippi and her hind feet on New York and New England, is being fed with wagonloads of produce in the West while she is being milked by Wall Street for Eastern and export interests. The cartoon, although of no graphic merit, did express the anti-trust attitude of a large section of the Southern and Western populations. In connection with this

example of collaboration, it may be said here that many cartoonists have accepted ideas from other people, and that the usual practice is to sign such cartoons with the initials or name of the artist followed by a plus sign and the initials or name of the other person.

Charles R. Macauley (1871-1934) began his long career as a political cartoonist by winning a prize offered by a Cleveland, Ohio, paper in his youth. After a few apprentice years on the *Cleveland World, Plain Dealer*, and *Leader*, he came to New York in 1894, worked as a free lance until 1899, and then joined the staff of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for a couple of years. His best and most important work began with his ten years (1904-1914) with the *New York World*.

Charles Lederer (1856-1925), a New Englander by birth, after long and various connections with weeklies and monthlies in New York, went to Chicago in the early eighties to join the *Chicago Herald* staff. He became the leader of the Chicago group of then youthful cartoonists, including John T. McCutcheon, Tom Powers, Art Young and J. Campbell Cory. All except McCutcheon later came to New York.

On the West Coast Will E. Chapin of the *Los Angeles Times* was one of the first and one of the best daily newspaper cartoonists. Clifford Berryman of the *Washington Star* and "Bart" (Charles L. Bartholomew) of the Scripps Middle West Alliance syndicate were also doing very good and widely known work in the nineties. Mention must be made, too, of G. W. Rehse of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, R. C. Bowman of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, Thomas May of the *Detroit Journal*, Floyd Campbell of the *Detroit Free Press*, Garnett Warren of the *Boston Herald*, Claudius Maybell of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and John DeMar of the *Philadelphia Record*.

New York newspapers featured McCarthy, Charles Nelan, Dan Smith, Powers, McDougall, Cory, Bush, Long, Crane, Barritt, Davenport, Van Sant, and, in 1899, Oppen. In those hectic days of journalistic rivalry cartoonists changed their connections with such kaleidoscopic frequency that it is impossible to assign definite affiliations to more than one or two. Many changed a dozen times in the decade. Bush's work was done mostly for the *World*, Nelan's most



fruitful period was when he was on the *Herald*, and Davenport was with the Hearst papers.

While Nelan was cartoonist for the *Herald* he drew for that paper a number of Spanish-American War cartoons, later published in book form. These were of uneven quality and inspiration, but some were very good. *The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck* (No. 122) showing Spain's Premier, Sagasta, as the boy of the legend, too proud to be rescued by European powers offering the Peace life-preserver, is perhaps the best of the lot. It sums up the situation and is conceived and drawn with consistent humor. The head of Sagasta is especially good with its fixed expression of ferocious obstinacy.

When R. F. Outcault (1863-1928) died, the *New York World* in an editorial observed: "To say that the late R. F. Outcault was the inventor of the comic supplement is of course to ignore the social factors that lead up to all inventions. . . . But it is due Morrill Goddard, Sunday editor of the *World*, to say that he saw in the early nineties that the time was ripe for 'comic art,' and it is due Mr. Outcault to say that his talent made the most of the opening." The comic has since become big business, and it is here to stay. Its history, like that of many more and less important things, is as full of mishaps and chances as are the adventures of most of its characters.

To begin with, the four-color press on which the first colored comic supplement was printed was bought for fashionplate printing. Goddard, after a flash of inspiration, fought the whole staff from Pulitzer down until he had wrenched it away to its new money-making if not epoch-making purpose. At that time all the well-known comic artists were securely tied down by contracts to *Judge*, *Life* and *Puck*, and Goddard turned to Roy L. McCardell, then on *Puck*, to suggest a good man for a new job. McCardell named Outcault, a mechanical draughtsman on the *Electrical World*, who was then doing a few comic drawings for *Truth*. On Sunday, November 18th, 1894, on the last page of the *Sunday World Supplement* appeared the first successful Sunday colored comic. True, the *Recorder* (New York) had tried earlier, but the inks ran; and in Chicago during the World's Fair in 1893 two papers had made spectacular attempts, but they too had failed to bring it off. Contrary to the general belief the *Yellow Kid* was not



"THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK."

122. SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR CARTOON. BY CHARLES NELAN, 1898.

the first colored Sunday supplement character. The Outcault contribution for that memorable November 18th issue was a sequence showing a clown and a wolfhound going to a picnic, the preparations for the meal, the meal, the siesta, the appearance of an anaconda, the disappearance of the hound, the awakening of the clown, an operation on the snake letting out the four legs of the dog, and the clown marching the anaconda-dog away on a leash. It was captioned *The Origin of a New Species* (No. 123).

Odds and ends of comic graphic had previously been done for the Sunday *World* by McDougall, Ladendorf and others; but Outcault's *Hogan's Alley* drawings in 1897 really started the vogue of the comic supplement. In these



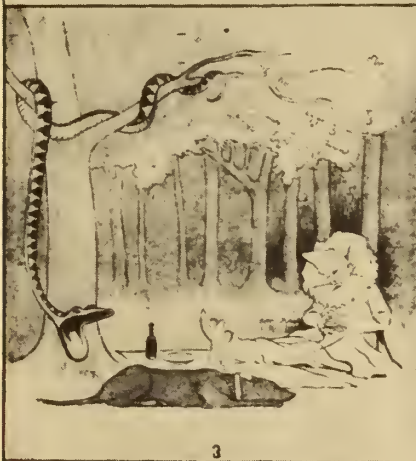
drawings of scenes in and around the tenements there was a minor character, a one-toothed, big-eared urchin in a nightgown (No. 147, center), who through another of those fortuitous twists which govern the comic, leaped into fame overnight. Don C. Seitz in his biography of Joseph Pulitzer tells the story:

"The pressman in charge, William J. Kelly, owed most of his experience with colors to printing block samples for George Mather's Sons, the ink makers. When his efforts were criticized he replied that no one could print the wishy-washy color schemes that came to him in plate form; give him something solid and he would show results. Saalberg, the colorist at the time, happened to be painting up one of Outcault's drawings. With his customary quickness he replied: 'All right, I'll make this kid's dress solid yellow.' He did, and the one-tooth infant in a group of ragamuffins stood out like a sunrise. Kelly was as good as his word. The *Yellow Kid* became enormously popular.

"Outcault was bought by Hearst, but the *World* continued to use *Hogan's Alley*, drawn and colored, however, by George B. Luks, since famous as a painter of the first rank. The two Kids ran against each other in the rival comics, lent their 'yellow' to the extravagant competition, and added a new designation to newspaper vernacular."

Then began a series of raids and counter-raids, injunctions and lawsuits by both Hearst and Pulitzer. Each tried to outbid the other for the services of the most popular comic artists. On one occasion Hearst bought up the entire Sunday supplement staff of the *World*. Rudolph Dirks, originator of the *Katzenjammer Kids*, went over to Hearst, but lost the title to his comic as he had not personally copyrighted it. His own comic (still going strong today) is known as *The Captain and the Kids*, and Dirks displays unflagging ingenuity in devising the most devilish tricks for his incorrigibles and unsurpassed mastery of grotesque line. Knerr has for many years drawn the *Katzenjammers* for rival syndicates.

The Sunday comics, despite much clamor against what was termed their vulgarity, soon became big money-makers. It will be perhaps Hearst's only claim on the gratitude of his countrymen that he ardently fostered the growth of this phase of graphic humor. The comic sequence (that is, four or six drawings developing a situation to a climax) had been made in America for many years; the



THE EVOLUTION OF THE CROCODILE EXPLAINED.



elder Bellew was a pioneer in this phase of comic art. But the series in which the same characters appeared week after week, and later day after day, in continuous adventures or escapades—these were not put forth until the late nineties and the early years of the twentieth century. When later still they were syndicated they made their creators almost incredibly opulent.

*Life*, *Puck*, and *Judge* not only suffered great losses in circulation in their slower-paced competition with the Sunday supplements but they also lost their ablest and most popular artists. F. M. Follett, Carl E. ("Bunny") Schultze, Haworth, Greening, Kemble and Oppen were on the staffs of the *Sunday World* and the *Sunday Journal* by the end of the century. Kemble's *Blackberries* brought a host of new readers to the *World*; while Oppen, after eighteen prolific years with *Puck*, seemed to take on a new lease of life under Hearst management. He turned out an amazing number of new comics and cartoons. *Happy Hooligan*, *Alphonse and Gaston*, *Maud the Mule*, *Mr. Dubb and Mr. Dough*, and *Our Antediluvian Ancestors* are among his many memorable comic creations.

The German influence was largely dominant in our earlier comic supplements and strips. Wilhelm Busch (1832–1908) was probably the most important factor in pointing their direction. The *Katzenjammer Kids* (1897) was frankly modeled on the doings of the great German humorist's *Max und Moritz*; and the fact that there were large German populations in principal American cities and that many of our comic artists were of German origin aided in tipping the balance toward Teutonic grotesquerie and acrobatic slapstick comedy. Another early influence, due to the flood of immigration before the World War, was to be noted in the nationalities of some of the comic characters: Dingle Hoofer, Yens Yenson, Jiggs, Abie the Agent, and many others.

With the exception of McManus's ebullient *Jiggs* and Dirks's *Captain* and their respective partners, practically all the immigrant comic people have vanished from the scene, and the comic stage is now clamorously crowded by a greater number of indigenous funny people and animals than any other country has produced. Nowhere else in the world do the creations of the comic artists hold such a grip on the national imagination. Their enormous circulation, due to the countrywide coverage of the syndicates, places them before the eyes of over a

hundred million people every day. A few years ago in a play called *As Thousands Cheer* there was a scene in which dozens of the comic people swarmed onto the stage, and successive audiences greeted them with the ecstatic delight of sudden and unexpected meetings with old friends. Of all mankind only Chaplin could vie with them for popular favor, and in his art only Chaplin can equal the art of the best of the comic-strip makers.





132. FROM THE DEPTHS. BY WILLIAM BALFOUR KER, 1906.



124. BY T. E. POWERS, 1900.

## CHAPTER VIII

CARTOONS BY POWERS, BUSH, CORY AND OTHERS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CARTOONISTS' DELIGHT. McCUTCHEON AND HIS CREATIONS. KER'S "FROM THE DEPTHS." BART AND BOWMAN. "HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME." CARTOON ECHOES OF PANAMA CANAL SCANDALS. LUTHER BRADLEY. SOME SOCIAL SATIRISTS AND COMIC ARTISTS OF LIFE, PUCK AND JUDGE. "BUD" FISHER, "TAD" DORGAN, GEORGE HERRIMAN AND RUBE GOLDBERG. OTHER COMIC STRIPS.

THE defeat of David B. Hill's plans and hopes to dominate the New York State Democratic Convention in September, 1900, by the superior strategy (and patronage) of Boss Croker of Tammany Hall, was the signal for many cartoonists to work up the already well-worn tomahawking and scalping motive. But T. E. Powers of the *New York World* was more wide-awake. He knew there was a Boxer Rebellion in China—and he knew Hill's scalp was "nothing to write home about." So he drew Croker as a Chinese Boxer on the rampage, with a sword in one hand and Hill's head on a pikestaff in the other—thus linking up events of international occurrence if not significance. And what a powerful, clean and incisive drawing it is! *The Boxer of Politics* (No. 124) is a cartoon that will bear comparison with any. Powers left the *World* for the





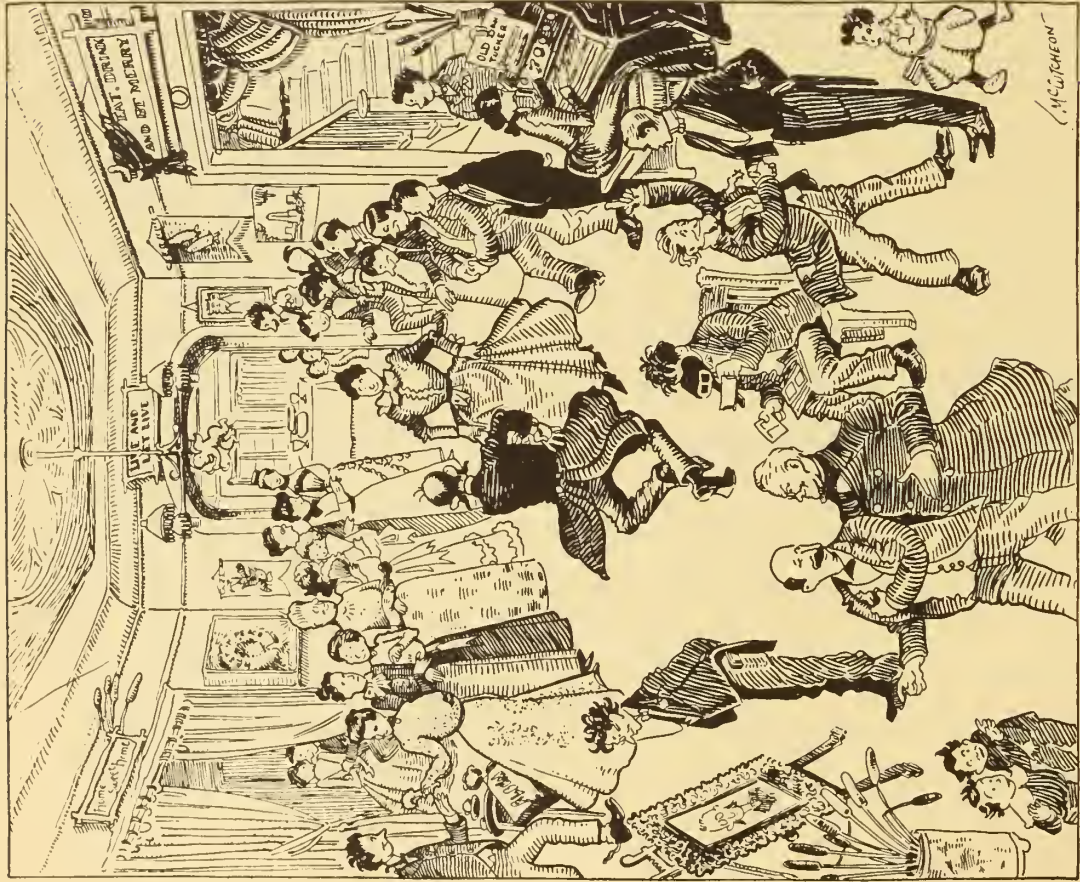


126. WHO'S YOUR CANDIDATE? BY J. C. CORY, 1901.

bringing out the shrewdness, the mutual distrust, and the false amiability which characterized these two unscrupulous politicians in all their double-dealings.

For a time it was thought by some people (mostly Republicans) that Boss Croker's endorsement of Bryan had whipped Tammany into line. Kemble, then a cartoonist on the *New York Herald*, expressed this delusion with considerable humor and emphasis when he drew Bryan as an animal-trainer in complete control of a Croker-headed Tammany Tiger. A humiliating "16 to 1" rope around the Tiger's neck is one of the controlling factors. This cartoon was captioned, *The Tiger: Good Heavens! Did I ever think I would come to this?* (No. 127). Four days later Dalrymple, with much keener political sense, drew Croker dressed up with Bryan buttons and banner crying "Hurrah for Bryan" but dropping his McKinley-marked ballot surreptitiously into the box—*He Shouts for Bryan, But This Is the Way He Will Vote* (No. 128). Both drawings are remark-





129. SOCIAL SATIRE AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. BY MCCUTCHEON, 1903.



"SUNDAY CLOTHES"

130. THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF BOYHOOD BY MCCUTCHEON, 1903.

able for strength and simplicity, and both the artists, veterans of the weeklies, prove their ability to keep pace with their younger colleagues of the daily press.

Theodore Roosevelt was known to be opposed to being drafted for the vice-presidency, but Platt had successfully blocked his way to a second term as Governor of New York, and there was nothing else before him. Davenport drew a cartoon entitled *Rounded Up*, showing Senator Platt lassoing Roosevelt with a line labeled "Vice-presidency." Leon Barritt drew another in which Platt is shown switching the Roosevelt Flyer from the gubernatorial track to the Vice-presidential; and finally Platt himself made a fine oral cartoon when he said, replying to a question as to whether he planned to go to the Inauguration: "Yes, I'm going down to see Theodore Roosevelt take the veil."

It is generally conceded that the personal popularity of Franklin D. Roosevelt is largely due to the radio which carries his ingratiating voice into the homes of practically the entire population of the country. In the campaign of 1900, too early for the incalculable aid of radio and the movies, Theodore Roosevelt, despite his twenty thousand miles of travel and his five to six hundred speeches, could not reach more than three million. But his exuberant temperament, his incessant strenuous activity, his teeth, his thick-lensed eyeglasses, and his burly bustling figure were all exactly the stuff of which cartoons could be made. And they were made by the thousand. Everything he said and did was immediately broadcast in exaggerated or grotesque graphic symbols, and while he was in office there were comparatively few days on which he was not shown riding over Trusts, brandishing the Big Stick over "malefactors of great wealth," kicking somebody into his "Ananias Club," branding another as a "nature faker," and in almost every case in a frenzy of activity or combat. It was natural therefore that cartoonists on both sides of the political fence should make the most of this man made to order for them. At least two collections of cartoons, each containing several hundred, were published during his lifetime, and Roosevelt House in New York has hundreds more, both originals and reproductions.

In the early years of the new century John T. McCutcheon (born 1870) was, as he still is, one of the ablest cartoonists in Chicago. Starting with the old *Record* in 1899, he continued with the *Record-Herald* until 1903 when he joined the



staff of the *Tribune*. He illustrated several of George Ade's early books, and his own bucolic *Bird Center* series; and his famous *Boy in Springtime* drawings won him a high place as a humorous interpreter of Middle Western rural types. The meeting of *The Dancing Club at Bird Center* (No. 129) is characteristic of his attitude and of his method. Ludicrous as the scene appears, McCutcheon has actually been very sparing of distortion. The exaggeration and consequent comic effect comes more from a very skilful arrangement of people but mildly amusing, with the exception of the central male dancer. His *Boy in Springtime*, and other



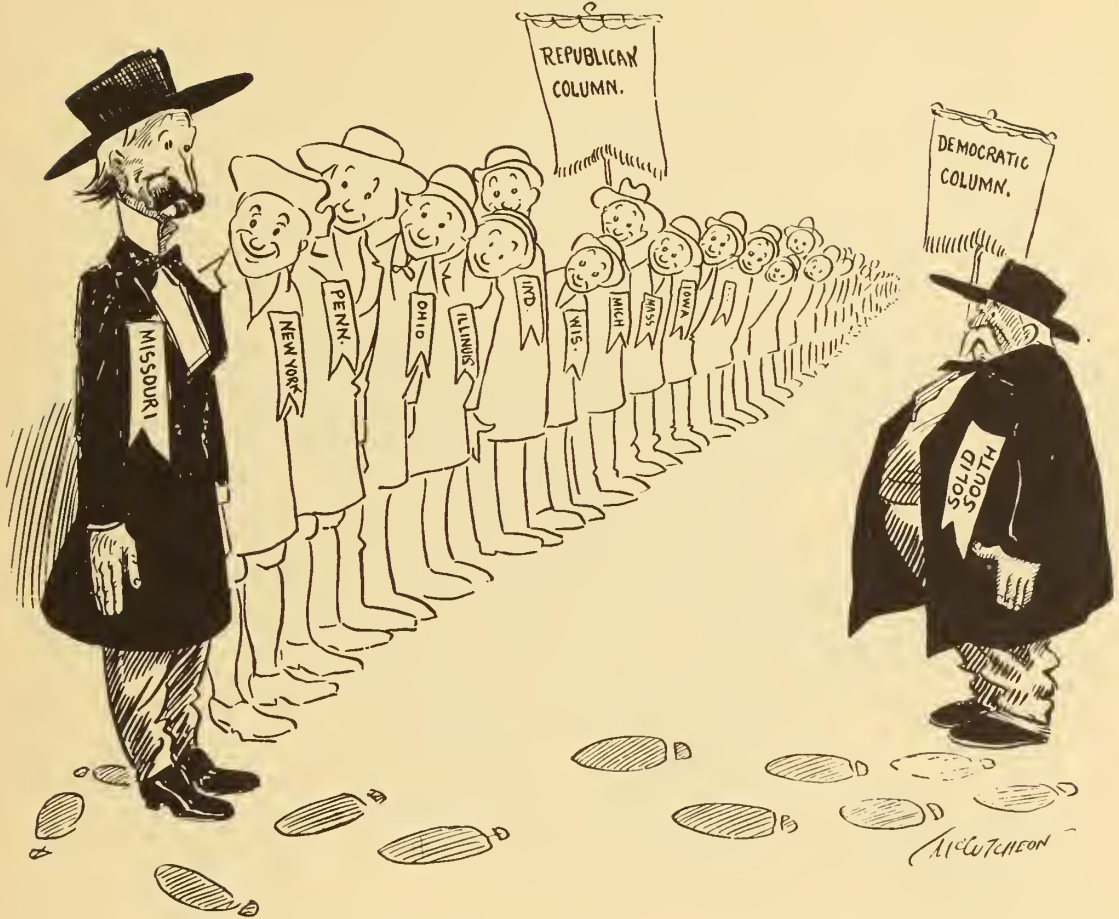
127. DID BRYAN CONTROL THE CROKER TIGER? KEMBLE THOUGHT SO IN 1900.



128. BUT THIS IS HOW CROKER USED THE SECRET BALLOT, ACCORDING TO LOUIS DALRYMPLE, 1900.

seasons, series are tingling with sympathy for the feelings of the small boy who for one reason or another is restrained from "acting natural." *Sunday Clothes* (No. 130) needs no verbal amplification. These examples are from an album entitled *Cartoons by McCutcheon*, 1903. From the volume, *The Mysterious Stranger and Other Cartoons*, 1905, we take the title cartoon (No. 131) in which a black-hatted, frock-coated Missourian is shown having just left the Democratic column to line up with the Republicans. It appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* on the morning of November 10th, 1904, the day after election returns

## THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER



131. A WIDELY REPRODUCED CARTOON OF 1904, BY MCCUTCHEON.

had told an astonished America that Theodore Roosevelt had won Missouri away from the Solid South. It was a brilliant cartoon idea, and the drawing was reproduced throughout the entire country.

In 1906 J. Ames Mitchell, editor of *Life*, advertised in that weekly a novel written by himself and illustrated by William Balfour Ker. It was called *The Silent War* and it dealt with the class struggle. One of Ker's illustrations for this book, *From the Depths* (No. 132), made a great sensation. Ker was an able illustrator and did much work for socialist publications towards the end of his life. He died a little before the outbreak of the World War.

As a consequence of the rise of the People's Party in North Carolina after the panic of 1893, the Republicans formed a coalition with the new power and threw



a few minor officers to negroes. The Democrats waved the old Negro Domination banner a few years later, and in August, 1900, jammed through an amendment to the state constitution which amounted to negro disfranchisement. The press campaign was ruthless, and cartoons were used to instill fear in the hearts of the white population. One of the most effective, and from the artistic viewpoint most powerfully designed, was by Norman E. Jennette in the *Raleigh News and Observer*. At the far end of a gully topped with trees a gigantic winged negro



133. FEAR OF NEGRO RULE IN NORTH CAROLINA. BY NORMAN E. JENNETTE, 1900.

with one foot on a Fusion Ballot Box stretches long-armed, claw-like hands to grasp panic-stricken whites (No. 133). On his wings is printed "Negro rule," and to make the figure more repulsive it is provided with a tail. The great power of this design as a design cannot be too highly praised. But that such power should have been willingly dedicated to the cause of race hatred cannot be too greatly deplored.

"Bart," Charles L. Bartholomew (born 1869), was one of the earliest and best of the Middle Western cartoonists. His long career with the *Minneapolis*

*Journal*, dating back to before the turn of the century, was proof enough that his amiable homely banter, expressed in terms of comic grotesque, was not only "understood of the people" but demanded by them. For April 1st, 1902, he drew a cartoon around the April Fool joke of the hat and the brick, entitled *Can't Fool 'Em* (No. 134). Vaudeville versions of John Bull, Germany, and France are stepping gingerly around Uncle Sam's hat (with a "Monroe Doctrine" label) under which is to be perceived the inevitable brick. John Bull and Germany are still nursing stubbed and swollen toes from previous misadventures.



134. CAN'T FOOL 'EM.  
BY "BART," 1902.



135. POLITICAL RUBBERNECKS.  
BY BOWMAN, 1902.

It is a good cartoon idea, humorously drawn with a disarmingly homely skill.

On the neighboring *Minneapolis Tribune* at this time was another pioneer cartoonist, R. C. Bowman. His work also was characterized by homely humor and grotesque drawing. His *Political Rubbernecks* (No. 135) shows four hopeful politicians stretching their elongated necks over a wall and gazing in goggle-eyed envy at two potatoes (labeled "Ohio" and "Virginia") which have fallen through a hole in a sack carried by a most unprepossessing William J. Bryan. The point is made without difficulty—in fact it is so simple that one dismisses it—but the humor of the drawing will long outlive the issue.



It is both curious and significant that one of the most strikingly effective cartoons of the time was Davenport's *He's Good Enough for Me* (No. 136). In this Uncle Sam is standing behind T.R., his hand laid approvingly on the latter's shoulder. T.R. is in conventional morning dress. There is no action, no exaggeration, no humor, nothing but the two solemn figures. But the single and unmistakable fact that Uncle Sam stood *behind* T.R.—that was Davenport's point, and the Republican campaign managers in 1904 were quick to see it and to have the cartoon reproduced in newspapers and on billboards throughout the



137. EACH WITH HIS OWN WEAPON—A DUEL BETWEEN T. R. AND PULITZER. BY DONAHEY, 1909.

entire country. Its simplicity and above all its dignity, amid the violent distortions of a presidential campaign, made it one of the most forceful and memorable of Davenport's many successful cartoons. And here it may be noted that not only in actual use but also in composition this cartoon approximates the poster, a propaganda medium of vastly greater value than newspaper circulation.

Ugly rumors and charges were continually bobbing up to disconcert and if possible discredit the Roosevelt administration in connection with the Panama Canal and its construction. At last, aided by a Federal Libel Act, T.R. brought suit against Joseph Pulitzer of the *New York World*. J. H. Donahey (born 1875)

who was (and still is) cartoonist on the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* since 1900, drew a most amusing cartoon entitled *Why Go to Africa for Big Game?* (No. 137). It showed the President and the publisher stalking each other behind shields, Roosevelt armed with the sword of the Federal Libel Act and Pulitzer with an enormous pen-spear. Both are in shirtsleeves and both look deadly earnest and very ridiculous. Later, apologies were made and the suit was dropped. Donahey was the first regular cartoonist on the *Plain Dealer* and throughout his long connection with that paper he has done many very original and widely reprinted cartoons.



138. ONE VERSION OF THE HATCHING OF THE PANAMA REPUBLIC. BY CRANE, 1903.

There have been several versions of what really occurred before, during, and behind the Panama Canal conferences. The revolution which created the Panama Republic out of a slice of Colombia and assured the canal concession to the United States was decidedly suspect as to its origin, and the answer to the question "Who benefits?" was supplied by many who pointed accusing fingers at France and the United States. But plot or no plot, the *fait accompli* was greeted with cheers and jeers. One of the most complete cartoon statements on the jeering side was by Crane in the *New York Times*. Varilla with forty million dollars, worth of stock sold to the United States, contingent upon the United States ob-



taining canal rights, is seen hatching the Panama Republic out of the Colombia Egg by means of the candle of Intrigue. The new-born presents T.R. with Canal Concessions and Varilla's credentials as Panamanian Minister to the United States. There is a regrettable amount of lettering in this cartoon; it could have been equally effective at the time with much less; but as it is, twenty-five years later, *The Man Behind the Egg* (No. 138) sums up the situation from the viewpoint of many well-informed people.



136. HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.  
BY HOMER DAVENPORT, 1904.

ISN'T IT TIME SHE HAD A NEW DRESS?



139. CARTOON THAT AWAKENED CHICAGO TO THE  
NEED OF A NEW CHARTER. BY L. D. BRADLEY, 1904.

The career of Luther D. Bradley (1835-1917) was in the main a curious reverse of that of Livingston Hopkins. Both men were born in America. "Hop" made a reputation here, and later went to Australia where he became famous. Bradley, idling around the world, found himself in Melbourne in the early eighties, stayed there and became a cartoonist. In the late nineties he returned to the United States, became connected with the *Chicago Daily News*, and remained with it as chief cartoonist until his death in 1917. His work was free, simple, homely; and directed as it was by his own large humanity, it seldom

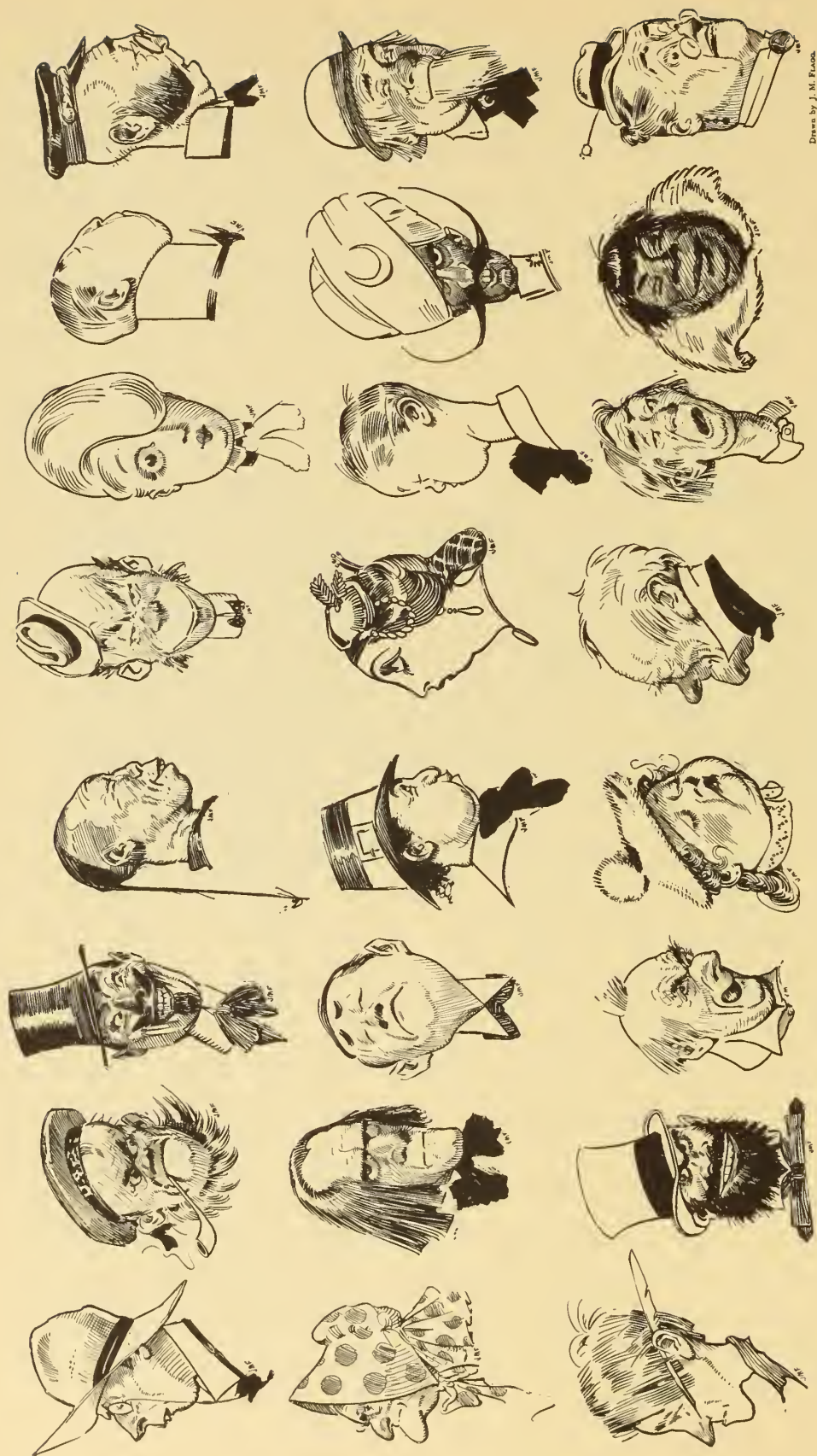
failed to "come home to men's business and men's bosoms." The agitation for a new charter for Chicago in 1904 brought forth one of his best cartoons. He drew Chicago as a lanky girl dressed shabbily in outworn and outgrown dress and shoes, holding a very small and much-damaged parasol dated 1837 over her head (No. 139). She is looking longingly into a costumer's window at a handsome floor-length dress labeled "New Charter." This cartoon was one of the major factors in the success of the campaign for charter revision.



140. AS GOOD AS THE BEST OF THEM. BY H. C. GREENING, 1908.

H. C. Greening, who was one of the earliest comic supplement men, frequently contributed to *Puck*, *Life*, and *Judge*. For the last-named in 1908 he made a number of drawings for "Judge's Moving Picture Machine"—little rapid-action comics which were a great success. He also did single comics and satires. His drawing was distinguished for sureness of touch and economy of line. When he used details he made them all count in humorous effect. *As Good as the Best of Them* (No. 140) gives a hint of his quality.





Drawn by J. M. Flagg

141. SOME BITS OF AMERICAN SCENERY. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, 1904.

Otto Lang's cracker-barrel and cider-cellar philosophers—ancient, jovial, bearded fellows all—always repaid a glance with a laugh; and Bob Addams's barnyard people were also very amusingly drawn.

James Montgomery Flagg, also in *Judge*, was drawing the adventures of his *Nervy Nat*, a bibulous ne'er-do-well and impostor who was living by his wits in Paris. Nervy Nat's escapades were most ingeniously devised and in the drawings of the series Flagg showed genuine comic talent. In the April, 1904, issue of *Life* Flagg had a laughably ironic double-page of twenty-four heads which he called *Bits of American Scenery* (No. 141). These were mostly melting-pot types, humorously drawn international and local Americans.

Frank Fithian, J. Conacher, Albert Levering, A. S. Daggy, Petersen, Bray, and Hengler were among the many artists who drew for *Judge* during these years. Fithian did cover designs for *Judge* for more than fifteen years and his many swiftly moving comic action drawings on the inside pages were always refreshingly amusing. Conacher was a pen-and-ink man, and one of the best. He was not so much a great comic talent as an able draughtsman of comic detail. *Hiawatha's Wooing* (No. 142) is typical of his admirable technique.

The comic artists have always refused to limit themselves to purely human follies, and at this period they roamed the fields, haunted the barnyards, scoured the jungles, and dived into the seas for subject-matter. They were nature fakers of whom even Theodore Roosevelt would have approved. They brought to the offices of *Life*, *Puck*, and *Judge* specimens so fantastic, whimsical, grotesque, and monstrous that the editors were overwhelmed. Harrison Cady, B. Baker, Gus Dirks, Bob Addams, Walt Kuhn, J. S. Pughe, and T. S. Sullivant—experts and specialists all—these and several others did much to amuse their generation and to prepare our own for the turbulent activities of Krazy Kat and Mickey Mouse. Here are a few typical specimens: Kuhn's Crocodile, who as the limerick tells "thought he'd be swell, so he tied to his tail a big bell" (No. 143); Pughe's Ostriches congratulating each other on having shut their eyes and so being out of sight when snapped by an impudent photographer (No. 144); Bob Addams's indignant Hen rebuffing a Duck who claimed an acquaintance merely because they were raised in the same incubator (No. 145); and T. S. Sullivant's Cow



which—oh, well, look at it! (No. 146). And what of Art Young's homely old Potato, whose many eyes are covered with spectacles? Or Charles Jay Budd's Hen who is amazed to see an elephant-headed chick step out of a shell? Such things are not mere inventions or fabrications—they are, in the richness of their varied manners and in their positively inspired details, a real contribution to the humor of the ages. Harrison Cady was another prominent nature-faker of the time, although his delicately drawn *Easter Parades in Beetleburg* with their multiplicity of ingenious details were less grotesque and more obliquely satirical.



142. HIAWATHA'S WOOING.  
BY CONACHER, 1908.



143. COMIC NATURE FAKING.  
BY WALT KUHN, 1907.

San Francisco has given us several of our best and a few of our earliest comic strip men. James Swinnerton, "Bud" (H. C.) Fisher, George Herriman, "Tad" (Thomas A. Dorgan), and Rube Goldberg all began their careers there; and Fisher's claim to have drawn the first comic strip to be published daily seems unlikely to be disproved. Certainly *A. Mutt*, who first appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* on November 15th, 1907, is the oldest successful comic strip character. He was a racetrack addict and tipster in those days, and not a little of his popularity was due to his creator's knowledge of and interest in horseracing. *Mutt* was joined by *Little Jeff* in 1909, and the grotesque pair have been in-

separable since. Hearst bought Fisher's services a month after Mutt's introduction, but Fisher was canny enough to copyright his strip in his own name—a piece of foresight which has netted him more than a million dollars in the thirty years it has been in existence. Fontaine Fox, Percy Crosby, and the late Clare Briggs also copyrighted their drawings in their own names.

Thomas A. Dorgan (1875–1928) was one of the most popular comic artists America has yet produced. And this despite the fact that his attitude toward life, as expressed in his drawings and in the catchy slang phrases he was con-



144 AND 145. COMIC NATURE FAKINGS BY J. S. PUGHE AND BOB ADDAMS.

tinually inventing, was distinctly hardboiled. His characters were mostly pathetic boastful weaklings whom he bitterly or sardonically pilloried with an apparently merciless satire, and yet left one with the feeling: There, but for the Grace of God, go I. "Tad's" people are portraits of our meaner moments. His *Indoor Sports* show all the weaker, sneakier devices employed by those deficient in skill, while the *Outdoor Sports* bring out all the bluffing, crowing, and bullying of windy and winded sportsmen. One of his less slangy but much-quoted expressions was: "Half the World are Squirrels, and the other half are Nuts." Another was: "You'll find Sympathy in the Dictionary." These and other uncompromising dicta appeared in *Daffydils*, a daily contribution (illustrated with tiny matchstick figures) containing fables, poems, impossibly foolish conundrums, and





146. BY T. S. SULLIVANT, FROM "JUDGE'S LIBRARY," 1900.

beneath each such admonitions as: "Let him up—he's all cut!," "Quick Watson, the needle!," "Take 'em off, we know you!," "Officer, he's in again!"

But no account of "Tad's" work would be satisfactory to many of his admirers if it omitted mention of his strip, *Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Suit*, in which all the characters are dogs in the clothes of humans. From Judge Rumhauser to the French Poodle, all seem madly irresponsible—and yet, and yet—there, too, but for the Grace of God—!

George Herriman's sometimes perpendicular, sometimes two-column box strip, *Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse*, is in a class by itself. It follows no precedent in its weird, wistful drawing, or in the paradox of its subtle, ironic humor shot home with the force of Ignatz's own brickbat. The strip is a succession of amazingly doleful or fantastic adventures which touch us in some unnameable way—an unreal world of which we are through Herriman's magic somehow made a part. The artist is reported to be a shy, retiring man, and as proof of his modesty it is published that he wrote his syndicate protesting that he was being paid too much. I prefer to think that he was slyly showing another side of his unusual

BUSTER BROWN,  
NEW YORK  
HERALD,  
1908.



BLACK BERRIES,  
NEW YORK WORLD,  
1897.



THE NEWLY WEDS,  
NEW YORK WORLD, 1908.

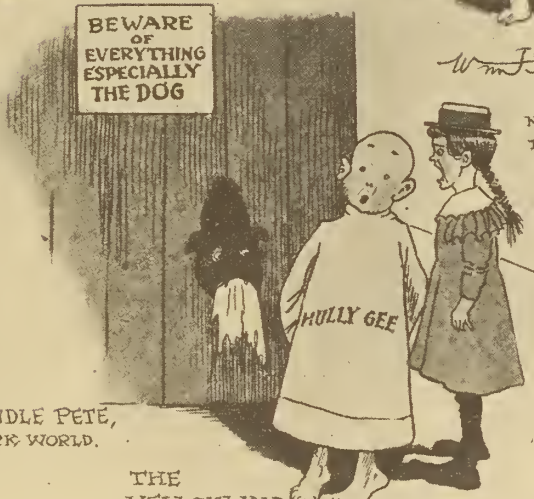


R.F. Outcault



PANHANDLE PETE,  
NEW YORK WORLD,  
1904

BEWARE  
OF  
EVERYTHING  
ESPECIALLY  
THE DOG



THE  
YELLOW KID,  
NEW YORK JOURNAL,  
1897.

Wm. J. Stemigan's

PUPS,  
NEW YORK WORLD  
1909.



LADY  
BOUNTIFUL,  
NEW YORK  
WORLD,  
1904.



NEW YORK  
JOURNAL,  
1897.



TINY TADS,  
NEW YORK HERALD,  
1908.

Gustav Verbeck



MARCELENE,  
NEW YORK HERALD,  
1908.

Norman E. Jewett



MR. BUTTIN,  
NEW YORK WORLD,  
1904.

W. KAHLES



THE ANGEL  
CHILD,  
NEW YORK  
WORLD,  
1904.

Kate Carr



THE KID,  
NEW YORK WORLD,  
1908.

SEE? SEE?



humor. It might well have been mere irony, though, as there are many quite inferior comic artists who are paid much more. *Krazy Kat* was begun in 1911, and Herriman is still making the distinctive little drawings at his home in California.

Rube Goldberg (born 1883) studied mechanical drawing and was a sports cartoonist before he began to fill a corner of his allotted space with the cockeyed people who ask *Foolish Questions*. Then came *Phony Films*, *I'm Cured* and those fabulous *Inventions*. These lunatic devices to prevent anyone from stealing the milk or pulling your hair are fearfully and wonderfully made of pulleys, ropes, knives, cats, bees, sponges, pieces of cheese, revolvers, and other articles too numerous to mention. Goldberg's *Inventions* have added to the joy of life for over twenty years. The mere sight of any of them, even before following the minute a-b-c-d, etc., of the "Key," puts the spectator into a happy condition, ready for a leap into the utterly irrational. And the drawing is as goofy as the *Inventions*.

By 1910 the comic supplement and comic strip artists had come into their own; and a very big pot of gold it was that they found at the end of the rainbow. Fortunately for us the *Editor & Publisher* in its jubilee issue of 1934 printed a round dozen of the early comics which the Editor had gathered from the artists (No. 147). Where are they all now? They lie in the yellowed, disintegrating files of the newspapers in which they first appeared.







THE COURTSHIP OF BILL TAFT.

PRINCETON. Why don't you speak for yourself, Theodore?



IN PREHISTORIC GERMANY.

RECONSTRUCTED BY DR. HANS VON DACTYLMAIER OF THE ICHWEISSNIGHT WISSENSCHAFTLICHE GESELLSCHAFT.

149. BY LOUIS M. GLACKENS, FROM "PUCK," 1907.

## CHAPTER IX

JOSEPH KEPPLER, JR.'S, CARTOONS. L. M. GLACKENS. O'NEILL LATHAM. HEARST AND THE COMIC PEOPLE. HERFORD'S THE ASTONISHING TALE OF A PEN AND INK PUPPET. OTHO CUSHING. SOME CARTOONS. ART YOUNG AS CARTOONIST AND SOCIAL SATIRIST. ZIM'S RUSTICS. GOV. PENNYPACKER'S PRESS LIBEL LAW. LIFE'S VICTORY OVER KLAU AND ERLANGER. OPPER CARTOONS. ALPHABET OF JOYOUS TRUSTS AND WILLIE AND HIS PAPA. POWERS AS COMIC ARTIST.

ALTHOUGH the circulations and the artistic staffs of the humorous periodicals had been weakened by the inroads of the Sunday press the periodicals still remained powerful factors in both the political and social worlds. The elder Keppler, founder and chief cartoonist of *Puck*, died in 1894, and his son Joseph, Jr., carried on for several years before retiring. He had been doing cartoons before his father's death, but his most notable work came in the first decade of the new century. His cartoon of Theodore Roosevelt as Luther throwing his inkwell at the Third Term Devil was widely reprinted. But it was his *Courtship of Bill Taft* (No. 148) that "made the point" with a parody of the very American Miles Standish legend. The familiar Colonial story with Roosevelt as John Alden, Taft as Standish, and the Republican Party as Priscilla—what a simple idea! "Why don't you speak for yourself, Theodore?" was the question millions were asking.



Louis M. Glackens (1863-1933) was on *Puck's* staff for twenty years, and later drew cartoons for the *New York American*. As a comic artist he specialized in the whimsical his people were all a little "queer." When he made an excursion into the grotesque he could be as surprising as any of his fellow fantasists. *In Prehistoric Germany* (No. 149) should prove it completely.

A distinctive note was given the weeklies by the frequent contributions of one of our first really able women social satirists, O'Neill Latham. In the late nineties and early nineteen hundreds her many drawings of social and racial types in conversation, or more actively engaged, were always characterized by rich black and white effects and keen observation. One of her negro drawings, *A Masterly Effort* (No. 150), shows what humor she could extract from a negro choir with but a touch of exaggeration. Among the many contributors to *Puck* at this time was Fred E. Lewis whose odd little drawings of theatrical folk and their economic and domestic difficulties never failed to catch and hold the eye.

Peter Newell was of course the forerunner in this type of humor. His *Natural* (No. 151)—an honest citizen scared by the way a young man holds his straight-handled walking stick—is better than most. The drawing of the honest citizen in his contorted efforts to get his hands up before he is shot at is very humorously conceived and carried out.

In June, 1904, there seemed to be some chance and there actually was considerable fear that William R. Hearst would capture the Democratic nomination. A cartoon by J. S. Pughe in *Puck* helped laugh it all off. It was called *If*—and a line beneath read: "The Inaugural Dinner at the White House." Here we have a hilarious scene. In the center with raised glass stands Hearst, a half tight, half daft expression on his face. Around the oval banquet table are the Comic People: the Katzenjammers, Alphonse and Gaston, Foxy Grandpa, Happy Hooligan, Gloomy Gus, one of our Antediluvian Ancestors, a Little Tiger band, and a prehistoric monster in the background eating a portrait of T.R. from its place on the wall. Aside from being timely and very good fun this cartoon shows something of the enormous popularity of the comic supplements, and indirectly pays tribute to Hearst's role in their success (No. 152).

At the height of the worship of Gibson and his Queenly Girl, a brilliantly



150. A MASTERLY EFFORT. BY O'NEILL LATHAM, 1903.

clever and amusing satire on both the Gibson technique and its topical subject-matter was fabricated by Oliver Herford. *The Astonishing Tale of a Pen and Ink Puppet, or The Genteel Art of Illustrating* was indeed a fabrication, as any of its twenty-six illustrations will show. One of them introduces the rival beauties with both of whom Bertie falls in love. Then follow others in which the melodramatic course of true love (and the compositions of some of Gibson's drawings) is wittily and deliciously parodied. In the end, after many adventures, including diving overboard to save her *Life* (Bertie could never be sure whether she was Angelina or Ethelberta), he falls ill, recovers, and marries a lady who he hopes is one of his divinities, only to discover she is the Trained Nurse. These drawings by Herford unquestionably constitute one of the cleverest pieces of graphic spoofing ever devised (No. 153).

Otho Cushing, who had previously contributed to *Life* a number of highly stylized drawings featuring handsome young men and women in a mildly amusing mélange of Greek and modern costumes and settings, now (in 1907) gave





151. AN UNINTENTIONAL HOLD-UP. BY PETER NEWELL, 1905.



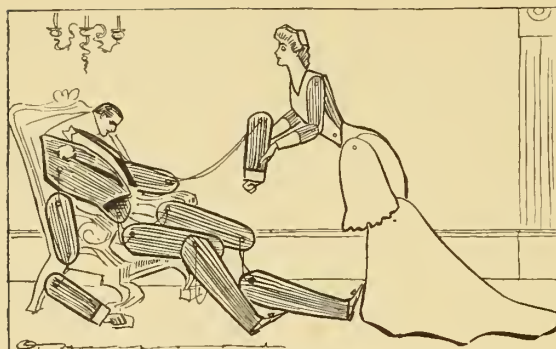
"HOW PEACEFUL IT LOOKS IN THERE"

155. BY NESBITT BENSON, 1907.

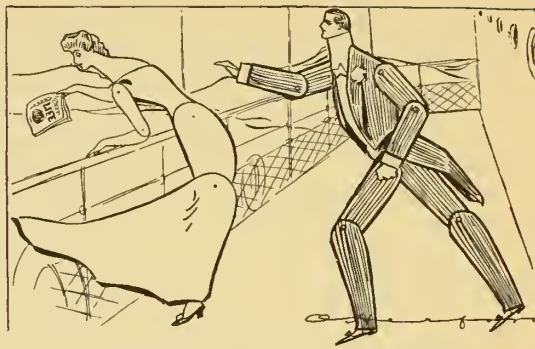


152. WOULD-BE PRESIDENT HEARST ENTERTAINS HIS COMIC CABINET. BY J. S. PUGHE, 1904.





At this terrible news Bertie went to pieces completely.  
Fortunately the Trained Nurse arrived just in time to pull him together.



As he approached, she tossed the fluttering journal into the sea.  
"I am so tired of hearing they never lost a *LIFE* on this line," she cried, wearily.

153. ILLUSTRATIONS FOR OLIVER HERFORD'S BRILLIANT PARODY ON THE GIBSON DRAWINGS, 1907.

definite direction to his peculiar talent in a series of a comic-historical nature entitled *The Teddysey*. In these drawings Cushing followed the career of Theodore Roosevelt by parodying the adventures of Ulysses. *The Teddysey* was a great success and was later printed in book form. In *The Sirens Try to Lure Teddyssees to the "Rocks"* (No. 154), T.R. is bound to the mast of an ancient galley which is steered by a Junoesque Columbia. Rockefeller and Morgan in classical female attire are sirens and Andrew Carnegie, looking very coy with a rose in his hair, is a mermaid the lower part of whose body is clad in a plaid-covered tail.

Quite another type of humorous drawing, without the slightest dependence upon exaggeration or anomaly, is exemplified in Nesbitt Benson's *How Peaceful it Looks in There* (No. 155) from *Life*. The point is made even without the title—and this, in a drawing disarmingly direct and devoid of exaggeration, is a distinct triumph.

A striking attack on "tariff for monopoly only" was printed on the cover of *Life* in December, 1902. It was by C. Broughton and showed a gateless circular wall of heavy masonry within which Uncle Sam runs round and round closely followed by a huge serpent labeled "Monopoly." *Strenuous Sam and His Tariff Wall* (No. 156) is the hardly necessary title. In May of the same year Kemble showed a hog-snouted, -hoofed, and -tailed elephant—a most repulsive beast—burdened with bundles of Trusts, in the charge of Mark Hanna as mahout. Uncle Sam observes: "Say, Mark, that time-honored beast has changed awfully under your management."

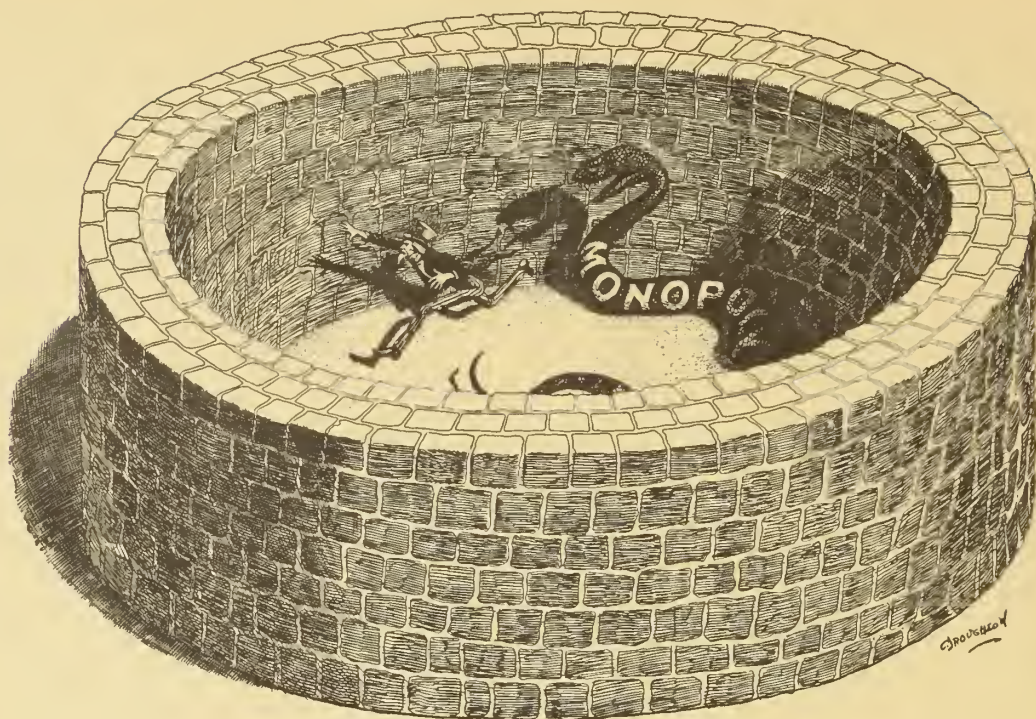
Art Young (born 1866), always a free lance, contributed to several publications at about this time. His political independence and his strong sense of social justice prevented his achieving any regular staff position, although his work was distinguished by a powerful line and an unusually strong feeling for sound composition. Young cartooned social conditions rather than political situations, and it was to Mitchell's credit that the latter admitted several of Young's forceful



154. THE TEDDYSSEY. BY OTHO CUSHING, 1907.

drawings to the pages of *Life*. One of the most remarkable was *This World of Creepers* (No. 157), a double page in which beneath a long expanse of storm-torn sky, a crowd of terrified people creep suspiciously along, "Afraid of themselves and of others, afraid of the Almighty, of Life and Death." Another cartoon showed a monumental Mrs. Grundy being worshipped by a kneeling throng: "Why not? A Statue to the Ruler of the World." In yet another Young drew a hill made of moneybags. On the summit stands the Plutocrat, while a





STRENUOUS SAM AND HIS TARIFF WALL.

156. CHARLES BROUGHTON'S CARTOON ON THE TARIFF, 1902.

huge naked arm labeled "The Law" reaches nearly to its quarry: *Getting Nearer* is the title.

His earlier work on the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* during the World's Fair in 1893 had taught him the necessity of a simple economic style. When he first submitted drawings to Mitchell, the editor roundly condemned his "archaic" manner. But Young, fortunately for all concerned, persisted in it "because he could not do otherwise." And so we have a number of remarkably concise, richly expressive drawings both in the fields of political and homely satire. For Young had great ability in a purely humorous vein also. Among the best of these at this period was one entitled *Ennui* (No. 158): a well-to-do, middle-aged couple yawning by the fireplace. In the foreground on a large cushion is a small dog, also stretching his jaws. The masterly drawing, the skill with which luxury is hinted rather than stated, the self-criticism and rigorous elimination—all this is only realized later by those who smile at the apparently easy result. No man who did not love his



157. BY ART YOUNG. FROM "LIFE," 1907.

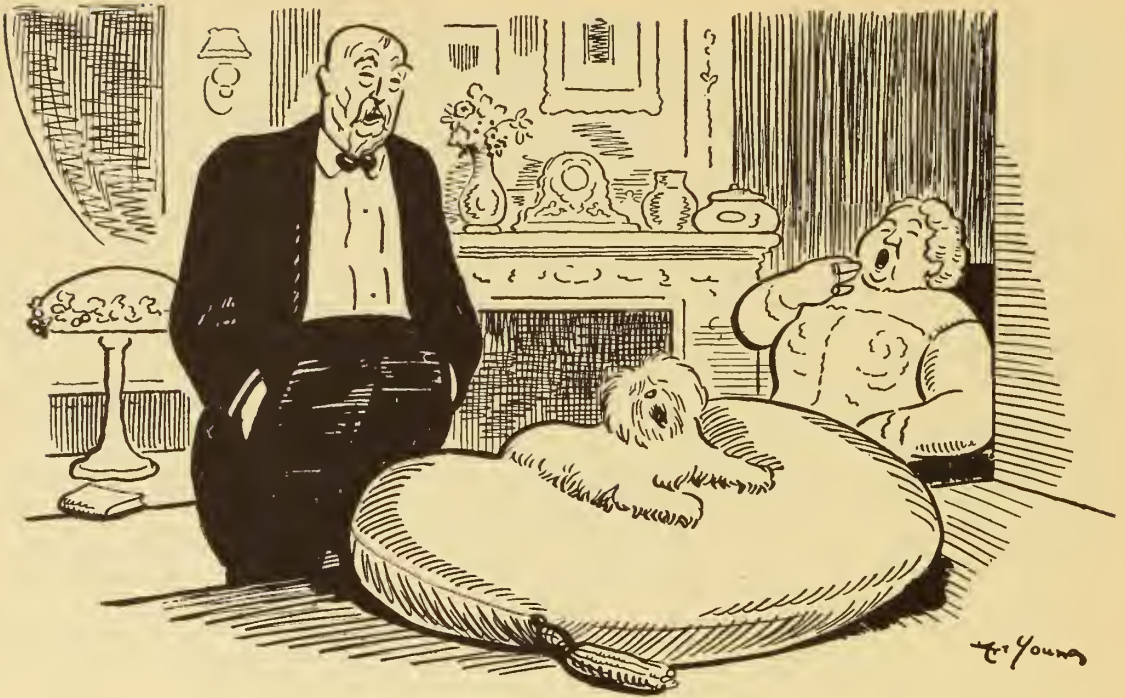
work could have produced such a drawing for a comic paper. Indeed all Young's contributions at this period stand out as distinctive and mature.

In numerous other drawings of this period Art Young dealt with the homely virtues and simple follies of the American folk. Man and wife, he pictured them together, at home and in the Big Town; never overdrawn, never grotesque, but always with a kindly, sympathetic humor. This is especially true of his treatment of elderly people. There is so much plain humanity in them that we love them as much because of their simplicity as despite it.

To turn from a drawing of rustics by Art Young to one by "Zim" is to change the appreciative smile for the loud guffaw. Yet "Zim" had sympathetic understanding too, but it is not revealed in tenderness of line. "Zim's" humanity comes out, in spite of grotesque distortion, in the keenness of his appreciation for significant details—notably the poor, worn, oversize shoes, the gnarled hands, the nondescript clothing, and the baffled expressions of many of his comic subjects (No. 159). "Zim's" is a style created by himself and it died with him—a unique combination of grotesquerie and sympathy.

Early in 1903 at the instance of Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, a bill was passed by the Legislature prohibiting "the depicting of men in an inhuman manner or as birds or animals." The Governor had for some time been





158. ENNUI. BY ART YOUNG, 1908.

incensed at cartoonists, and when Charles Nelan made him appear as a parrot he lashed out at the whole tribe with this Press Libel Law. Newspaper cartoonists all over the country hastened to defend the liberty of the press. In Pennsylvania itself the "Gag Law" as it was called was openly defied. F. T. Richards of *Life* was commissioned by the *Philadelphia Press* to do cartoons on the subject, and Walt McDougall records that he himself immediately "made a whole page of portraits (in the *Philadelphia North American*) in which every prominent official from the Governor down was portrayed as a vegetable." Another cartoonist presented some of them as fish. No attempt was made to enforce the law, and it was repealed by the next administration in 1907.

Another attack on freedom of expression occurred at about this time. In 1904, three weeks after the appalling Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, *Life* printed a cartoon showing the exit of a theatre, the doors strained open a few inches against a huge padlock, and frenzied heads and hands extending amidst flames and smoke. At the right, outside the door, stands a gigantic skeleton in Oriental costume, on guard. The legend reads: "Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger Present 'Mr.



159. SOME OF "ZIM'S" TYPICAL RURAL CHARACTERS, 1904.

*Bluebeard*, late of the Iroquois Theatre." Klaw and Erlanger sued for a hundred thousand dollars, alleging libel. *Life's* lawyers showed explicitly the condition of the theatre and its exits at the time of the fire, and proved that Klaw and Erlanger had a quarter interest in it, were its booking agents, and that they were the producers of a play entitled *Mr. Bluebeard*. This last was important, as Klaw and Erlanger had based their suit not on the cartoon but on the legend. They lost, and later tried to exclude *Life's* dramatic critic from all their theatres.

Of all the comic artists of the weeklies who were lured into the service of the Sunday and daily papers, F. B. Oppen was among the oldest and proved to be the most prolific and versatile in the newer and speedier milieu. With twenty-five years of creditable achievement behind him when he turned to newspaper work in 1899, he had thirty-two more of hilarious and ingenious productivity before failing sight compelled him to retire in 1932, after an unbeaten and probably unbeatable record of fifty-seven years of published activity. Oppen reached the height of his productivity and of his popularity within a few years after joining the Hearst forces. Aside from the high quality and great quantity of his purely





"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING IN THERE, WILLIE?"  
 "TEDDY PUT ME IN. HE SAYS IT'S THE BEST PLACE FOR ME DURING THE CAMPAIGN."

160. BY FREDERICK BURR OPPER, 1901.

comic work he produced his *Alphabet of Joyous Trusts*, 1902, and *Willie and His Poppa*, 1901, both of which appeared, one drawing at a time, in the *New York Journal*, later the *New York American*. It was this repetition (not of the same drawing but of another and yet another to the same effect) that gave these apparently wholly comic cartoons a cumulative force of great impact. After seeing little Mr. Common People bullied, beaten, kicked, robbed, run over, and assaulted and insulted by all the gigantic, obese, grinning Trusts from A to Z, no one, how-

ever much he laughed, could escape the obvious implication. In the *Kodak Trust* we see several of the Trust giants operating at once.

But *Willie and His Poppa* was a less impersonal, more biting series because of the sustained ridicule heaped upon Willie (McKinley), Teddy (Roosevelt), and Nursie (Mark Hanna). Poppa Trusts loomed bigger and more ominous despite his amiability because he was the titular (and to many people the actual) head of this not too harmonious family. Willie, a youngster in a spotted blouse with a big collar, who is either baffled or bawling throughout the many pictures, is introduced by Poppa to his new playmate Teddy, and is told to play nicely with him. Teddy, in Rough Rider uniform and with a hobbyhorse, has his own ideas as to what the games shall be and how they shall be played, to the consequent and almost continuous discomfort of Willie. In one drawing (No. 160) Poppa opens the icebox and discovers Willie sitting on a cake of ice. "*Teddy Put Me In!*" howls Willie, while Teddy cavorts around on his hobbyhorse shouting, "I'm the Candidate!" In some Teddy is disciplined but in most he has his way. Once he reaches for a piece of pie labeled "1904 Nomination." Poppa says no, that is reserved for Nursie. But events proved that little plan abortive. Arthur Brisbane

is said to have suggested the subject-matter of many of these drawings. Even so, no amount of suggestion would have directed the manner in which they were drawn; that was entirely Oppen's own, and that manner is outstanding not only in America but, I venture to say, in all graphic humor. Oppen belongs to the grotesque—the low comedy—school if you will, but his comic line is one of the greatest of all time.

H. C. Coultas, who was on the *New York Herald* at about this time, drew a humorous series in 1903 showing Big Bill Devery ("The Best Police Chief New York Ever Had," according to Croker's Mayor Van Wyck) in various demagogical attitudes and oratorical outbursts in front of the "Pump." These drawings with captions in the Big Chief's own dialect had a very successful run. Jesse S. Anderson, also for the *Herald*, drew a *Who's Who* series which made quite a stir. Anderson later was on the *New York Evening Mail* and specialized in race-track types: trainers, jockeys, owners, gamblers—and the horses too.

In addition to being a first rate cartoonist, T. E. Powers has a truly great although deceptively simple comic line, a line which he has dedicated to the amusement of two generations. There is a laugh in everything he draws. At the time when the late Mayor Gaynor of New York was quoting Epictetus to mystify reporters, Powers hauled the old philosopher out of the grave and made him prance gaily around (No. 161). In our reproduction he is dancing with Octavia, greatly to the annoyance of Nero. The drawing has no sense at all—but what laughable nonsense! And how cleverly and lightly it is done!



161. EPICTETUS REVIVED AS A COMIC CHARACTER. BY T. E. POWERS, 1910.





Drawn by Robert Minor.

Army Medical Examiner: "At last a perfect soldier!"

167. BY ROBERT MINOR, FROM "THE MASSES," 1915.



164. GUARDIAN OF THE LOOT, W. J. BURNS. BY RYAN WALKER, 1913.

## CHAPTER X

THE MASSES. HIGH ARTISTIC STANDARD. ART YOUNG AT HIS BEST. BECKER, COLEMAN AND BELLOWES. BOB MINOR'S GREAT DRAWINGS. SOME OTHER CARTOONISTS. SOME CARICATURISTS. JOHN SLOAN. WILLIAM GLACKENS. BOARDMAN ROBINSON. W. E. HILL. MORE CARTOONISTS. THE MASSES TRIAL. GOVERNMENT REGIMENTATION OF CARTOONISTS. THE LIGHTER SIDE. ROBINSON'S PROPHETIC CARTOON. SOME PRE-WAR COMIC STRIPS.

LATE in 1912 *The Masses*, hitherto a nondescript magazine of the Bohemian variety, came under the editorship of Max Eastman and John Sloan, and for a few years thereafter was characterized by a socialist editorial policy and a high artistic standard. Indeed it was for a time much the best illustrated magazine in America. Among the graphic contributors were Glenn O. Coleman, H. W. Glintenkamp, William Glackens, Robert Henri, George Bellows, H. J. Turner, Maurice Becker, Boardman Robinson, Ryan Walker, Balfour Ker, Art Young and John Sloan. Not all of these drew satirical or humorous things, but all contributions were distinguished by genuine artistic talent unhampered by editorial policy or restrictions. In the days when magazines by the dozens featured pretty-girl cover designs *The Masses* cover for June, 1913, displayed a drawing of two slum girls, one saying to the other: "Gee! May, think of us being on a magazine cover!"





THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

162. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS BROUGHT SUIT OVER THIS CARTOON BY ART YOUNG.

Art Young, who had long been an unbranded maverick among cartoonists, drew an extraordinarily stinging indictment of the corruption of the newspapers, *The Freedom of the Press* (No. 162), showing the reception room of a house of prostitution. The madam was editor and proprietor; the inmates awaiting assignments were cartoonists, reporters, special writers, editorial writers, editors, business managers, and so forth, all in female dress. A huge, gross male labeled "Big Advertiser" was handing money from a fat wallet to the bowing madam. Arthur Brisbane used occasionally to lift one of Young's radical cartoons from *The Masses* and reprint it in the Hearst papers with editorial comment, generally adverse. He did not lift this one. A few months later Max Eastman and Art Young were sued for libel by the Associated Press. The suit, based on this and other cartoons by Young, was quietly dropped by the complainants.

Another phase of life in America was illuminated with grim realism by Glenn O. Coleman (1887–1932) in *A Great Joke* (No. 163). A drunken woman in a slum district turns furiously on a crowd of taunting tormentors. It is not pretty,



The Business Men's Class

165. AN EARLY DRAWING BY GEORGE BELLOW, FROM "THE MASSES," 1913.

but it is so well done that it compels admiration; and among those who were disgusted by it a few were possibly made aware that their own civic passivity was not the entirely praiseworthy attitude they had thought it to be. Ryan Walker (born 1870), whose hurried work was characterized more by zeal for Socialism than it was distinguished by good draughtsmanship, seems to have taken unusual pains to pay his respects to Mr. William J. Burns, then head of a private detective agency notorious for its anti-labor activities. Here, under the title *Guardian of the Loot* (No. 164), we have the burly Big Chief with plastered hair and handle-bar mustachios, looking out at the world with all the intelligence of a saloon-keeper—an impressive and repulsive type, caricatured with as much mercy as he himself was noted for. Walker was the creator of the first labor comic strip, *The Adventures of Henry Daub*, which appeared in *The Appeal to Reason*, and in book form in 1912.

George Bellows contributed drawings of scenes which he later worked up into lithographs or paintings. But these preliminary sketches have a freshness and

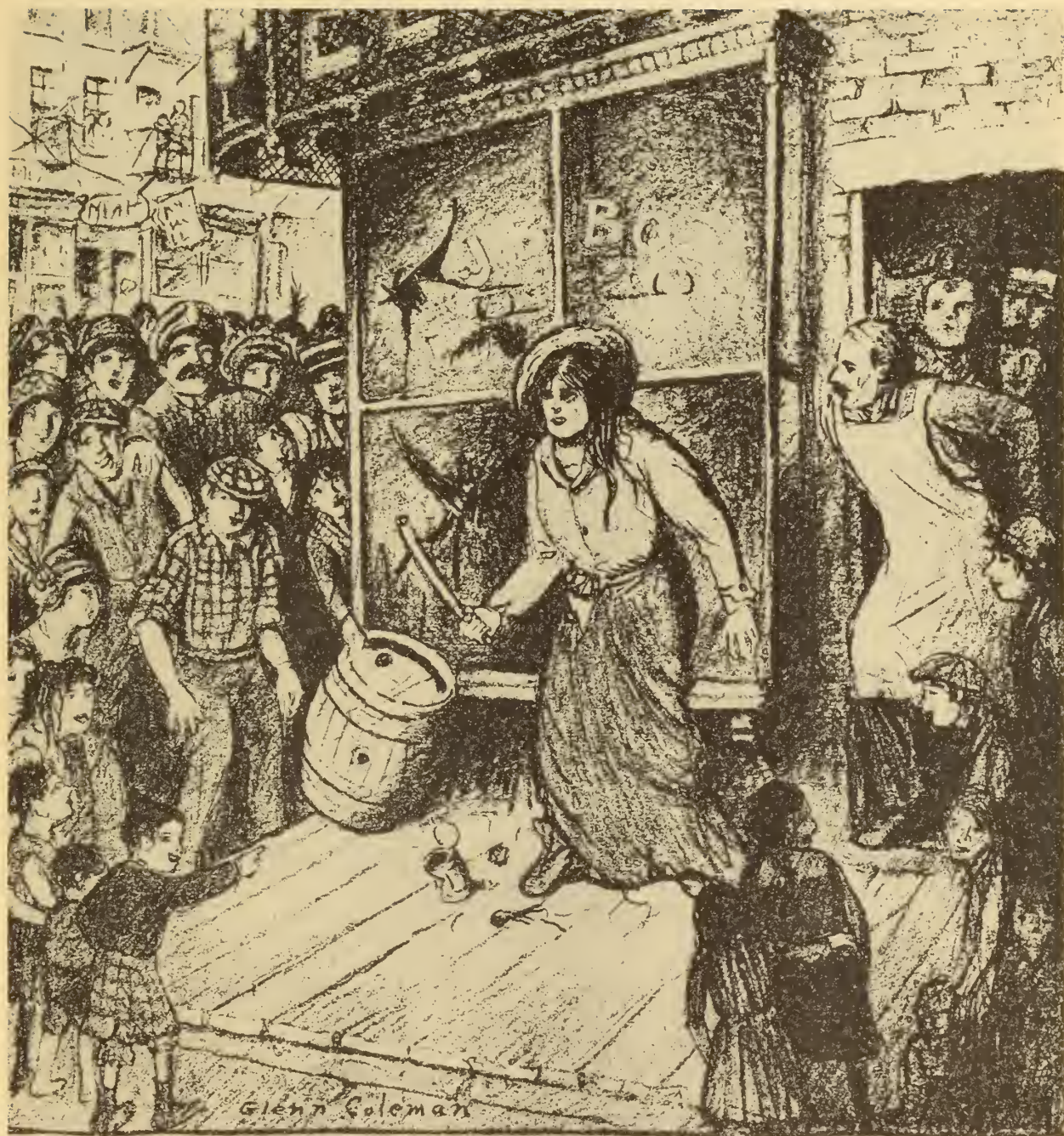


freedom that make them interesting both because of their history and aside from it. *The Business Men's Class* (No. 165) shows the slightly acid view he took of the whole "Keep Yourself Fit in a Gymnasium" propaganda. The later lithograph presented a less crowded, better-managed composition, but in the working-over process lost some of the spontaneity of the present drawing. Bellows has of course made many superb satirical lithographs, several of them very well known, such as *Benediction in Georgia*, in which an elderly bearded clergyman blesses his chain-gang congregation.

Robert Minor, who earlier in the century had been cartoonist on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and on the *New York World*, had distinguished himself both by his humor and by his powerful drawing. During the World War years he drew more for radical papers—papers which would print his scathing social satires and his vigorous anti-militaristic cartoons. *The Masses* welcomed his courageous contributions. It printed the now famous drawing of Anti-vice Crusader Comstock hauling a nightgowned woman before a magistrate saying: "*Your Honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child!*" (No. 166). Minor also drew "*At Last a Perfect Soldier*" (No. 167), one of the most stinging attacks on militarism ever conceived—a huge headless giant in a recruiting office, standing with folded arms before a medical examiner who is clasping his hands in ecstasy over such splendid luck. Very few contemporary cartoons can bear comparison to the best work of the great Daumier; this by Minor is emphatically one that does.

During the ten years, from 1904 to 1914, that Hy Mayer was with the *New York Times*, doing a page of *Impressions of the Passing Show*, he had ample space in which to display his graphic agility and a wide range of topics over which to spray his fancies and inventions. A typical page, drawn late in 1913 (No. 168), is made up of four corner comments on the news of the week and a central cartoon.

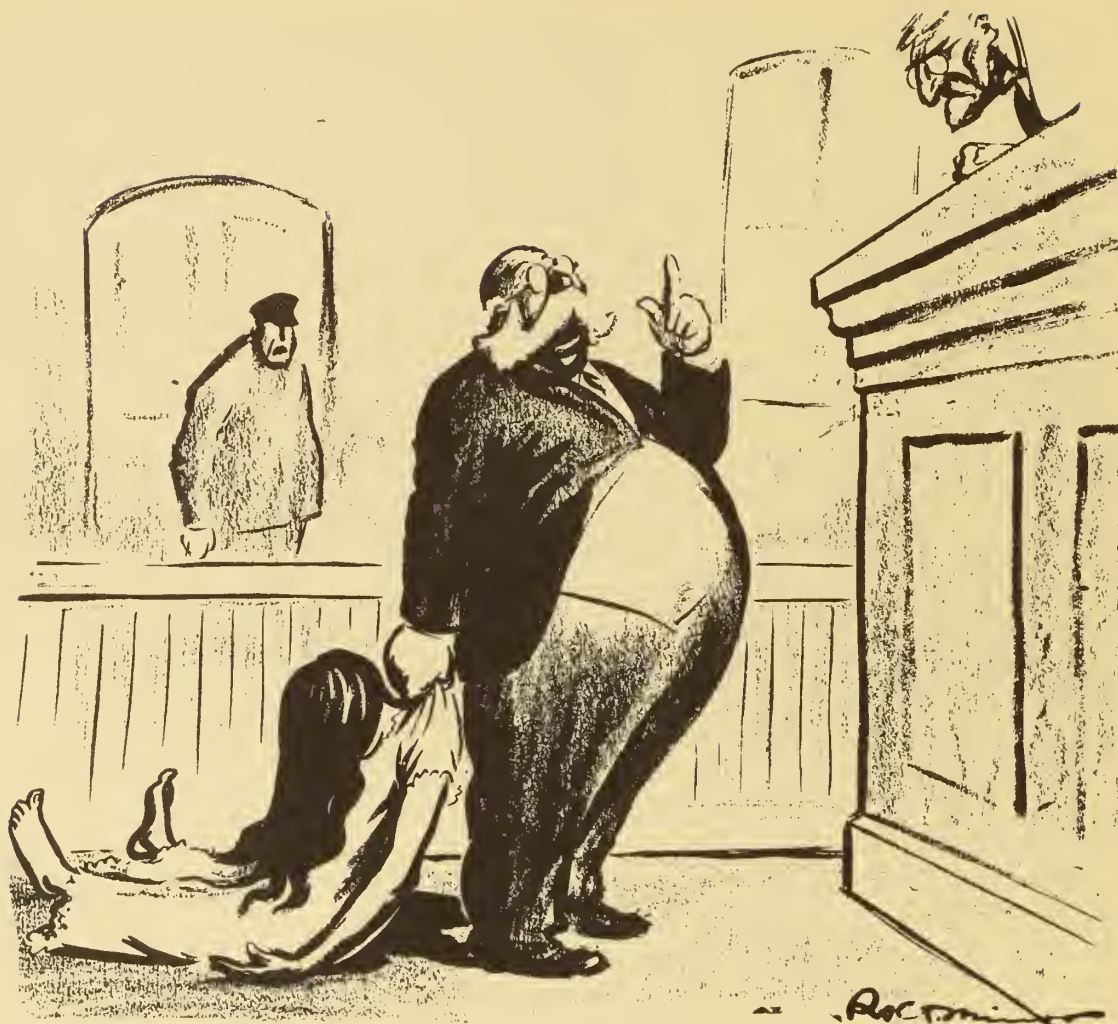
The militant agitation of British women in their struggle for the vote in 1912-1914 was watched in America with more amusement than sympathy. Nelson Harding's *Ruthless Rhymes for Martial Militants* appeared in 1913 in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. Elsewhere there was evidence of more or less satisfaction at the discomfiture of John Bull. Donahey in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* showed the old gentleman seated on a stoop in a much battered and dejected condition,



## A GREAT JOKE

163. A PRE-WAR SCENE IN THE SLUMS. BY GLENN O. COLEMAN, 1913.





Drawn by Robert Minor

"Your Honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child!"

166. BY ROBERT MINOR, FROM "THE MASSES," 1915.

while on a higher step behind him stands a determined-looking Britannia armed with a trident and with the word "Militancy" across her chest. *'Ome Ain't What It Used to Be* (No. 169) is the title, and Donahey dealt both humorously and effectively with a situation which was to become a domestic issue (in which American women were victorious) within the decade.

The flying machine (as the airplane was called in its early years) was of course ridiculed by comic artists and utilized symbolically by cartoonists long before the days of the Wright brothers' experiments. Yet it remained for Halladay of the



168. TYPICAL PAGE OF DRAWINGS BY HY MAYER FOR "THE NEW YORK TIMES," 1913.





169. THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND. BY J. H. DONAHEY, 1913.

*Providence Journal*, in that last careless pre-war summer of 1914, to create a fantastic drawing which gave a truly airy touch to a situation common in millions of American families. Out of a small trunk, a much-enlarged wallet, and a parasol, Halladay ingeniously constructed a flying machine on which were Mama and the Kids, off for the holiday. Dad is on the ground below, waving goodbye. It is appropriately called *Making His Money Fly* (No. 170).

G. K. Chesterton's agility in paradox and his love of topsy-turvyisms suggested some amusing details to J. M. Flagg when he made a caricature of the famous English author in 1914. Not content with making the most of rotundity, jowls, pince-nez and hair, Flagg set his subject's feet in silk hats, placed a boot upon his head, a cigar in his ear, and an inverted umbrella in his hand (No. 171). And



170. MAKING HIS MONEY FLY. BY HALLADAY, 1914.

the strange thing about it all is that it does not appear strange! The caricature is one in a collection by Flagg entitled *The Well Knowns*.

William Auerbach-Levy (born 1889), etcher, painter, and caricaturist, has in his time contributed to more than a dozen magazines and newspapers, and his contributions would if counted number many hundreds. But few could match his caricature of Horatio Walker, the painter, done about 1920, for "truthful misrepresentation" or for skilful craftsmanship. This caricature (No. 172) has never been reproduced, Walker not being much in the public eye; yet it is decidedly one of Auerbach-Levy's best.

Carlo de Fornaro was active as a caricaturist in America at about this period. He published his *Mortals and Immortals* in New York in 1911 and some years later a collection called *Millionaires and Others*. He interested himself espe-





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

G. K. CHESTERTON ALWAYS SAYS THE WRONG THING  
IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

171. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, 1914.

cially in the Mexican situation some little time before President Wilson sent United States armed forces below the Rio Grande, and made many caricatures of Mexican leaders. Fornaro was a facile and prolific worker, but his caricatures were rather wooden: the newspaper technique had had its effect.

John Sloan (born 1871) has many claims to fame as etcher, painter, instructor, friend of the under-dog, art editor of *The Masses* in its palmy days, and incidentally as graphic humorist. His is a subtle humor of situation, of juxtaposition; while appreciative of the broadly comic he is not tempted to draw that way. Indeed, he does not often draw with humor uppermost in his mind; but when he does we get something well worth

while. For instance, we have *The Dance* (No. 173). It would appear that one of the dance forms popular in pre-war days suggested to the artist's active imagination that it could be well performed by a gorilla; or perhaps some male dancer in action was the source of inspiration. Anyway, here is this solemn-visaged ape going through the steps with a quite willing lady—and the excellent drawing of the pair positively increases our enjoyment.

William Glackens (1870–1938), better known for his paintings, was formerly in great demand as an illustrator. And when he was commissioned to make drawings for a humorous story he never failed to catch the spirit of the yarn in his thoroughly convincing illustrations. In this one, *They led him between them* (No. 174), only the central figure is humorous—but he is completely humor-

ous from top to toe, his position, his feet, his almost hairless head, and above all his expression. The splendid drawing of the efficient seamen makes the central figure even more ridiculous.

Boardman Robinson (born 1874), now famous as a mural painter and art instructor, was for many years one of our best cartoonists. He worked on several daily newspapers and then went to Europe shortly after the World War broke out, and came back with drawings for a book of cartoons on the horrors of war. *The Masses* printed some of his cartoons at about this time. None I think can equal in power of drawing or in bitter irony his *Europe*, 1916 (No 179), in which a lean jackass and his rider, a cloaked figure of Death holding a carrot labeled "Victory" before the ass, travel wearily onwards toward the edge of a precipice.

William E. Hill (born 1887) began his *Among Us Mortals* page for the Sunday *New York Tribune* in 1916. Franklin P. Adams in a flattering preface to Hill's book of the same title, published in 1917, tells of securing the latter's services and of the immediate success of his drawings. He had previously been one of *Puck's* many contributors; but with half-a-dozen drawings on one page every week in a newspaper of national circulation—it was a case of make or break. Hill succeeded; he interested the great American public in itself. Adams says: "Hill is popular, by which I mean universal, because you think his pictures look like Eddie or Marjorie, or Aunt Em. But they don't; they look like you. Or, if you prefer, like me. He is popular because he draws the folks everybody knows." Hill's motto seems to have been: There is always some pleasure in the misfortune of others. He drew people in the throes of little calamities of awkwardness, embarrassment, and naïveté situations into which they have been

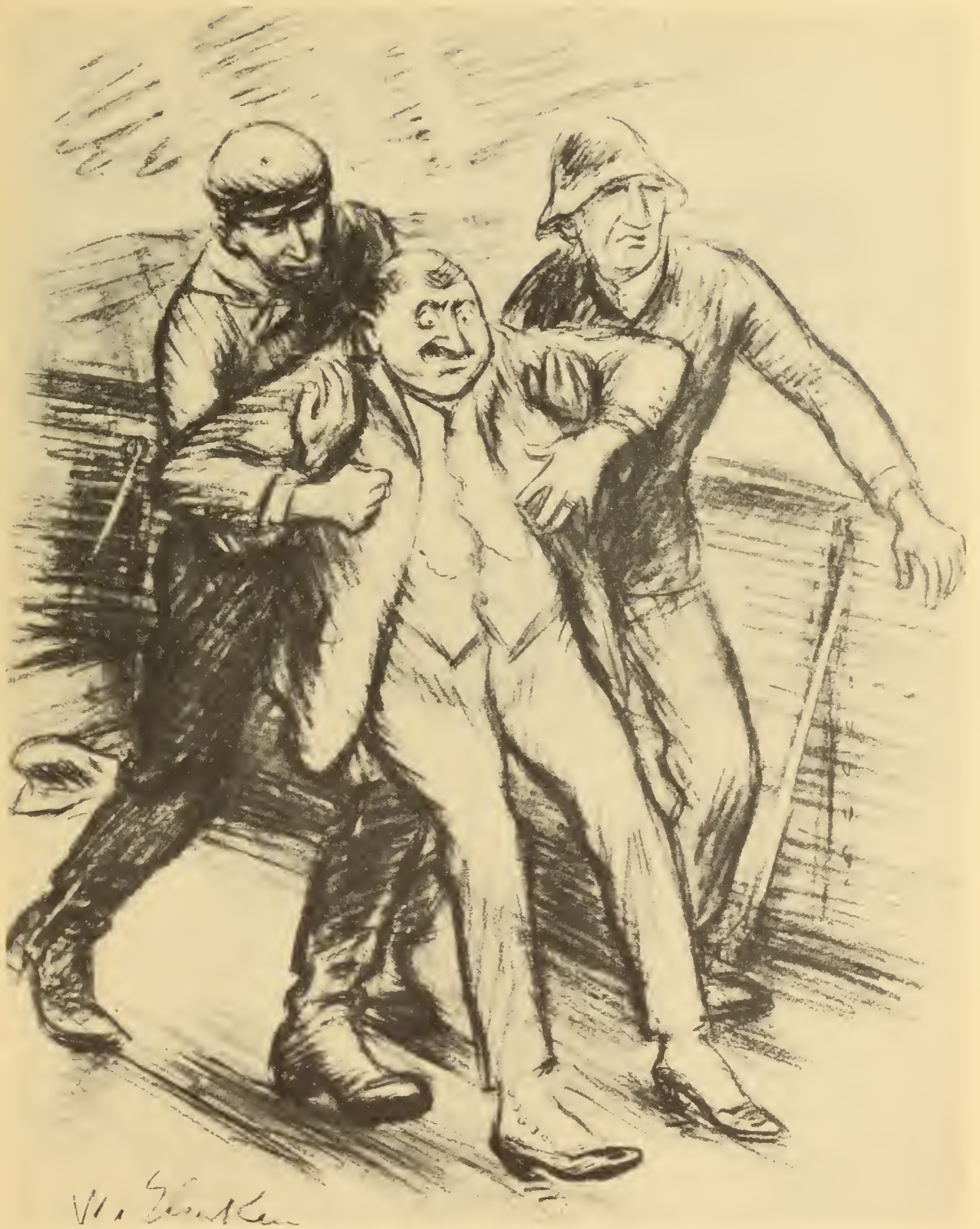


172. CARICATURE OF HORATIO WALKER.  
BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY, 1920.





173. A SATIRE ON A PRE-WAR DANCE. BY JOHN SLOAN, 1914.



174. HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS, 1912.





175. THE UNFORTUNATE BREAK. BY W. E. HILL, 1917.

thrust by circumstances or by their own simplicity. *Unguarded Moments* would be a title that would fit most of them. As for the drawing itself, it is more than competent if one pauses to consider the many variations of expression and revealing gaucheries of movement. Exaggeration plays so small a part in Hill's work that one has to see a good deal of it before being convinced that he is a keen social satirist. His types and individuals are so commonplace as to be sketches from life and the situations in which he places them are such as may befall anyone. His success is due to the fact that he seldom overstates; he observes, and records his observations with skill and restraint. From his book comes an illustration of the young man who makes the unfortunate break, and the innocent ladies who get it right away (No. 175).

Luther Bradley, cartoonist of the *Chicago Daily News*, died at about the time

## HIS ROOTERS



176. L. D. BRADLEY ARRAIGNS PROFITEERS AND THEIR BLOODY ALLY, WAR, 1916.

the United States entered the World War. He had taken a strongly pacifist and anti-profiteering attitude in his cartoons from 1914 on, and his death left it an open question as to whether he would have yielded to the war fever. But there was enough of such pressure even before America became actively involved, and courage or unusual strength was required of those who wished to take a sane view and who at the same time were in a sense moulders of public opinion. Bradley had shown the ruthless destruction and inhuman cruelty of war as war—not merely as war waged by the Germans. And he had, in a memorable cartoon entitled *An International Conference That Would Bring About Peace*, drawn common soldiers of all nations seated about a table considering whether they would go on killing one another. Also, as early as October, 1916, he had drawn War as a huge, helmeted, hobnail-booted footballer jumping on a prostrate Europe, while the Food Speculator onlookers cheer. It is called *His Rooters* (No. 176) and it boldly exposed an ugly domestic situation.

No such dubious or suspect sentiments were evident in the pre-war and war-time cartoons of W. A. Rogers. He heartily shared the pro-Ally, anti-German attitudes of his friend ex-President Roosevelt and his employer J. G. Bennett,



Jr. The latter gave him *carte blanche*; and a glance through Rogers's cartoons (previously published in the *New York Herald*) in *America's Black and White Book*, 1914, proves him a hard-hitting propagandist. As was said before, Rogers's cartoons seldom were humorous; but in that hate-and-hang-the-Kaiser period humor was neither wanted nor missed. Yet I am glad to have found one in the collection, *Activities of a German Diplomatist in America* (No. 177), which presents Rogers at his best. Uncle Sam in harness, including blinders, is trudging



Activities of a German diplomatist in America.

177. UNCLE SAM DUPED BY VON BERNSTORFF.  
BY W. A. ROGERS, 1917.



180. OSCAR CESARE'S VERSION OF THE PEACE  
OF BREST-LITOVSK, 1918.

along "playing horse"; the reins (with "Solemn Assurances" printed on them) are in the hands of von Bernstorff, whose right foot is raised to deliver a kick; while at a window above Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and von Papen look on with smug satisfaction. It is very well conceived and skilfully drawn, expressing the anti-German point of view with more humor and consequently less rancor than was usual.

In April, 1918, Art Young was among those active on *The Masses* who were



EDITOR

CAPITALIST

POLITICIAN

MINISTER

## Having Their Fling

178. CARTOON BY ART YOUNG WHICH BECAME EXHIBIT F IN "THE MASSES" TRIAL FOR  
OBSTRUCTING THE DRAFT, 1917-19





Drawn by Boardman Robinson

## EUROPE, 1916

179. EUROPE LURED TO DESTRUCTION. BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON, 1916.

charged by the United States Department of Justice with "conspiracy" and "interfering with enlistment." At the trial Exhibit F was a cartoon by Young called *Having Their Fling* (No. 178). An editor, a capitalist, a politician and a minister are shown in a war-mad dance. Above, an orchestra led by the Devil plays on war implements. Other cartoons by Young were also offered in evidence, and his defense on the witness stand was a sturdy, simple statement: "I drew them for the public good." The jury disagreed, but it was only the steadfastness of one man that saved Young and his companions from years in Federal prison. At a second trial in December of the same year the jury again failed to bring in a verdict, but the vote was more favorable—nine to three for acquittal. The government then dropped the case.

American cartoons while we were actually at war were a poor lot. George J. Hecht, one of Creel's propaganda assistants, gathered a hundred examples by twenty-seven leading American cartoonists, and published them with much satisfaction in 1919. They were regimented, and they looked it. In his preface Hecht wrote: "In order to inform the cartoonist of the many specific subjects upon which the government wished to have cartoons drawn the Bureau of Cartoons was established in December, 1917." In June, 1918, the Committee on Public Information took over the Bureau of Cartoons. The Bureau published weekly the *Bulletin for Cartoonists* which was sent regularly to every cartoonist in the United States. These bulletins contained subjects for cartoons, as suggested by the United States Food Administration, the Treasury Department, and other government agencies. Thus a considerable cartoon power was developed stimulating recruiting, popularizing the draft, saving food and fuel, selling Liberty Bonds, etc., etc. When they were not doing their utmost to graphically urge any and all of the above suggestions the cartoonists, for the most part, concentrated their efforts on Uncle Sam buckling on armor, or the Kaiser with a bomb, pistol or knout. There were exceptions, of course, but they are almost impossible to find.

With the Russian revolution and civil war came the pressing necessity for the Peace of Brest-Litovsk. Trotsky was Lenin's negotiator, and Oscar Cesare symbolized his precarious situation in a striking cartoon in the *New York Evening Post* (No. 180) in which Trotsky is standing in his shirt on the precipice of Civil



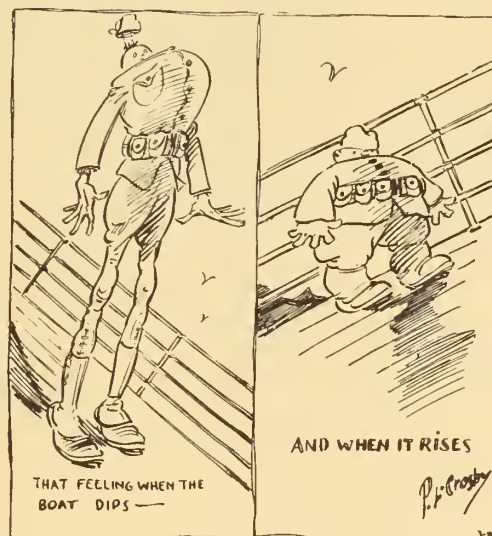


182. THE DEAD HAND ON THE VERSAILLES TREATY—A PROPHETIC CARTOON BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON, 1919.

War, Famine, and Bankruptcy, while Germany as a gigantic soldier holds clothes and boots (Bolshevich Demands) tantalizingly behind him.

The lighter side of the soldier's life found its most popular expression in the "Ole Bill" drawings of the British Bruce Bairnsfather. But a few of our own humorists of the pencil did their bit to add to their military service. "Bud" Fisher went to an officers' training camp with the result that *Mutt and Jeff* were briefly if ineffectively in the armed forces. LeRoy Baldrige published his amusing graphic notes in a book entitled *I Was There*. Percy L. Crosby was also "over across" and his book of drawings *Between Shots*, 1919, contains some very good sketches. One (or rather two) of the best, *That Feeling When the Boat Dips*, and *When It Rises* (No. 181) is an excellent translation of an anything but humorous feeling into decidedly humorous line.

On the Versailles Treaty itself quite the most powerful cartoon was Boardman Robinson's *Signed* (No. 182). A feeble bony hand holds a pen over the document; a mouse is already nibbling at it; while in the murky background a bird of prey hovers expectantly. The drawing is stark, the irony is grim, and the insight uncannily prophetic. Unquestionably this cartoon ranks high among the world's greatest.

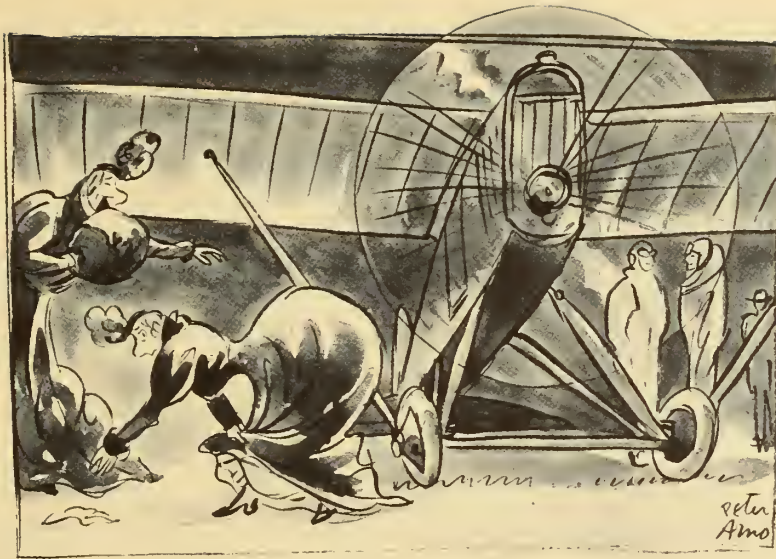


181. THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE WAR AS SEEN BY P. L. CROSBY, 1919.





*"Don't help me! Don't help me!"*



"Whoops! Mind yer bustle, dearie!"

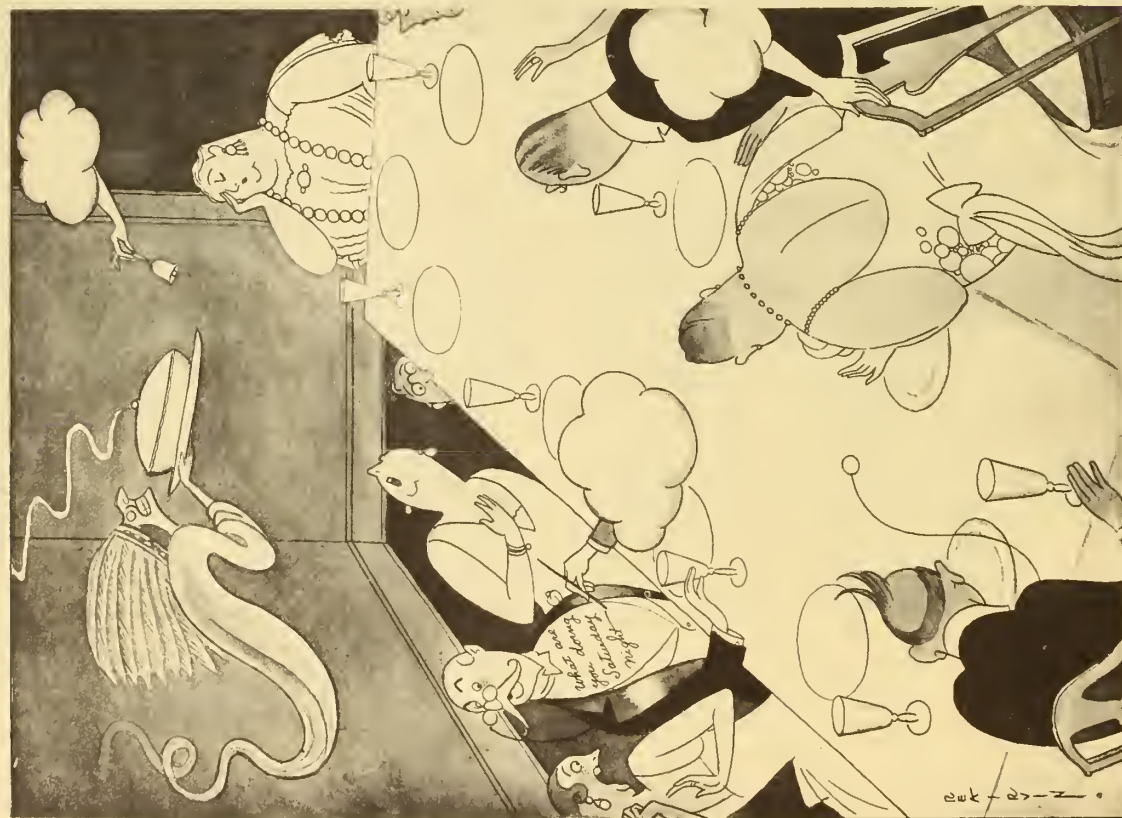
183. PETER ARNO'S EXUBERANT OLD MAIDS, 1928.

## CHAPTER XI

THE IRRESPONSIBLE TWENTIES. FEROCIOUS CYNICISM AND THE NEW YORKER. PETER ARNO ET AL. REA IRVIN, GLUYAS WILLIAMS AND GARDNER REA. ALFRED FRUEH. RALPH BARTON. COVARRUBIAS. OTHER CARICATURISTS. MILT GROSS. CLARENCE DAY. CARR'S KID KARTOONS. SHAVER. SOME CARTOONISTS, IRELAND, WEED, DUFFY, KIRBY AND SUVANTO. MORE COMIC STRIPS. WEBSTER, FOX, BRIGGS AND GAAR WILLIAMS.

THE twenties in urban America were an era of irresponsibility. The so-called Lost Generation was having its fling, and flinging itself away. The scandals involving the Harding administration were not only typical, they set the pace for unprecedented double-crossing in business and private relations. "Don't be adolescent!" was the cynical motto of the day. The Lost Generation danced, drank, and laughed desperately. There was something ominously over-determined about their gaiety. They had been weaned on disillusion following the War, and they had cut their teeth on Mencken's baiting of the "booboisie." Inevitably a distillation of the more pungent wits became articulate in a new magazine—*The New Yorker*. Its policy may be summed up as the cult of sophistication. The one serious purpose was to make Sophistication chief of the Muses. Prose, verse, quips, and drawings were consciously elegant, studiously





185. SOCIAL MENACES: THE PSYCHIC HOSTESS. BY REA IRVIN, 1928.



Jack Donahue and Lily Damita in "Sons O' Guns," and Evelyn Hoey in "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

189. THEATRICAL CARICATURES BY RALPH BARTON, 1929.

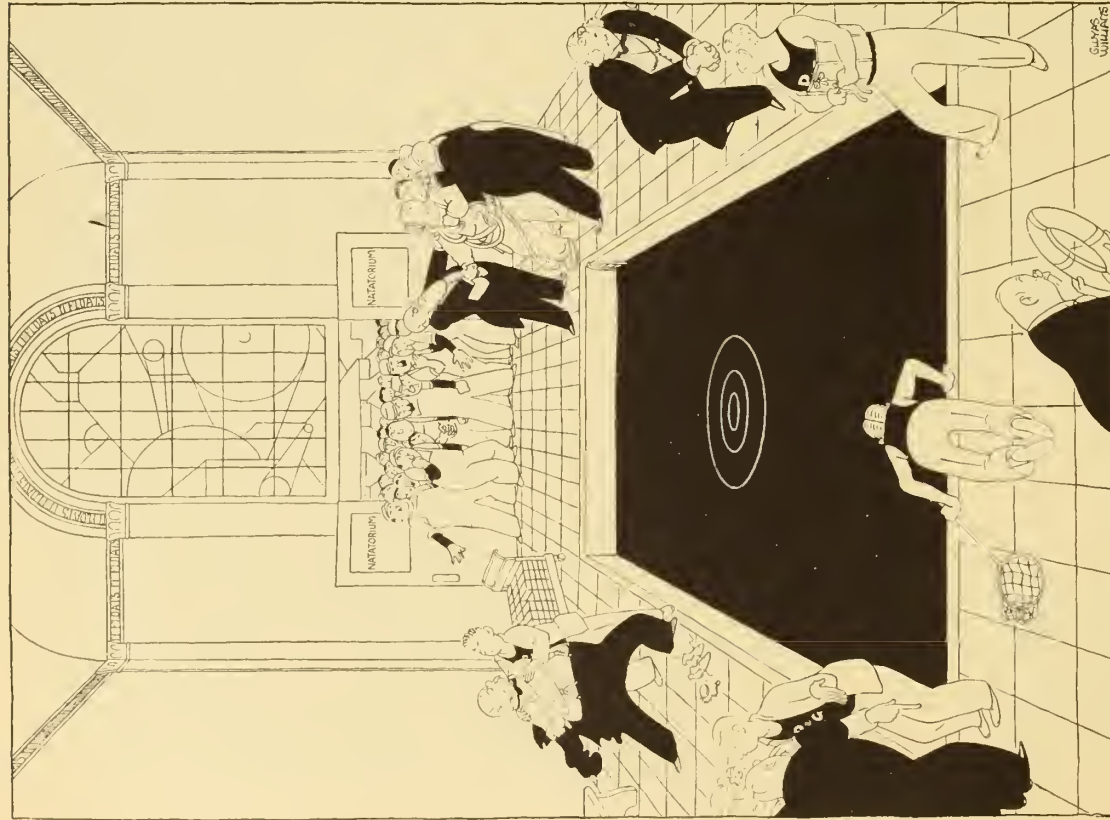
flippant and inescapably exotic. They were less a critique of the Night Club Era than an expression of it. They were not only with the party but of it. There was so much more malice than ridicule, so much more cynicism than humor, so much more smooth license than irony that the *New Yorker*, despite its galaxy of gifted contributors, lost its birthright of forceful satire for the pottage of cynical amusement. Characteristically it ignored national and international politics, attempted to laugh off the collapse of 1929, and remained utterly oblivious of the social changes which were even then en route.

But let us see what they did in the way of graphic humor, these idle singers of an empty day. Of necessity the *New Yorker* had to make its start with artists who were already producing drawings for other publications. Rea Irvin, Gardner Rea, Peter Arno, Gluyas Williams, John Held, Jr., Barbara Shermund, Alice Harvey, Helen Hokinson were all on their way when they became contributors, and yet the illustrations in the *New Yorker* quickly took on a homogeneous character. Not that they lacked individuality of style, but their subject-matter was not only similar, it was consistently and repeatedly so.

Predominant in the drawings in the *New Yorker* we find good-tempered spoofing of the policies and slogans of Big Business; less temperate jibes at the superannuated inmates of the Union League Club; malicious jeering at upper-middle-class and upper-middle-aged women; slashing assaults on rather than ridicule of night-club and bootleg party habitués. These were typical *New Yorker* subjects, and they were (except for the first!) treated with varying degrees of cruelty. Man's inhumanity to man, woman's to woman, and their mutual inhumanities to each other had never before been so cynically drawn or so highly applauded. The mood which gave rise to this polished savagery is past; the habit which repeats it remains. Later another exhibition (*Americana*) more openly brutal, less hypocritically refined was to carry on from where the *New Yorker* stopped and continues to mark time by repeating itself.

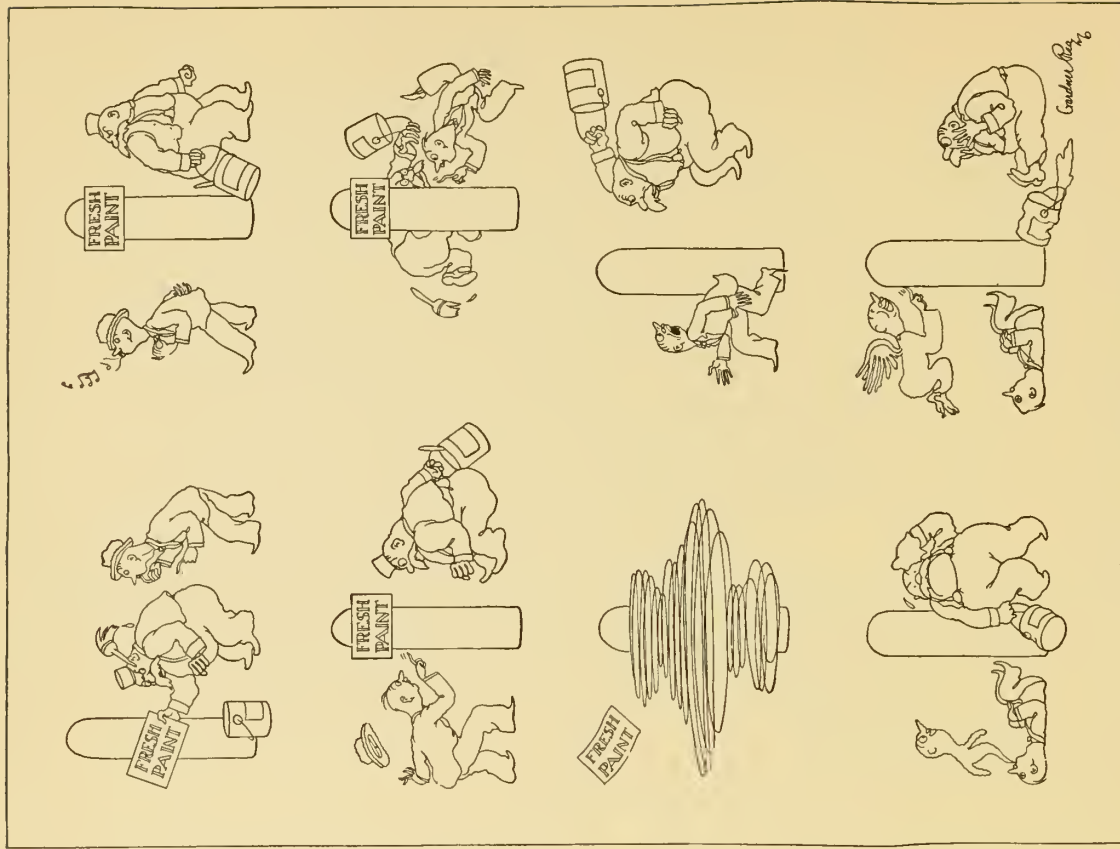
Peter Arno was the white-headed boy of the *New Yorker*. In earlier contributions to *Life* he had but hinted at the possibilities lurking within his powerful line and his two tipsy or balmy old maids in the little *Whoops!* drawings (No. 183) had a touch of hearty belly-laughter. But now the earlier promise was





INDUSTRIAL CRISES  
*The day a cake of soap sank at Procter & Gamble's*

186. ONE OF THE INDUSTRIAL CRISES SERIES. BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS, 1928.



THE FRESH PAINT COMPLEX

187. COMIC SEQUENCE BY GARDNER REA, 1928.

encouraged and fulfilled. His stout women became obese, his elderly men senile, his flappers the exotic plants of penthouses and night clubs. Arno is an exceptionally able draughtsman. There is an aggressive vigor in his line. And beneath the veneer of elegance there is the cruelty of the jungle. Clever, powerful, cynical, sophisticated—his drawings are all of these, but essentially or basically humorous they are not. “*Don’t Help Me! Don’t Help Me!*” is a good example of his style (No. 184). In these drawings there is seldom a truly satirical use of line; it is always the situation plus the gag beneath that are counted on to make the point. It is only fair to say that these remarks do not hold for all Arno’s work, but they do hold for this period.

This brief analysis of Arno’s work is here presented because his drawings pointed the direction of the *New Yorker* in much the same way as Gibson’s influenced or were influenced by *Life*. And as the artists on the latter publication were more or less touched by Gibson’s work so the other contributors to the *New Yorker* were more or less bowled over by Arno. But Gibson’s subject-matter remained his own; Arno’s became, with few exceptions, the graphic content of the *New Yorker*. Park Avenue, night clubs, hotels, boudoirs, and theatre lobbies are the settings for the generally alcoholic antics of the “vacuous men and vicarious women” who crowd the illustrations of New York’s smartest magazine.

Among the few exceptions are Rea Irvin’s billowy females. Whether in the arms of a flustered fireman on the cover, or inside as the hostess who evokes spirits at the dining table (No. 185) they are always a joy to behold. Their only function is to fill a space, and how very well they do it! His *Social Menaces* are richly complete in themselves, scarcely needing even titles—the *Salad Mixer*, for example, and the *Household Disciplinarian*, in the *First New Yorker Album*. How the gag-men at the office must have gnashed their teeth! Yet the most famous contribution to the *New Yorker* was the gag beneath a very ordinary drawing by Carl Rose (he has done many better) of a little girl and her mother at the dining table: “It’s broccoli, dear.” “I say it’s spinach, and I say the hell with it!”

Gluyas Williams’s *Industrial Crises* drawings with their cleverly spotted blacks made quietly amusing interludes between pages of wash drawings of alcoholic contortionists. *The Day a Cake of Soap Sank at Procter & Gamble’s* (No.



186) is typical of his graphic style and his dry humor. Gardner Rea's wordless comedies in line, such as the ex-circus-dog that performed too well, and *The Fresh Paint Complex* (No. 187) were also good fun and good drawing.

Alfred Frueh contributed some amusing and cleverly drawn sequence comics. One of the best was *The Ashman's Ambition* wherein, after loading, a winged and propellered truck took off, spiraling high over the night-cloaked city—and then the ashman threw the can down, with earthquake-like effects on the sleeping occupants of apartments. But Frueh is best known as a caricaturist of theatrical celebrities. His work on the *New York World* in the twenties won him a deserved distinction in this field. Toward the end of the decade he made many caricatures for the *New Yorker*. Among them were those of Ina Claire and Constance Collier in *Our Betters* (No. 188). It will be noted that Frueh has a very characteristic, economical line, which by the way is the admiration and despair of many of his fellow craftsmen.

Caricature, one of the most elastic and subtle forms of graphic humor—the art of character sketching by “truthful misrepresentation”—was decidedly on the rise during the twenties. Frueh had published his *Stage Folk* in 1922; and within the decade a number of younger people had made their peculiar talents known to an ever-widening section of the American public. Ralph Barton, Miguel Covarrubias, Peggy Bacon, Gene Markey, Eva Herrmann, John Decker, Abe Birnbaum, William Gropper, Hugo Gellert and Auerbach-Levy were among the more prominent of the many whose caricatures made their subjects wince and the onlookers smile or guffaw.

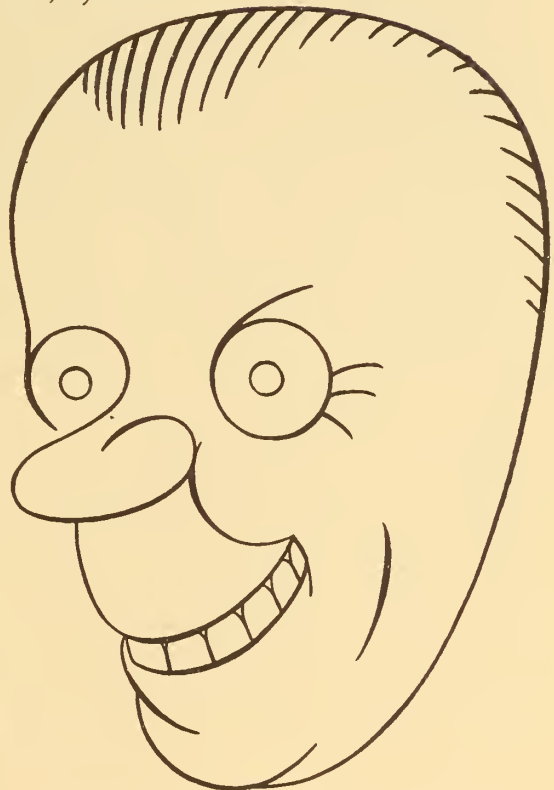
Ralph Barton (1891–1931) was both humorous draughtsman and caricaturist of exceptional ability. A contributor to various magazines since 1910, it was in the twenties that his work matured and obtained the most flattering recognition. His theatre curtain of caricatures of celebrities for the *Chauve Souris* in 1922 became country-wide news. He illustrated a special edition of the *Droll Stories* and the briefly famous *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* in 1925; a couple of books of his own in 1924 and 1929; and made many illustrations and caricatures for the *New Yorker*, *Vanity Fair*, *Liberty* and other magazines. Barton's reputation will rest in the main on his theatrical caricatures. He loved the theatre, he



188. INA CLAIRE AND CONSTANCE COLLIER  
BY ALFRED FRUEH, 1928.



190. RALPH BARTON BY MIGUEL  
COVARRUBIAS, 1925.



191. CARICATURE OF SINCLAIR LEWIS  
BY EVA HERRMANN, 1929.



knew and liked its people, and he caricatured them with boisterous exaggeration held firmly within a brilliantly controlled line. Jack Donahue and Lily Damita in *Sons o' Guns* and Evelyn Hoey in *Fifty Million Frenchmen* (No. 189) show how successfully he combined exuberant vision and technical dexterity.

The caricatures by a Mexican youth, Miguel Covarrubias, broke in upon the intelligentsia of New York in the middle twenties and became deservedly popular. Carl Van Vechten had taken the prodigy under his wing and *Vanity Fair* reproduced much of his work. His style was distinctly individual despite a decidedly archaic note in the geometric and sculptural quality of his line. The expected heaviness resulting from such a technique is not only relieved but dissipated by the vitality of his renderings of the personalities of his sitters. Many of his caricatures seem to be drawings of carven grotesques. Covarrubias is a prolific young man whose clean-cut powerful drawings have done much to lift American caricature to the front rank. His study of a fellow caricaturist, Ralph Barton (No. 190), gives a fair taste of his quality and ability. We shall return to him later on.

From *On Parade*, New York, 1929, a book of caricatures by Eva Herrmann, comes Sinclair Lewis (No. 191). It is a brilliantly economical effort, and most successfully gives us the novelist in a truthful exaggeration of one of his more cheerful moods. John Decker's group caricature of seven critics in search of something or other (No. 192) has much to recommend it. The rather broad, almost grotesque treatment is carried just far enough (too far for the victims, no doubt). The burlesquing of the features and figures of Nathan, Broun, Woolcott and the rest is done with great skill. In fact they all look like exaggerated impersonations awaiting their cues.

The Sunday Metropolitan Section of the old *New York World*, which had sponsored so many first rate humorists, reached the heights in 1926 when it printed *Nize Baby* and *Hiawatta* by Milt Gross. These were madly silly parodies of myths, fairytales and poems in an overwhelmingly funny American-Jewish dialect. And they were illustrated by the author with dementedly comic drawings. His amazing absurdities seize the beholder irresistibly and infect him with a contagious madness. During the weeks the episodes of *Nize Baby* were appear-

JOHN  
DECKER

192. SEVERAL CRITICS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR. BY JOHN DECKER, 1923.

ing in the *Sunday World* New Yorkers accosted one another with mouthfuls of the ridiculously spelled and crazy-sounding jargon. To present as many of these Gross aberrations as possible, the end-papers of *Hiawatta* (published in book form in 1926) are here shown (No. 193). "Smooked de chiff a pipe tebbecca" is the theme.

But even madder still are the two-hundred-odd drawings in Gross's wordless





193. END-PAPER FOR "HIAWATTA." BY MILT GROSS, 1926.

novel *He Done Her Wrong*, a comical parody on the typical Hollywood movie story. This must be seen in toto to be believed. I can show only one illustration here (No. 194).

Clarence Day, Jr. (1874–1936) was another beneficially mad author-draughtsman. *This Simian World*, 1920, and *The Crow's Nest*, 1921, were his early efforts. With *Thoughts Without Words*, 1928, he entered fully into his kingdom of the outrageously absurd, and ruled it in an astoundingly able fashion. "There are times," he confided in his preface, "when a man doesn't care to talk or write to his friends. Times too when that curious wish of his to debate with the gods has quite gone. But even at such times ideas form inside him, like clouds in the sky, and drift aimlessly out of him in some shape—for instance in pictures. And if these appear from some region in him that he doesn't know about, a region that he doesn't understand and perhaps doesn't like, they may interest and surprise him sufficiently for him to preserve some." Day called it picture-



194. ILLUSTRATION FROM "HE DONE HER WRONG." BY MILT GROSS, 1930.

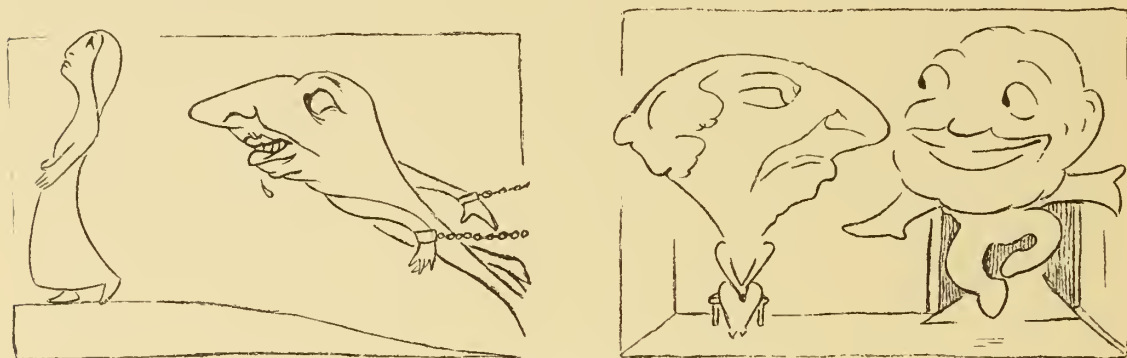
writing and he disclaimed any artistic ability, saying it was once the most common of habits. "All that anyone needs is a legible style." Clarence Day was one of the very few who have achieved a legible style for the stating of the unsayable. His little verses and captions do not sustain the drawings (of support the latter have no need), but they do give the more literal-minded a hint or two as to what all these queer fishy-looking people mean.

Day's drawings bear a superficial resemblance to those of Edward Lear, who also drew queer people in an untaught hand to companion queerer verses; but whereas Lear drew the external peculiarities of his eccentrics, Day drew the feelings, the fears, and the very ghosts of his. He drew Thoughts on Endless Conflicts, on Women and Other Disappointments, on Joys and Triumphs, on



Gods and Devils, and on Deaths. These drawings, then, are little graphic essays, brought up from the well of Day's ironic imagination; highly civilized matter spontaneously treated in an untrained, unspoiled manner by a satirist of unusual natural ability. Even such worn themes as *Purity and Passion* and *The Homecoming* (No. 195) are presented with a strangely compelling touch of authenticity, and with an air of absolute finality.

Gene Carr, who succeeded Rehse on the *New York World* in the daily feature *Metropolitan Movies*, brought out a book entitled *Kid Kartoons* in 1922. Carr was one of that choice company of American artists of his generation who found their happiest moments in depicting the whimsies, pathos and humor of childhood—not only from the outside but from the child's viewpoint too. In *Kid*



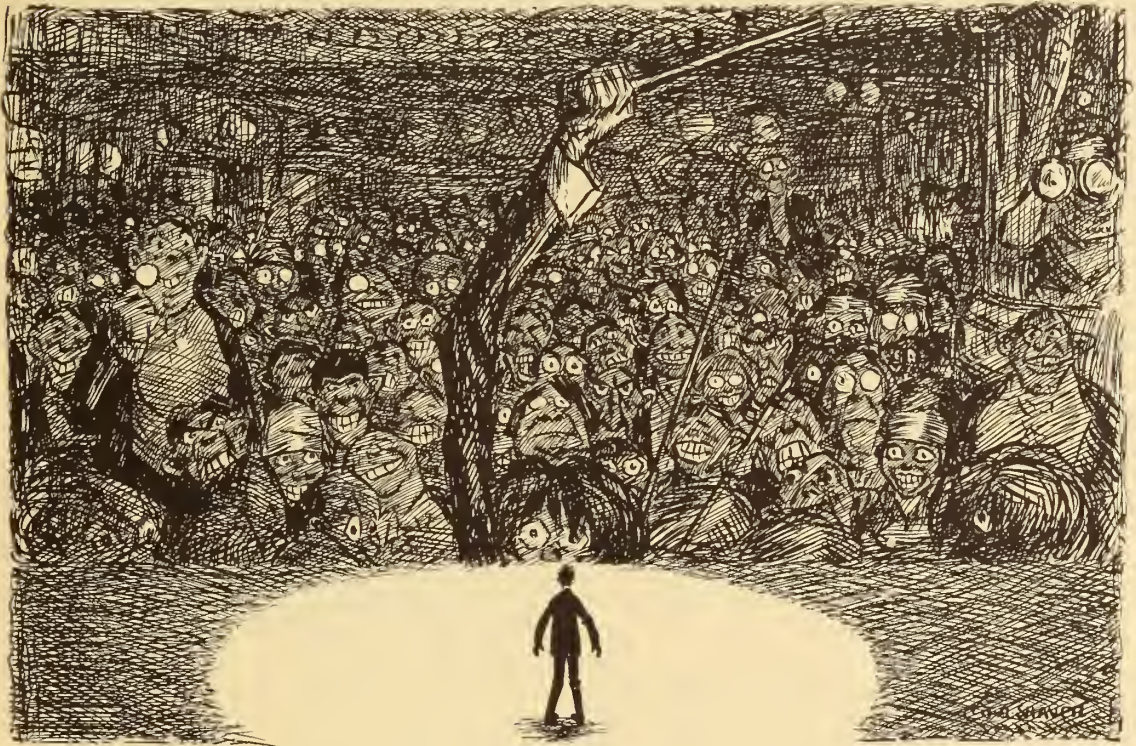
195. DRAWINGS BY CLARENCE DAY FOR "THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS," 1928.

*Kartoons* are many excellently drawn, sympathetically rendered high moments in child life—and some tragic or sublime, which are broken in upon by the stern recall to drab reality. Such a moment came to the little girl posturing before a mirror when her mother calls out: "*C'mon, Mary Pickford, an' git busy with them supper dishes!*" (No. 196).

Among the last and the best of the old school of pen-and-ink men was J. R. Shaver. After a late start he was well into middle life before he was producing drawings of such quality as to cause Gibson to give him a free hand and feature him as a regular contributor to *Life* from 1918 to 1930. Shaver was particularly successful in his humorous portrayal of children at parties, in the swimmin' hole, and other places where the imps of either or both sexes gather to annoy or torture

one another. When he turned his attention to grown-ups it was generally an embarrassing moment that held his eye—a practical joke played by circumstances outside his victims' control. *His First Appearance* (No. 197), a double-page drawing from *Life*, shows how it feels—and looks!—to be in the spotlight for the first time. Gibson's enthusiasm for Shaver's work is shared by Denys Wortman and John Sloan.

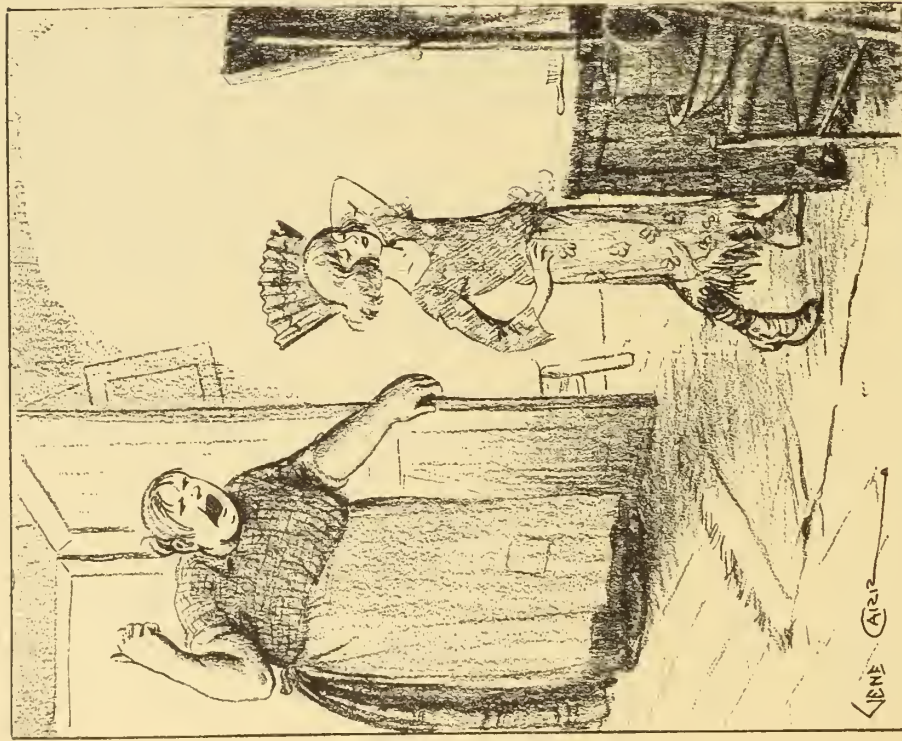
The characters in the comic strips and supplements are frequently borrowed by



197. HIS FIRST APPEARANCE. BY J. R. SHAVER, 1923.

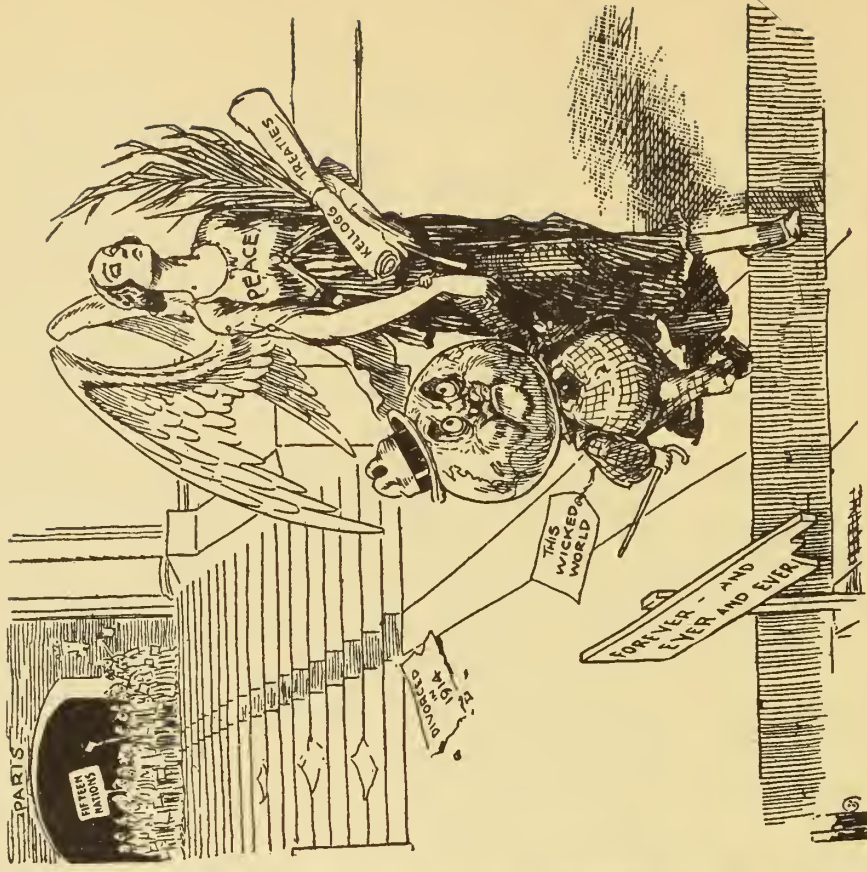
other comic humorists and cartoonists with the most amusing results. In *Life* in 1922, W. J. Enright showed Lloyd George entertaining W. R. Hearst at luncheon. The British Lion is behind Lloyd George's chair, having difficulty in restraining himself while the Katzenjammer Kids, labeled "*New York Journal*" and "*New York American*," are knotting and pulling his tail. In the same issue Webster has a parody version of Herriman's great comic. Ignatz Hearst is throwing his brickbat at Krazy Kat Great Britain. The same drawing is repeated





"C'mon, Mary Pickford, an' git busy with them supper dishes!"

196. FROM "KID KARTOONS," BY GENE CARR, 1922.



MARRIED AGAIN

198. THE KELLOGG PEACE TREATIES. BY WILLIAM IRELAND, 1928.

under the dates of 1914, 1915, 1916, and "so on up to the present hour." The last drawing shows Krazy Kat inviting Ignatz to lunch.

Cartoons on the Kellogg Peace Pact of 1928 were of course plentiful and varied. Orr of the *Chicago Tribune* drew a dissipated globe-headed individual taking the Peace pledge, swearing off forever. Great piles of empty bottles labeled "War" are in the background. Shoemaker of the *Chicago Daily News* showed Mars in the driver's seat of a tank, complaining that "the old boat hasn't got the pickup it used to have"—the reason being that it is strongly tethered by fifteen ropes attached to fifteen well-driven-in posts labeled "Anti-War Treaty Signers." William (Billy) Ireland (1881-1936), who was on the *Columbus Dispatch* from the beginning of the century until his death, pictured a humorously reluctant, world-headed man leaving a church labeled "Paris" on the arm of a tall, disdainful, winged figure labeled "Peace." She carries the Kellogg Treaties as "wedding lines." *Married Again* (No. 198) is the title.

Public indignation over the Teapot Dome oil scandals had not died down in the presidential election year 1928, and Democratic politicians and editors hoped to keep it alive until November. As early as March 13th, Clive Weed (1884-1936), who was drawing cartoons for the *New York Evening World*, showed the G.O.P. Elephant staggering under a huge oil-can-featured rider. It was called *Top Weight*. Weed was an able and courageous cartoonist whose ideas were not always welcomed by the editors of the various papers and magazines with which he was—often briefly—connected.

Edmund Duffy (born 1899) has had better luck since he became cartoonist of the *Baltimore Sun* in 1924. The *Sun* is a fairly liberal paper, and Duffy is a man of liberal ideas. From 1922 to 1928 the Ku Klux Klan had built up its machine of organized bigotry and fanaticism to alarming proportions. Then various states passed legislation limiting its functions and powers; and the Imperial Wizard, becoming frightened, ordered the Klan to unmask in parades. Here Duffy saw his opportunity, and drew a Klansman with an indescribably weak face standing before Uncle Sam, who is so shocked that he says: *Put It On Again!* (No. 199). It is an effective piece of work; and it will be noted that Duffy is a very good draughtsman.





Edmund Duffy

199. PUT IT ON AGAIN! BY EDMUND DUFFY, 1928.



Rollin Kirby

200. I WANTS TO MAKE THEIR FLESH CREEP! BY ROLLIN KIRBY, 1924.

Rollin Kirby (born 1875) has been cartoonist on the *New York World*, now the *World-Telegram*, since 1914. A collection of his notable cartoons was published under the title *Highlights of the Twenties*. Kirby's cartoons, especially those in this book, are cleverly conceived, well drawn, and cover a wide range of topics in the news and political situations. His large silk-hatted figure of the Republican Party has become familiar to thousands. In one cartoon this elderly giant holds up a dollar-marked curtain labeled "Prosperity" before the voter, while around one edge of it is to be seen the Republican Garbage Can from which the odors of corruption, farm distress, Volsteadism and intolerance arise. In another the G.O.P. as the Fat Boy saying, *I Wants to Make Their Flesh Creep* (No. 200), shakes a man of straw labeled "Red Scare." It is both a very humorous drawing and a good cartoon.

The Communist newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, was founded in 1924 and has had a number of good men, known and unknown outside the Party, as cartoonists. Robert Minor, Art Young, Maurice Becker and William Gropper were among the more prominent. Fred Ellis and K. A. Suvanto were active in the twenties and later. Suvanto did a particularly good thing for the *Daily Worker* in 1926, in *The Model and the Painting* (No. 201). An obese individual (presumably the press) is casting a glance at a Russian worker who is hammering on a rooftop from the far end of which floats the Soviet flag of Hammer and Sickle. On the canvas before him the fat one has already painted a Russian with a knife attacking a helpless man, and the Soviet flag has become the Skull and Crossbones. Here is splendid graphic irony, and very well drawn. The figure of the fat man is a triumph.



203. TOONERVILLE FOLKS.  
BY FONTAINE FOX, 1933.





201. THE RUSSIAN WORKER AS THE RED-BAITER PAINTED HIM. BY K. A. SUVANTO, 1926.

The number of newspaper comics continued to increase. In the twenties there was an entirely new batch in the running, too numerous to mention. H. T. Webster (born 1885) is one of America's most popular creators of comic characters. His timid soul, *Caspar Milquetoast* (No. 202) is the most famous of the lot; but there were and are others in *Life's Darkest Moment*, *The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime*, *The Boy Who Made Good*, and *Bridge*. Webster's drawings are syndicated throughout the country by the *New York Herald-Tribune*. Fontaine Fox (born 1884) has made a special place for himself in the hearts of his countrymen by both the individual quality of his drawing and the antics of his *Toonerville Folks* (No. 203). With his dozen or so fantastic characters Fox plays boisterously and humorously upon the whole gamut of human ambitions and passions from childhood to old age. His *Mickey (Himself) Maguire*, *Tomboy Taylor*, *Aunt Eppie Hogg*, *Suitcase Simpson*, *Flem Proddy* the inventor, and



204. THE GUILTIEST FEELING. BY CLARE BRIGGS, 1927.

*The Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bang*, to name but a few, are part and parcel of the daily lives and laughter of thousands in every section of the country.

Another comic artist whose work ranks high among those who touch the hearts of their countrymen by genially showing up their foibles and follies was Clare A. Briggs (1875-1930). He soon left the political cartoon field for that of the humors and mischances of domestic and outdoor life. His many series of understandingly sympathetic yet bantering comics won him an enormous popular following. His subjects ranged from *Golf* to the marital squabbles of *Mr. and Mrs.* In between there were the famous *When a Feller Needs a Friend*, *The Days of Real Sport*, *Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling?* and many others. The whole daily life of the average citizen and his family is here broadly and tolerantly drawn by Briggs. His great success lies not alone in the fact that he was a great comic draughtsman; it is due equally to the fact that his hand and eye were integral parts of the life they recorded. His drawing itself was homely,



unpretentious, unstylized, but it had style in that it was vivid, adequate, and unstrained (*That Guiltiest Feeling*, No. 204).

Gaar Williams (1881-1935) was one of several really gifted comic artists who like Briggs began as political cartoonist and later developed a number of homely, humorous comic strips. After twelve years as political cartoonist on the *Chicago Daily News*, Williams went over to the *Chicago Tribune* in 1921 and began creating his *Just Plain Folks*. *A Strain on the Family Tie*, *Our Secret Ambition*, and *Zipper* were among his most popular syndicated series. Unpretentious, kindly, tolerant, his work like that of Briggs is a panorama of American rural life, and his drawing had an appealing, whimsical quality that attracted thousands of loyal admirers.



202. MR. CASPAR MILQUETOAST. BY H. T. WEBSTER, 1933.







208. ROCKWELL KENT AND HIS HEROIC CREATIONS. BY TOM CREEM, 1936.



213. DACHSHUND. BY ABE BIRNBAUM, 1937.

## CHAPTER XII

*REVIVAL OF LITHOGRAPHY. ITS INCREASING USE BY SATIRISTS. DWIGHT, FREEMAN, CREEM, GELLERT, DEHN AND MARSH. DARROW, BIRNBAUM, REDFIELD. PEGGY BACON. SOME OTHER CARICATURISTS. THURBER. WORTMAN AND COE. AMERICANA AND SOME CONTRIBUTIONS. GROPPER. BALLYHOO. SOGLOW AND STEIG. TECHNOCRACY. SOME CONTEMPORARY CARTOONISTS, RADICAL AND OTHERWISE. RECENT COMIC STRIPS. CHILDREN'S BOOKS. THE ANIMATED CARTOON. ITS HISTORY AND POSSIBILITIES.*

THE distinctive lithographic achievements of the late George Bellows turned the attention of painters and draughtsmen to the possibilities both artistic and economic of a medium more or less neglected for many years. The revival of interest in lithography has led to its increasing use by social satirists, and today there are more than a baker's dozen who are putting out prints of high artistic and rich satiric quality. Mabel Dwight, whose work is represented in museums both here and abroad, is an expert technician, and is moreover a satirist who does not rely on a gag to put her drawing over. *Queer Fish* (No. 205) is so obviously and humorously what it is that the title is needed, if at all, only to distinguish it from other compositions. Al Hirschfeld has done theatrical caricatures for newspapers, has published a book of bartenders (*Man-*



*hattan Oases*), has drawn and printed lithographs half way around the world, and is an exceptionally keen and sensitive commentator on the pageantry and tawdriness of human life. He would surely be adjudged in contempt of court were he ever brought before any of the now famous nine old men whom he showed in somnolent and querulous session in 1937 (No. 206).

Don Freeman, who came out of the West several years ago, has made New York City and its people his favorite themes. All phases of activity in this crowded metropolis are subject-matter for his pencil and crayon. Late in 1936 he started publishing a bi-monthly group of lithographs in a pamphlet called *Newsstand*. Many of these prints, made cheaply and well on prepared zinc plates, are splendid drawings, full of vitality, movement and well-observed expression. Freeman bids fair to become our modern Hogarth—not in manner but in capacity. He is not a comic artist, but humor enters by the window or peeps around a street corner in his drawings. In the first of a series of four lithographs on the vicissitudes of theatrical life, called *One For the Money* (No. 207), we see the prospective “angel” of a new show besieged by the would-be producer and a couple of hopeful thespians. This and the other three prints in the series were reproduced in *Life* in 1934.

A newcomer of decided talent is Tom Creem, some of whose lithograph caricatures of well-known artists have appeared in *Ringmaster*. It is a very unhappy-looking Rockwell Kent (No. 208) who is squatting before his cabin door, surrounded by the tools of his trades and the creatures of his imagination. Creem has caught enough of Kent’s mannerisms in this drawing to make it a sort of graphic parody. It is deliberately and firmly done. Hugo Gellert’s fine lithographs in his *Aesop Said So* volume are not all within the scope of this history, but the high quality of his work in his books and elsewhere deserves more than passing mention. His illustration to Aesop’s fable of the *Three Tradesmen*, which Gellert calls *The Army, The Navy, and The Air Force* (No. 209), is a remarkably grim and incisive satire. The three are shown as prehistoric creatures, each in the act of swallowing a bag of money.

Adolf Dehn is another prominent satirist who frequently makes lithographs (No. 210). The people who haunt art galleries, could they see themselves as he



206. UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT. BY AL HIRSCHFELD, 1937.



205. QUEER FISH. LITHOGRAPH BY MABEL DWIGHT, 1935.





207. ONE FOR THE MONEY. LITHOGRAPH BY DON FREEMAN, 1935.

sees them in the print called *Art Lovers*, would be more shocked than admiring. Alan Dunn and Reginald Marsh are also first-rate lithographic satirists. Marsh (born 1898), painter, etcher and lithographer, is an artist who like Freeman delights in the New York scene. He has done hundreds of sketches of the activities and amusements of the mixed population of the world's greatest city. Among these are many that are distinctly humorous. His well-known Coney Island and burlesque theatre scenes are rich in incidental humor; but it is in such a composition as *The Angelus* (No. 211) that the mood is intentional throughout and magnificently sustained. The full flavor of this satire can only be recaptured by recalling the phenomenal vogue of the radio blackface comedians Amos and Andy in the earlier days of their broadcasting, when literally millions daily abandoned all other ties and engagements to listen in at 7 P.M.



209. THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE AIR FORCE. BY HUGO GELLERT, 1936.



210. LOHENGRIN. LITHOGRAPH BY ADOLF DEHN, 1928.





THE ANGELUS

211. SATIRE ON THE DEVOTEES OF AMOS 'N' ANDY. BY REGINALD MARSH, 1931.



Whitney Darrow, a frequent contributor to *The New Yorker* and other magazines, is best known for his social satires. The one of the mattress salesman who demonstrated the sleep-inducing qualities of his line too well is still remembered. But Darrow has it in him to do political things and to do them well, as is proved by a print in the July, 1937, issue of *O.K.*, the Cartoonists' Guild paper. It is a very humorously conceived drawing of a Safe and Sane celebration outside Non-Intervention House. The caricatures of the three dictators, although sketchy, are very good (No. 212). Darrow was president of the Cartoonists' Guild, which was organized a couple of years ago to secure collective bargaining. Many well-known graphic humorists both old and young are now members, and the Guild is gaining new members every week. Among the more prominent Guildsmen is Abe Birnbaum, whose caricatures have been seen for more than a decade in newspapers and magazines. I am tempted to reproduce here his *Dachshund* (No. 213) as an unusual but most felicitous example of his art.

Late in 1935 the well-known satiric artist who signs some of his work A. Redfield, gathered up a number of his drawings which had appeared in *The Daily Worker* and published them under the title of *The Ruling Classess*. The drawings themselves are in most cases decidedly humorous; but in his anxiety to give them a proletarian angle the artist has placed beneath each a gag which is in most cases utterly irrelevant. For example, on page 72 we see two amusingly stupid, stout, upper-middle-class women, one with her hand on the shoulder of a small boy. She says: "Yesterday was Harold's birthday—my husband gave him a textile factory." I submit she might just as well have said something about a party, a report card, an accident, a new suit or any of a hundred other things: the laugh is, and remains, in the drawing. Redfield comes a good deal closer to his goal in this drawing (No. 214) of the liveried chauffeur saluting at the open door of a limousine. Within the car, alone in the centre of the rear seat, is a be-ribboned lap dog. The remark, "We are here, Madame," is superfluous. In fact most of Redfield's drawings do carry their own laughter—and most of it is at odds with the gags.

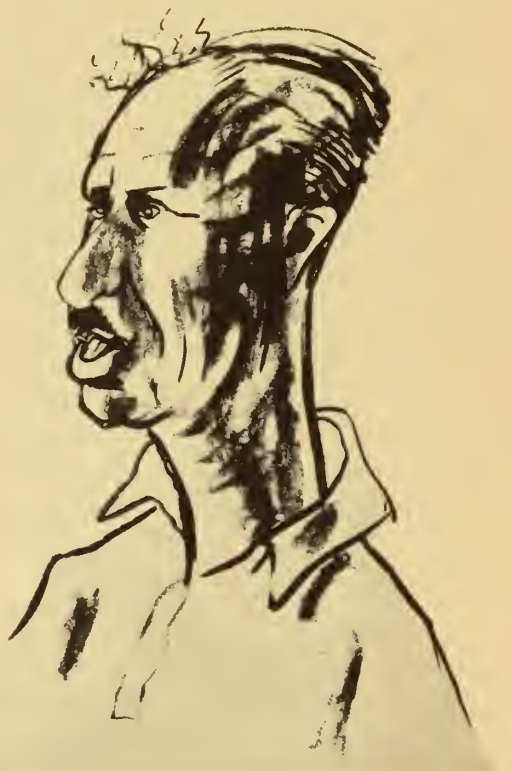
Peggy Bacon is one of the wittiest as well as one of the cleverest of our humorous artists. After studying etching with John Sloan she brought out her first little



book, *The True Philosopher and Other Cat Tales*, in 1919. Since then she has written and illustrated a dozen, ranging in subject-matter from children's books to satirical verse. She works in all mediums and has explored all phases of graphic humor except the political cartoon. As a caricaturist she is of the first rank, although curiously enough she does not practise in this field that economy of line which is supposed to be its *sine qua non*, and which is evident in some of her



214. WE ARE HERE, MADAM.  
BY A. REDFIELD, 1935.



215. FRANKLIN P. ADAMS VICTIMIZED BY  
PEGGY BACON, 1934.

humorous drawings. But in the main Peggy Bacon is not a generalizer; for her there are no irrelevant details. On the contrary, details are enormously revealing. She detects the humor in unconsidered trifles, and she has a way of making them unobtrusively significant.

Her book of caricatures of some forty notable Americans, *Off With Their Heads!*, was an artistic sensation. To Peggy Bacon all the world's a stage, and in a disarmingly simple and destructively childlike manner, she loves to take the



216. HELP! DRYPOINT BY PEGGY BACON, 1927.





212. CARTOON ON THE INACTIVITY OF NON-INTERVENTION COMMISSION. BY WHITNEY DARROW, 1937.



222. "JOE USED 'T' PUT OUT AS WELL FREE LUNCH DURRIN' PROHIBITION." BY ROLAND COE, 1935.





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actors apart to see what makes them go. She then puts them together again, not exactly as they were, of course, but a little more so. She does not, like most caricaturists, leave part of the works out; nor does she take from one to give to another—no, she simply places the quite proper parts in their most expressive relationships. And if, as quite frequently happens, the new arrangement causes something of an explosion, no one is more genuinely surprised than the artist. Analysis and wit form a combination dangerous to all but the possessor. Opposite each caricature she has been persuaded (?) to permit the printing of brief verbal comments made as notes while closeted with her victims. These permit us to see the dissection itself, although not exactly how it is done. Of President Roosevelt she recorded, among other things: "Head like a big trunk, battered by travel and covered with labels, mostly indecipherable. . . . Bright direct look, the frank clear gaze of craft." Of George Gershwin: "Long head, shoebox shape. Profile extremely Hittite. . . . Flat cheeks, ironed out, sweeping aggressively into bulging lip and chin." Of General Hugh Johnson: "Brutal, coarse, ruthless mug of toad-like consistency. . . . Eyes smothered in stout scallops of pulp. . . . Nose like a darning gourd . . . expression like an old procuress."

Well, let us look at one of these decapitations—Franklin P. Adams, for instance (No. 215). Not grotesque at all, not even—but yes, it is exaggerated. But how? By the very subtlest projections, withdrawals, and tightenings. The verbal notes are illuminating: "Cone shaped head with hair fried and grizzled in front, charred splinters behind. Flesh leathery and rumpled. Worried forehead, wee anxious eyes, close together, wedged up under eyebrows, scared of nose. Little black thorny mustache, thrown out like a miniature defence. Mouth assertive and important. Chin humbly distressed. Pulled out, irregular neck, suggesting a llama. Expression of arrogance, perplexity, kindness and perception." One sees how successfully the translation from the verbal to the graphic has been made; but the process—that, I suspect, is not even in Miss Bacon's power to impart.

The mural painter William Cotton has also distinguished himself in the field of caricature, although his medium is not graphic. Many of his excellent but rather woolly-looking compositions were reproduced in color in *Vanity Fair*.





PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

219. CARTOON BY DANIEL FITZPATRICK FROM "ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH."





218. BATTLE ROYAL. BY DANIEL FITZPATRICK, 1933.



221. MOPEY DICK AND THE DUKE. BY DENYS WORTMAN, 1934.

Others prominent in the more strictly graphic medium are Sam Berman, Robert J. Malone, Wyncie King, George de Zayas and William G. Haworth.

At about the time of Franklin D. Roosevelt's first inauguration, in 1933, there appeared in *Vanity Fair* a highly fanciful group caricature of that ceremony by Covarrubias (No. 217). It was a double-page affair in color, presenting the Capitol building; a huge pillared, festooned, and heavily draped arbor (entirely imaginary); reporters, photographers, radio men, soldiers, sailors, foreign diplomats, and some three dozen prominent Americans. On the steps of the Capitol stand Mr. Curtis, Mrs. Hoover, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Garner, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Roosevelt, and Chief Justice Hughes who is about to place a wreath on F.D.R.'s head. Above them, in the air, are two winged female figures blowing long trumpets. One of them has a black eye. In the right foreground stands a group of American leaders, among whom are Al Smith, Jim Farley, Seabury, Lehman, McAdoo and Glass. The whole thing is as amusingly impudent and brilliantly executed a piece of *lèse-majesté* as was ever plotted.

Daniel R. Fitzpatrick's stark, impressive cartoons seldom contain recognizable public men. Indeed he frequently omits the human figure altogether. When he does use a figure it is a sort of generalized Everyman. And so it came as a complete surprise to most of us when, during the three-cornered wrangle between General Johnson, Father Coughlin and Senator Huey Long, Fitzpatrick drew extraordinarily good caricatures of the three orators at the microphones, Johnson barking into his, Coughlin mouthing unctuously and Huey bellowing (No. 218).

In 1932 James Thurber gathered up some of his drawings, most of which had appeared in the *New Yorker*, and published them under the title of *The Seal in the Bedroom and Other Predicaments*. They have a certain affinity to the drawings of Clarence Day, discussed in the last chapter. Both author-artists, in spontaneous untaught draughtsmanship, reveal subconscious perplexities of beings of subhuman appearance. Dorothy Parker in a brilliant introduction to Thurber's book observes that his people "have the outer semblance of unbaked cookies . . . they remember the old discouragements and await the new. Lambs in a world of wolves, and there is on them a protracted innocence. . . . Mr. Thurber . . . deals solely in culminations. . . . It is yours to ponder how penguins get into drawing-





220. THE SEAL IN THE BEDROOM.  
BY JAMES THURBER, 1932.

rooms and seals into bedchambers. . . . He gives you a glimpse of the startling present, and lets you go construct the astounding past. And if somewhere in the process you part with a certain amount of sanity, doubtless you are better off without it." The sources of Thurber's inspiration are impenetrable; his indefinite people ooze mystery even after they are drawn. They may and probably will have other misadventures, but they will not become more definite. They are children of the

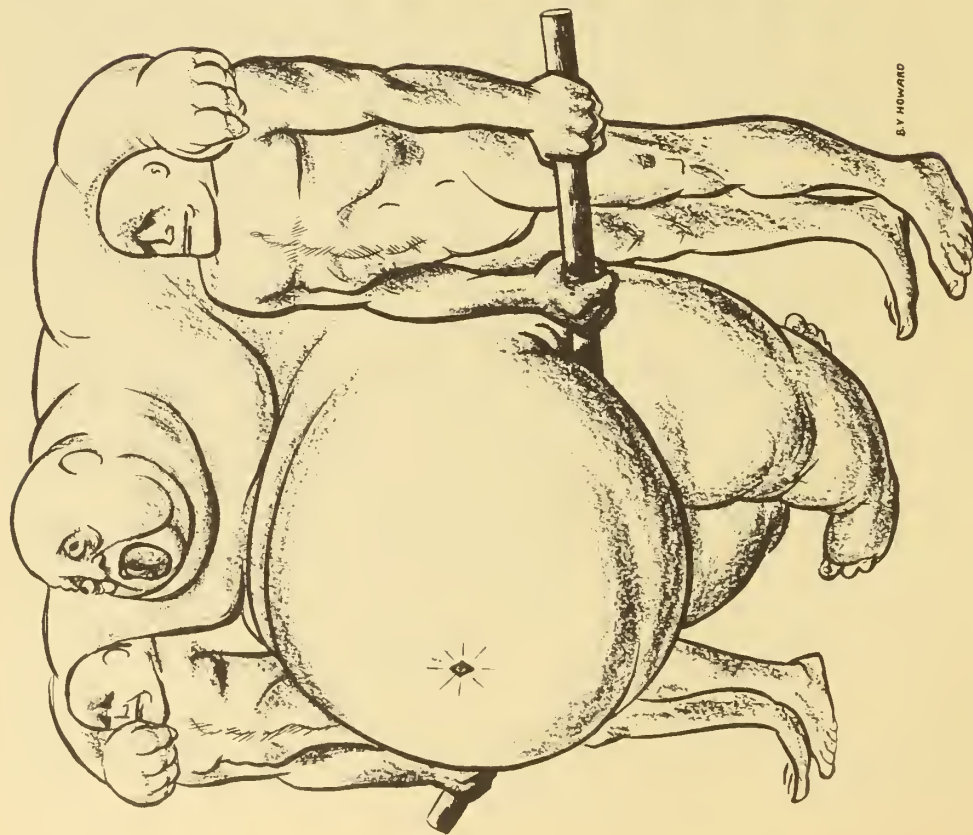
subconscious, and if the hand that draws them becomes more skilled they will vanish beyond recall. And it is more than likely that Thurber knows this too. Meanwhile, here is *The Seal in the Bedroom: All right, have it your way—you heard a seal bark!* (No. 220).

An echo—no, a permanent reminder rather, of the withdrawal of gold from circulation and of the subsequent great advance in price of that metal is to be found reasonably enough in one of the lowly adventures of Denys Wortman's famous characters *Mopey Dick and the Duke*. "Are you sure you never had any gold fillings?" (No. 221) one asks the other as he none too gently examines his friend's teeth. For many years Wortman (born 1889) has been doing these *Metropolitan Movies*, first for the old *New York World* and now for its successor, the *World-Telegram*, and during those years has made thousands of admirers. His intimate glimpses of the lives of working-girls, their economic and sentimental difficulties, and above all their dress, manners and customs—these are among his best. He has an excellent eye for relevant expressive details. He can make active agents of objects as commonplace and inanimate as stockings and dishpans, not only for their value as part of his composition but also as commentaries on their owners. Wortman generally, and I suspect generously, devotes his talents to depicting the submerged tenth, the shabby drifters, the dwellers in

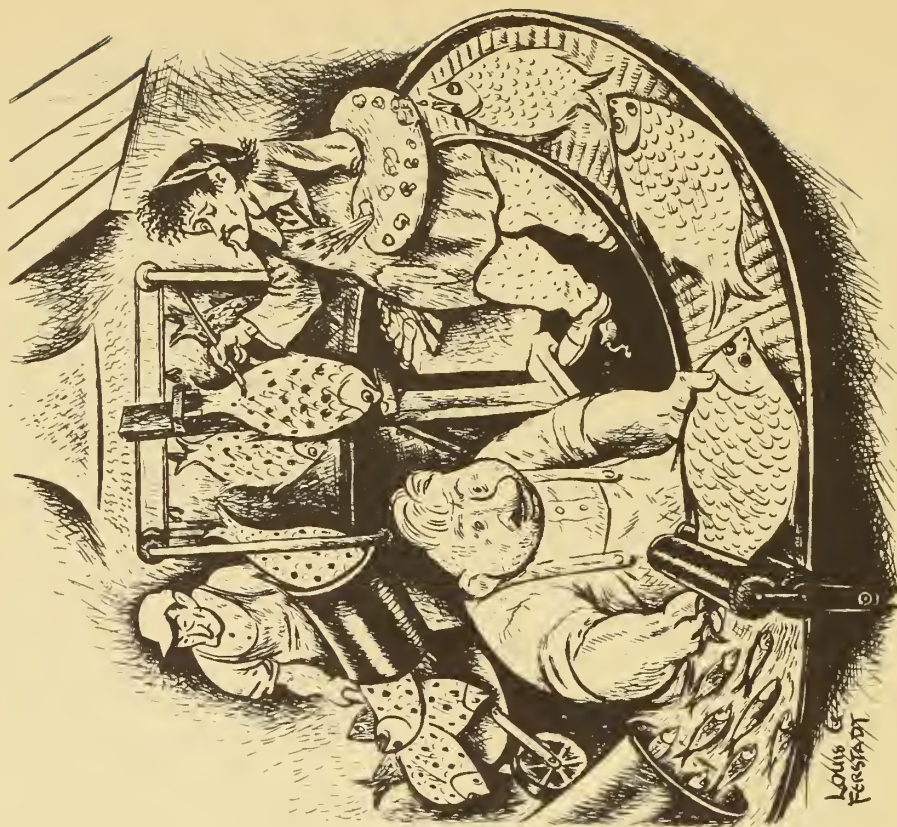


"BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE"





223. "WHETHER CAPITALISM IN ITS PRESENT FORM IS TO CONTINUE. . ."  
BY B. V. HOWARD, 1932.



SECRETS OF INDUSTRY: How Flounders are made.  
226. HUMOROUS DRAWING FROM "AMERICANA."  
BY LOUIS G. FERSTADT, 1933.

tenements, and the push-cart merchants and their patrons. He does not laugh at these people so much as with them. He sees and presents the sublime *and* the ridiculous courage of ignorance, the human-all-too-human quality that somehow binds us to them, if at first only in laughter.

Roland Coe (born 1907) is another gifted commentator on the New York scene. Since 1934 he has drawn his *Crosstown Cartoons* for the *New York Post*. Young as he is, Coe has an admirable technique and a mature outlook. He draws his everyday New Yorkers with great skill and understanding. He knows them and he likes them, but he sees their unconsciously humorous antics and he records them with gently mocking humor. In 1935 a collection of Coe's *Post* drawings was published under the title *Coe's Crosstown Carnival*. From it we take the drawing of the Old Customer pausing outside the ex-speakeasy café to acquaint the indignant woman guest with the fact that "*Joe used t' put out a swell free lunch durrin' Prohibition*" (No. 222).

In the last chapter reference was made to a magazine which was to carry on from where *The New Yorker* stopped but continues to mark time by repeating itself. That magazine was *Americana*, founded November, 1932, under the editorship of Alexander King and Gilbert Seldes. Rejecting affiliations or sympathies with all political parties, they announced that they were "Americans who believe that our civilization exudes a miasmatic stench and we had better prepare to give it a decent but rapid burial. We are the laughing morticians of the present." Under general captions such as Modern Art, Economics, War, Society, Politics, etc., were printed many savage, uncompromising drawings of great artistic merit. The editors had invited artists to send in unacceptable and rejected items, and they had gathered in a remarkable collection of these and of drawings made especially for *Americana*. The first few numbers of the magazine were remarkable for high artistic quality and ruthless ferocity, yet in variety of subjects treated and in brilliant lethal satire nothing in America has equaled it.

From the first number, under the caption *Puzzles*, and with a quotation from President Roosevelt, "... whether Capitalism in its present form is to continue," we reproduce a drawing by B. V. Howard (No. 223). A helplessly gross nude male, his arms resting on the shoulders of two stalwart attendants, his large belly



supported by a pole held horizontally under it by them, is stumbling along. He is completely bald, his eyes are bulging, his mouth is open, his tongue is hanging—an altogether repulsive figure. But the admirable strength of the design and the clean, sculptural lines combine to make the drawing a terrific indictment. Decidedly less brutal but none the less bitter in implication is a cartoon by Lynd Ward, *Politics: Bring 'Em Back Alive* (No. 224). The animals are excellently and hilariously drawn, and there is more unwelcome truth in this graphic satire than most of us would care to admit. A cartoon such as this should be on permanent exhibition. Alexander King has a glimpse of a headline which is entitled *Winter, 1932: They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wait* (No. 225). Of the six men shown in the line but two would appear to have seen much better days. The other four are obvious wasters and drifters, but none is treated with maudlin sympathy. Their lot is hard, and they are a hard lot; yet this uncompromisingly drawn group of down-and-outers is by its very existence a grim satirical attack on “those who have undertaken to civilize mankind,” as old Bernard de Mandeville euphemistically described the powers-that-be. More than incidentally, the individual heads in this headline are well worth a second glance for their drawing as studies in characterization.

Humor of the somewhat boisterous type is supplied by Louis Ferstadt in his *How Flounders Are Made* (No. 226). One of the Secrets of Industry is here genially exposed. Through a chute small fish are poured into a conveyor-belt trough; a man puts them through a mangle; an artist quickly paints the spots on their backs while they hang on a revolving easel, and they finally disappear into wheelbarrows from another chute. But see how much the artist and the belt-line man enjoy their work!

William Gropper (born 1897) served his apprenticeship on various New York newspapers and later did cartoons for the liberal and radical magazines. A draughtsman of the first rank, his powerful line in his satirical and cartoon work is both impressive and effective. Late in 1935, at a time when the badly battered Republican Party was reported to be looking to Wall Street for help, Gropper drew *Bring 'Em Back Alive* (No. 227). J. P. Morgan, the mighty hunter, is leading a decrepit elephant which is pushed from behind by Hoover

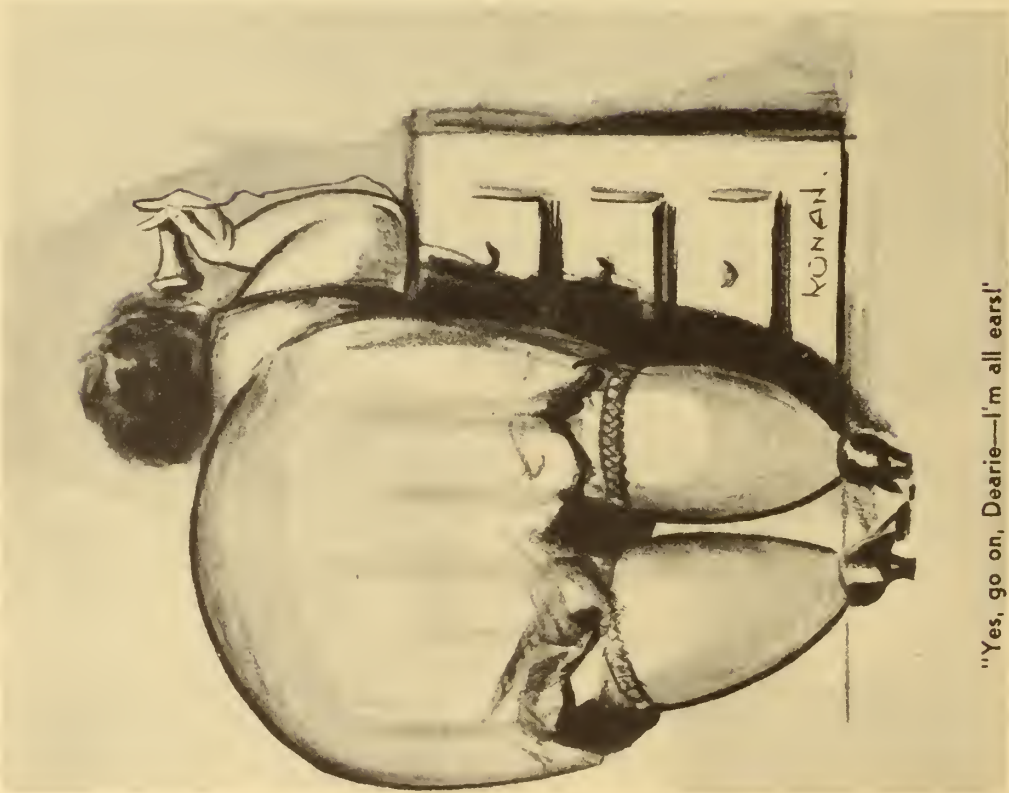


227. BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE. BY WILLIAM GROPPER, 1935.

and another party-man. The prophetic implication that the capture was nothing to boast about was proved in the National election a year later.

Midway in the second year of the Depression, 1931, an astonishingly lively and irresponsible magazine made its appearance in New York. It was called *Ballyhoo*, and the favorite sport of its editors and contributors was spoofing big time advertising by means of a mad alliance of photomontage plus drawings plus parodied wording. From Pincher Corsets to Screamo Cigars, from puzzle contests to trick plumbing—all the dodges and devices of sales-promotion were mocked and jibed at unmercifully and uproariously. The inner pages were filled with drawings of highly improbable incidents designed to shake the depressed Forgotten Man out of his pessimism. He could laugh at Ronan's girl at the telephone (No. 228) who is saying: "Yes, go on, Dearie, I'm all ears!" when, as a





"Yes, go on, Dearie—I'm all ears!"

228. BALLYHOO ILLUSTRATION  
BY RONAN, 1931.



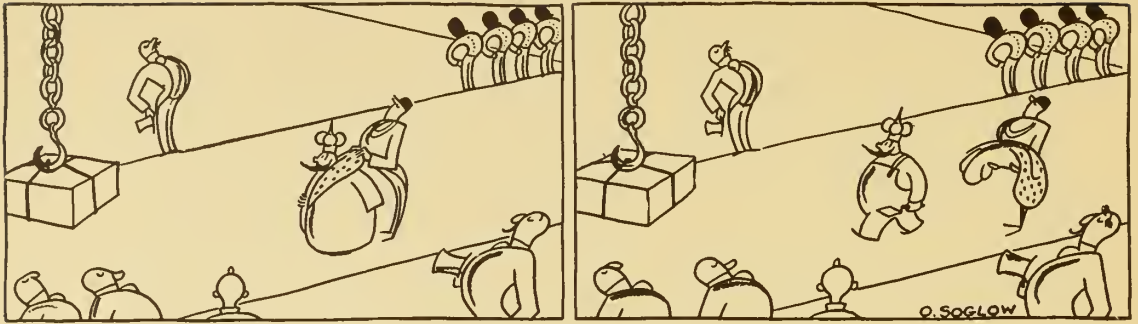
229. "I'M CRAZY ABOUT A MARRIED GAL, AND I'M JUST  
PRACTISING." BY ED GRAHAM, 1935.



"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

225. BREAD LINE, WINTER. BY ALEXANDER KING, 1932.





230. THE LITTLE KING. BY O. SOGLOW, 1931.

matter of fact, she is all something else. Then there is Ed Graham's pajama-clad, silk-hatted young man, jumping blithely out of a window (No. 229), saying to the open-mouthed cop: "I'm crazy about a married gal, and I'm just practising." Yes, those first few issues were madly gay, but the mood could not, of course, be sustained.

Otto Soglow (born 1900) is a prolific comic draughtsman of great gifts. He has contributed to many papers and magazines, illustrated several books, including one of his own, *The Little King* (No. 230). The portly, bearded little monarch's adventures have made Soglow's reputation, although the artist has done much other, and in many respects better work. The attempted evasions of pomp and circumstance by the lonely little King are ludicrously pathetic, and they are brilliantly and incisively drawn with an authentic comic line. William Steig (born 1907) also has a very genuine comic gift. His embarrassed or baffled men and women—the men with their dumb, amiably imbecile faces, the women with their expressions of shrewd stupidity—are excellent comedy. But Steig's children are even more remarkable. These pertly precocious youngsters, full of deceit and forbidden knowledge, are a constant cause of merriment (No. 231).

The schemes and stratagems of Carl T. Anderson's "dead pan" kid *Henry*, having amused readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* for many months, were collected and printed in book form in 1935. They are for the most part single drawings, without any title, text or balloons, and they carry off their little episodes very successfully.

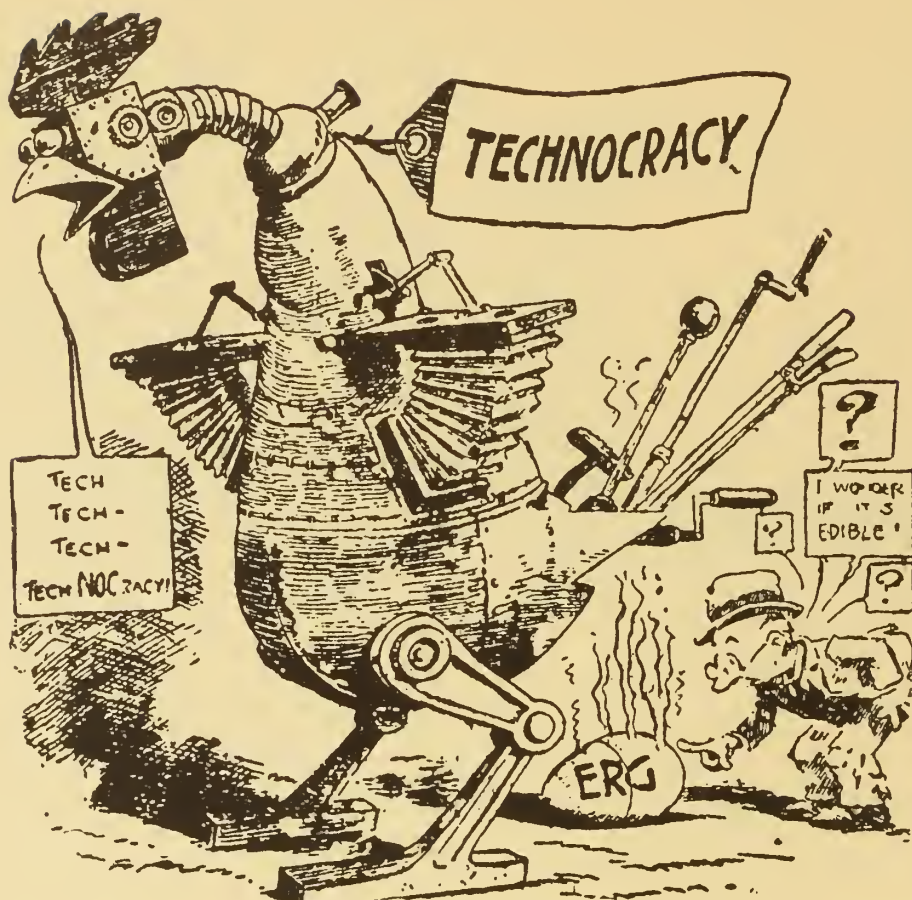
For a few months before and after the presidential election of 1932, in the depth of the Depression, many despairing liberals and thousands of panic-



231. YOU CAN'T HELP IT. IT'S LIKE HUNGER. BY W. STEIG, 1931.

stricken Republicans and Democrats thought they saw salvation in Technocracy. An engineer named Howard Scott had come forward with charts and speeches to the effect that under the present set-up technological unemployment would increase with the inevitable improvement of manpower-saving machinery; while under Technocracy everyone would be employed only four hours a day, and everyone would have a twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year standard of living. Had Scott evolved an efficient organization some months earlier, there is no telling what might have happened. But he announced that he was against political action—and those ready to follow him were left in the air. Of course the craze was meat to the cartoonists. *Judge* put out a Technocracy Number, and the newspaper artists also had their fun. Elderman in *Washington Post* drew a businessman labeled “Americanism” having his portrait painted by an artist labeled “Technocracy.” On the canvas is a fearsome-looking Robot. The cartoon is called *The Futurist*. The late Billy Ireland of the *Columbus Dispatch* did even better. He drew a heavily armored mechanical hen with concertina bellows for wings and brakes and gear-shifts for tail feathers, cackling “Tech-Tech-Tech-





232. WHAT IS IT? BY WILLIAM IRELAND, 1933.

Tech-NOC-racy” after laying a steaming egg labeled “Erg.” A little man in the right foreground approaches it gingerly and wonders if it’s edible. Ireland gave voice to the curiosity of the nation in calling his creation *What Is It?* (No. 232).

Jacob Burck of the *Daily Worker* is one of the most impressive of our younger cartoonists. Some of his work has been reprinted in a volume entitled *Hunger and Revolt*, 1935; and no one can open the book without being struck by these powerful expressions of social discontent. Burck’s drawing is vigorous, stark, and for all its savagery, restrained: that is what makes for its power. He himself would doubtless say it is his convictions, and certainly his convictions are a great factor in his achievement. There is very little humor in Burck’s cartoons, but there is often a grim irony that takes one by the throat. In our illustration (No. 233) we see a group of mortar-boarded recruits lined up before a sergeant who



233. WHAT D'YOU WANT THEM THINGS FOR? BY JACOB BURCK, 1935.

is removing their brains with a ladle and emptying them into a garbage can. "*What d'you want them things for, anyway?*" There is a terrific impact to this drawing, all the more so, I insist, because it is done with such economy. This cartoon and Minor's headless giant (No. 167) deserve frequent reproduction.

One of the most striking cartoons on the Spanish Civil War situation is *Madrid* (No. 234), by Maurice Becker in *The New Masses*. A wounded but still powerful bull stands defiantly in the arena; with a horn thrust through the seats of their trousers Mussolini and Hitler are raised uncomfortably aloft—symbolic of their frustrated attempts to help Franco win over the United People's Front. England with characteristic hypocrisy is trying to distract the bull's attention. The drawing of the bull is splendidly vigorous, and the two dictators dangling from its horns look distinctly clownish in their discomfiture.



Fred Ellis is one of those cartoonists who find very little humor in either the domestic or world situation. Like Burck's, his cartoons are exhortations to resist war, fascism and the oppressions of capitalism, and the readers of the *Daily Worker* take their grim graphic tonic bravely. But they are frequently face to face with a cartoon, such as *Labor's Day in Nuremberg* (No. 235), which for strength of design and harsh, sardonic humor would be difficult to match.

Elderman of the *Washington Post* displays a hearty, boisterous humor in recent cartoons dealing with the A. F. of L.—C. I. O. disagreements. In one he drew the Wagner Act as a pretty girl between Green and Lewis, both of whom are trying to escort her, one to the right, the other to the left. In another, two violently enraged, tough-looking men are trying to get at each other through the panels of a revolving storm-door, while a third ruffian (Company Unions) is on the floor. In yet another, *Labor Day Amenities* (No. 236), Green and Lewis, each with his "family" (A. F. of L. and C. I. O.) march aggressively in opposite directions. The cartoonist of the *Milwaukee Journal*, Lewis, drew a tug-of-war between Green and Lewis (No. 237). Overalls labeled "Labor's Organization" are being split by their efforts, while Labor himself looks on from behind a screen, wondering. This cartoon is characterized by great economy and simplicity.

"Ding" (J. N. Darling), who has been with the *New York Herald-Tribune* for many years, is often able to sum up crises and events with a rollicking humor as in this one, for instance, of the *Disarmament Conference of 1932* (No. 238). Uncle Sam and John Bull, a couple of jovial hypocrites, look skywards when the usher passes the plate for disarmament contributions under their noses. "Ding," who was born in 1876, was on the *Des Moines Register* as far back as 1906, and has done much excellent work.

The cartoons of Herbert Johnson, despite his strong prejudices in favor of the Old Deal in business and government policy, have maintained a high level of humorous banter. He presents his harassed little Taxpayer in really comical predicaments through the "reckless spending" of the Roosevelt administration. From his book *Cartoons*, published in 1935, a selection of then recent contributions to the *Saturday Evening Post*, comes the bathing scene in our reproduction (No. 239). A large female representing Billions of Government Spending is

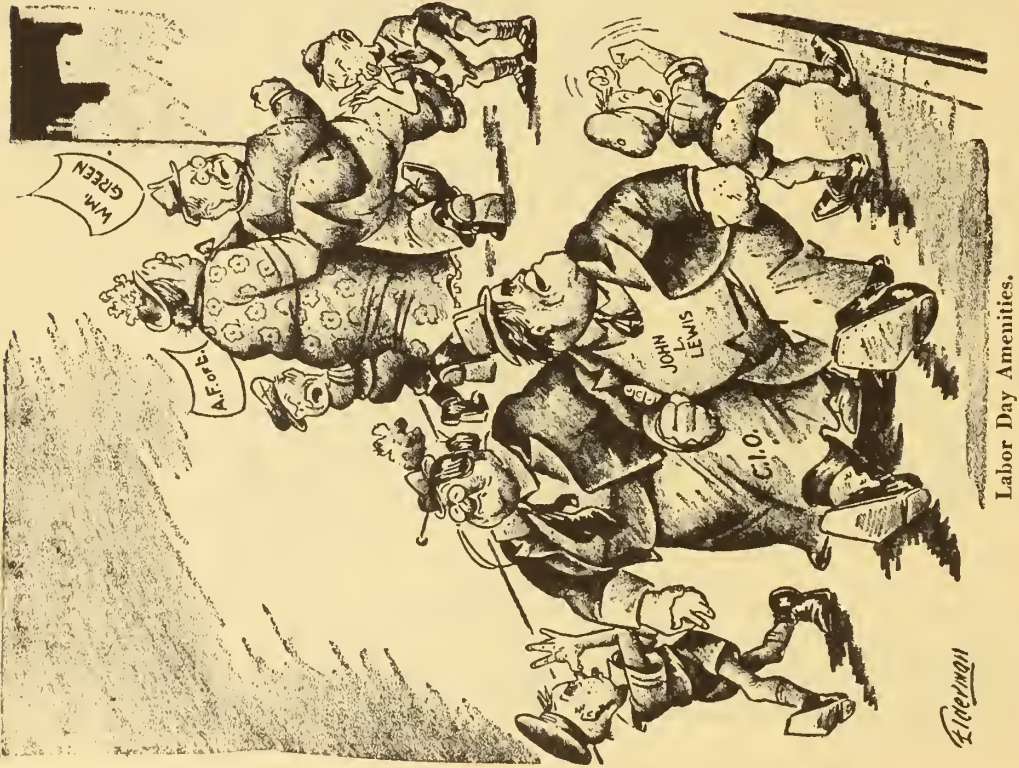


234. MADRID. BY MAURICE BECKER, 1937.



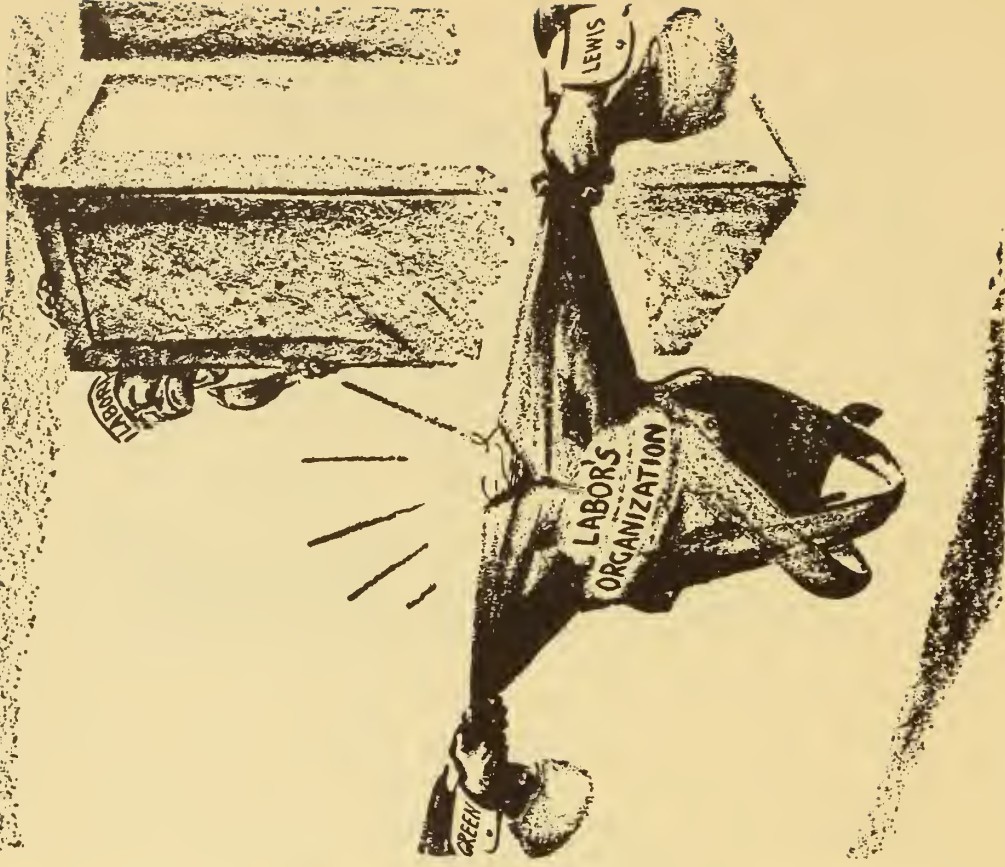
235. LABOR'S DAY IN NUREMBERG. BY FRED ELLIS, 1937.





Labor Day Amenities.

236. LABOR DAY PARADES. BY ELDERMAN, 1936.



237. WHAT ABOUT LABOR? BY LEWIS, 1937.

tripping out into the deeper waters of Billions of Debt, dragging little Mr. Taxpayer with her. *Nonsense! If it gets too deep you can easily pull me out!* From the other point of view Harold M. Talburt (of the Scripps-Howard papers) has given us many laughable cartoons. The one in which a group of portly silk-hatted gentlemen bang their heads against the Wailing Wall of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce (No. 240) is as good as any. Hugh Hutton of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* is a good fighting cartoonist, at present on the conservative side. In drawing, in design and in making the point, one of 1936 presidential campaign efforts is all that could be desired (No. 241). The concentrated intensity of D. R. Fitzpatrick's severely economical cartoons in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* has won him first rank in his art. He has a truly enviable faculty of reducing any noisy situation to a few quiet lines. Mention must be made, too, of Batchelor of the *New York News*, Russell of the *Los Angeles Times*, Orr of the *Chicago Tribune*, Knox of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, Shoemaker of the *Chicago Daily News*, Seibel of the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, Cassel of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Sykes of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, Carlisle of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, Ray of the *Kansas City Star* and the veteran Bill Morris of the Matthew Adams (small town newspaper) Syndicate.

Of recent comic strips and supplements Rea Irvin's *The Smythes* is easily the most pleasing to the eye; Milt Gross's *Count Screwloose* the most insanely inspired, with Bill Holman's *Smokey Stover* running a close second. *Brutus* by Johnny Gruelle, *Barney Google* by De Beck, *The Bungle Family* by Tuthill are also among the really comic strips. There are other good ones of course. Who can keep up with them all? But I have tried to mention a few of the best of the intentionally comic efforts; and I have omitted the many narrative, adventure, and melodramatic strips so popular in the last two decades. These strips, although appearing in comic sections and supplements of newspapers, are not even intended to be humorous. Their function is to bring daily vicarious adventure into the lives of millions. Unnumbered thousands of people in all walks of life buy their papers as much to follow their favorite characters in triumph and tribulation, as for the sports or the news. In fact, more so, for it is on record that during a printers' strike in Butte, Montana, in 1932, hundreds of subscribers called and





238. DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE. BY "DING," 1932.

telephoned daily to enquire what was happening to their favorite characters. No one can reasonably deny that the sociological significance of these strips is very great, or that they present an important cross-section of the average American mind. What can be maintained, however, is that they are not in any sense examples of graphic humor. The fact that these strips are called comics does not make them so, but the distinction will not appeal to their ardent devotees.

Among the many artists who have given the whole or part of their activities to the illustrating of children's books there were some whose drawings in this field are decidedly humorous. At the turn of the century the honors went to Peter Newell, Gelett Burgess and W. W. Denslow. Now they go to the distaff side: Wanda Gag, Anne Vaughan Weaver, Helen Bannerman, Ilse Bischoff, Helen Sewell, Grace Paul and Laura Bannon.

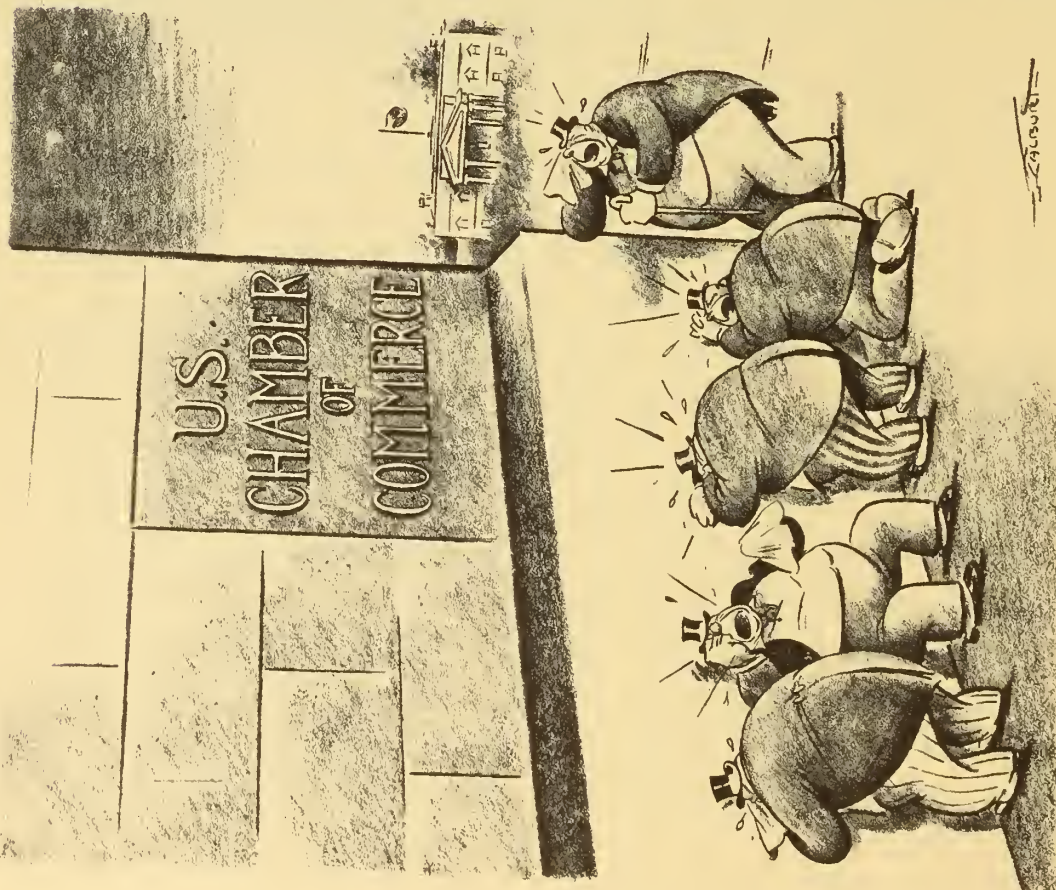


239. "NONSENSE, IF IT GETS TOO DEEP, YOU CAN EASILY PULL ME OUT."  
BY HERBERT JOHNSON, 1936.

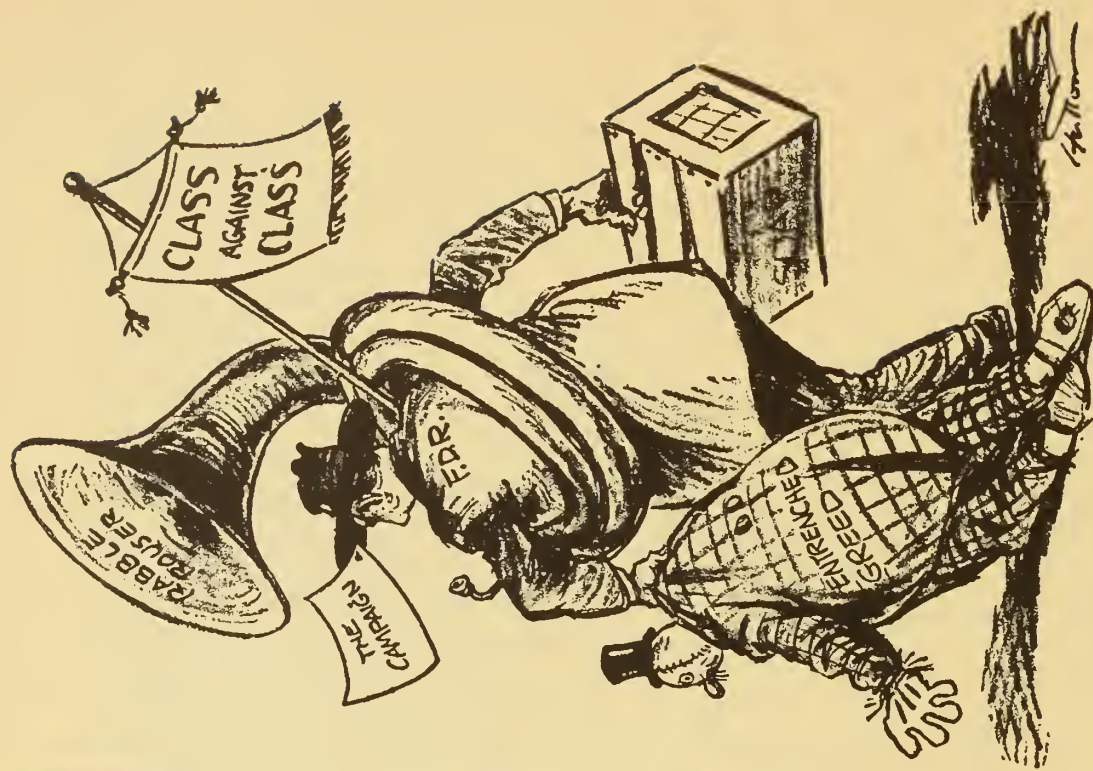
Quite the most important and exciting development in comic art is the animated cartoon. Its possibilities are so far-reaching as to be unpredictable. The fantastic and grotesque have to a limited extent been explored in the comic-strip and animal-fable type of animateds; but in the near future we shall unquestionably see some of the more subtle forms of graphic humor in motion. We shall see the modern equivalents of Töpffer's queer scientists and citizens, and of Daumier's Robert Macaire; and we shall also see animated political cartoons—graphic satires of public and social life with the incalculable added force of movement and duration. The enlargement of the field and enrichment of the power of graphic humor have not yet been surveyed or tapped by either artists or producers. What they have done, however, in this newest phase of humorous expression is striking enough to make some of us impatient for further and more significant advances. The technicians have done their parts well, as we shall see. The next steps are up to the artists—and the producers.



# THE WAILING WALL!



240. BY HAROLD M. TALBURT, 1935.



241. THE CAMPAIGN. BY HUGH HUTTON, 1936.

Ingenious though crude devices for the showing of successions of drawings with some slight variation of action have been known for more than a hundred years. The animated cartoon is, in a sense, older than the photographic motion picture, since all the early experiments were made with hand-drawn pictures. The earliest of these devices were the Phenakistoscope, invented by Plateau, and the Daedaleum, invented by Horner. Roughly, they consisted of wide, shallow cylinders mounted on shafts. The cylinders had a number of narrow slits near the top, and the drawings were pasted on the inside. Improvements were made in the sixties in France by Desuignes, his device being known as "The Wheel of Life" because of its lifelike presentation of simple action. William Lincoln patented a "Wheel of Life" in America in 1867. In 1877 Emil Reynaud in France drew animated pictures on a strip of transparent substance thirty feet long, and this opened the way to the great technical advances that have since been made.

There are of course many claimants to the honor of having made the first animated cartoon on motion picture film, but J. Stuart Blackton seems really to have carried it off. His *Humorous Phases of Funny Faces*, made for Vitagraph in 1906, showed a man rolling his eyes and blowing smoke rings, a girl winking, a dog jumping through a hoop, and a sort of chalk-talk drawing beginning as one thing and ending as another. In 1907 Emile Cohl exhibited his first animated drawings at the Folies Bergères in Paris, and in America the first successful effort was Winsor McCay's *Gertie* in 1909. *Gertie* was, of all things, a dinosaur. McCay went on a vaudeville tour with *Gertie* and explained how he had created her, putting her through her ludicrously clumsy antics, and arousing public and managerial interest in the new form of entertainment. In 1911 McCay animated his *Little Nemo*, a comic supplement character drawn by him since 1904.

John R. Bray was next with his *Col. Heeza Liar in Africa* late in 1913. Two years later Earl Hurd perfected a permanent background over which drawings on celluloid were laid. In 1916 Nolan introduced the panorama background, which added to the illusion of motion and further eliminated unnecessary labor for the corps of "animators" who now performed the drudgery of making the thousands of drawings. McCay made three thousand drawings himself for each



of his early animated cartoons. At the present time twelve thousand drawings are made for each cartoon. The key drawings only are made by the creator or chief artist—that is, the beginning and the end of any action such as jumping or throwing. The animators fill in the gaps with dozens of drawings showing the minute progress of the action. Then the “tracers” go to work and trace the drawings with ink on specially treated celluloid. Then the opaquing department fills in the outlines with tone according to the scene chart. The animated cartoon is now ready for the camera. Among the comic artists prominent in the development of the new technique were Louis Glackens and “Bud” Fisher (who animated his *Mutt and Jeff* in 1916).

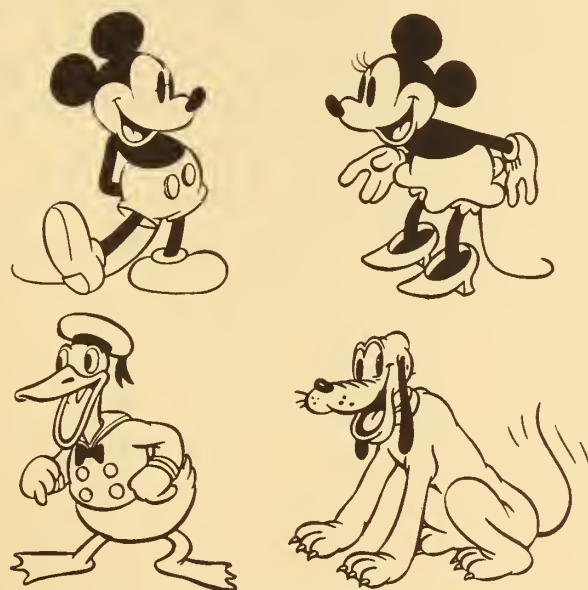
Although the production of graphic movies has of necessity become a collective undertaking—requiring the coöperation of over a hundred story-men, gag-men, animators, tracers and technicians—the characters and their typical adventures are still drawn in the unmistakable manners of the artists who first drew them. Ghosting (common enough in the comic supplement and strip field in cases where the original artist is too opulent, too feeble, or actually dead) is an accepted thing in the animateds, and, as in press work, no one quarrels with a comfortable arrangement.

Walt Disney, creator of the world-famous *Mickey Mouse* (No. 242) was born in Chicago in 1901. In 1921 he began his career with the *Laugh-o-gram* series in Kansas City. Late in 1923 he and his brother Roy went to Hollywood and there produced *Alice Cartoons*, a combination of human beings and graphic characters. The first *Mickey Mouse* was *Steamboat Willie*, shown in New York in September, 1928. Sometime in between Disney had created an earlier mouse whom he called Mortimer. Since his birth less than ten years ago Mickey Mouse has had more honors showered upon him than any living person in the world. At seven he was given space in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and honored by the League of Nations. His medals now fill a good-sized vault.

*Oswald the Rabbit*, a still earlier character than Mortimer, was abandoned (Walter Loutz took him in). Disney created other playmates for Mickey. *Clara Bell the Cow* (whose udders offended, and consequently had to be petticoated) is also among the missing in the later films. But *Donald Duck*, spiteful and can-

tankerous, *Pluto the Pup*, inquisitive and unfortunate, and of course *Minnie Mouse*, Mickey's sweetheart—these are as much in demand as the hero himself.

The first *Silly Symphony*, *The Skeleton Dance*, was released in July, 1929. This was not in color, and the theme might easily have spelled disaster, but it was handled with humor and fantasy, and its early lack of success was due more to its novelty than to its macabre quality. *Flowers and Trees* was the first in technicolor, introduced in July, 1932. Later *The Three Little Pigs* had an enormous success, and was quickly followed by others. More recently Disney has turned to satire. *Who Killed Cock Robin?* hailed by the critics as his best up to that time, caricatures two celebrated screen stars, and pokes fun at judges, juries, and human frailties in general. Cock Robin is shot with an arrow while crooning to buxom Jenny Wren made up with a big plumed picture hat and furs. A court scene follows wherein judge and jury are vamped by Miss Wren, and all ends well when Cupid announces that Mr. Robin is not dead. The happy ending is, it must be admitted, somewhat forced; but the effort is indicative of a new and promising trend. The field is widening, and sooner or later we may expect something more significant in animated cartoon satire.



242. WALT DISNEY'S MICKEY MOUSE AND HIS FRIENDS.



## CONCLUSIONS

IN THESE leveling times, when it is considered more scientific to deprecate racial and national differences than to emphasize them, the author of a history of American graphic humor cannot honestly evade the question: Can there really be, after all, anything peculiarly American in the graphic humor produced in this country? It is a question which, if it is to be answered, naturally gives rise to others. Can *any* graphic humor be national? Can *humor* be national? English humor and American humor: have they anything in common? Yes, they have their medium, the English language, in common. And graphic humorists of all nationalities have *their* medium in common. But is this enough? Granted a common medium: have they a common point of view? Superficially yes, actually no; because while there are degrees of education, culture, and economic condition common to various groups in many civilized countries, yet each *people*, over and above, or rather profoundly beneath all this, has its own peculiar graphic vernacular and accent; and that accent is, at bottom, the mainspring of the jack-in-the-box we call graphic humor. For the element of surprise must be present, but it must be a familiar surprise, a local surprise, a surprise within the national tradition, a surprise founded, paradoxically enough, on recognition. National and provincial politics, regional climates and occupations, local amusements and prejudices—these are the backgrounds and colorings that make for the peculiarly American note in our humorous drawing.

Curious as it may seem, the American public in its present mood of depression-born seriousness is turning to its humorists for shrewd and caustic comment. It is tired of the utterances of economists and politicians, which have only added to the general confusion. The popularity of recent exhibitions of American cartoons implies that the people suspect there is something more than the desire to raise a laugh in the work of the men who spend the best years of their lives in making our cartoons and comic drawings. Might there not be, these many speculators seem to ask, some interpretation, some constructive criticism, some helpful historical analogies, as well as destructive ridicule and hearty laughter?

Entertainment there is aplenty in any collection of American cartoons; and

the incorrigibly frivolous are easily pleased. But there are many others who become intensely interested in the way earlier cartoonists symbolized and clarified the economic and social crises of their times, not only reflecting public opinion but often leading and guiding it. For the public knows that in the work of the cartoonist it sees not dry official or historical reports but the situation as it appeared to a gifted and irreverent man in the street. Of all artists the cartoonist is closest to the people, and in America he is, almost without exception, one of them.

Prominent among American humorists of the written and spoken word who have influenced public opinion during the last hundred years are Seba Smith with his *Major Jack Downing's Letters* in Jackson's administrations; Petroleum V. Nasby who wrote hilariously of *Swingin' Round the Circle* in the post-Civil War decade; Finley P. Dunne's famous *Mr. Dooley* in McKinley's time; and, of course, the unforgettable Will Rogers in our own. The list of cartoonists of equal or greater influence begins with Tom Nast, and despite all the improvements in presses, transport, and communications, and the wide coverage of syndicates, he still leads all later men in both the power and the breadth of his appeal.

Indisputably Tom Nast and Will Rogers were the two American humorists to whom the people of their respective generations turned most for counsel and courage. Of any issue that arose in the days of Nast's greatness men in all sections of the country said to one another: "We'll wait and see what Tom Nast thinks of this." And for a few years before Will Rogers's death in 1935 hundreds of thousands of Americans waited impatiently at their radios for his weekly comment on public affairs. Nast's opinions were in the main scorching indictments of men and issues, drawn with coruscating ridicule to stir the leisurely minds of a leisurely era. Rogers, in an age of speed and frayed nerves, was easy, casual, tolerant; drawling in a dialect "understood of the people" observations so sane that they appeared humorous, and making humorous remarks about accepted fallacies. Both these men were, in a very definite sense, American oracles, obliquely speaking wisdom in humorous symbols, riddles and parables. That both were taken seriously by their fellow-countrymen as counselors and that their methods were so curiously at variance with the tempi of their respective gen-



erations—these things are worth recalling, and, it seems to me, worth a moment's reflection.

Stubbornly refuting all the claims of technological progress (except that of speed) in the processes of reproduction, is the fact that the wood-engraving technique greatly aided the forceful effect of Nast's work. A glance at any one of the cartoons of his great decade (the seventies) proves them amazingly clear and incisive notwithstanding a slight brownish tone lent them by the fading of the ink. Nast drew *for* that process, he cut many of the smaller blocks himself, he knew its possibilities and he knew its limitations. In addition to a perfect technique for the mechanics of his medium of reproduction Nast had the powerful stimulus of strong moral conviction, a great fecundity in the invention of political cartoon symbols, and an unusual felicity and skill in caricature. All of these factors played their parts in the forming and the perfection of Nast's style. A great style, in graphic humor as in the other arts, is a composite of technical excellence and a mature but by no means cynical world-outlook. Their interaction creates that balance and harmony which is the distinctive quality of great art in any medium.

The cartoonist of today, working with the pen or the lithographic crayon, must make his cartoon within two or three hours after he has heard the news which it is to symbolize. He must reduce his composition to a minimum of lines evoking a maximum of effect. But in far too many cases he is obliged to present a partisan attitude rather than a humorous or a satirical one; and too often, with indifference born of pessimism, he makes only a graphic record of the event or issue. Yet it cannot be denied that strong social convictions gave great force to the cartoons of Nast, Minor, Robinson, and Young. None of these men, however, made the mistake of dealing in invective—they derided, bantered, or ridiculed in all their most effective cartoons. And while in very few instances did their cartoons put an end to the abuses they satirized, in many cases they successfully checked the growth of others. The cartoon makes for much wider and more forceful publicity than the burningly indignant editorial or the thoughtfully worded pamphlet. It has been a power for social justice in America and it will continue to be one. Despite the fact that many of our most powerful news-

papers are reactionary in policy, they are nevertheless obliged to seek good cartoonists—and in most cases cartoonists are as good as their convictions.

The importance of the cartoon as a factor in presidential elections has decidedly decreased since the early years of the century. The reasons are worth looking into, since the quality of cartoons has not, as some believe, declined. The principal cause is the loss of influence and the final collapse of the widely circulated weeklies in which the cartoons of Nast, Keppler, Gillam, and others appeared; coupled with the fact that for the last thirty years every important daily in the country has at least one cartoon every day of the year, and no newspaper remains on the table for a week. A cartoon is no longer an event, a topic of discussion, as it was in the leisurely nineteenth century. We give it one glance and then forget it, whether it be good or bad. There are at the present time at least half-a-dozen political cartoonists in this country whose work would, under more favorable circumstances, stand out as strikingly and as powerfully as did that of Nast in the seventies. But it must be admitted that some of our cartoonists (and potentially good ones, too) in their eagerness to clip the dog's tail, too frequently cut it off close behind the ears.

After considerably more study of examples of graphic humor than of books written about it, or about humor in general, I am convinced that there are, broadly speaking, two main types of humorous drawing: that which makes humor an end in itself, the light humor of episode or situation; and the other, the humorous statement of a political, social, or personal viewpoint by means of ridicule. The sole purpose of the first is to provoke laughter; the purpose of the second is to awaken perception through laughter. Each type of drawing has many admirable exponents, and it is purely a matter of choice which one prefers. Very few people, however, exercise any choice at all; most are content to shrug, smile or laugh, and pass on.

America has a host of clever humorous artists who are brightly and flippantly amusing, but too many of them lack the eloquence of distinctive style, which comes only from integration and a sense of direction. Their work is consequently trivial and frivolous; instead of seeing humorously they seek humorous subjects. Their puppets are static figures, exhibiting all the ludicrous external things that



can happen in life; but life itself escapes them. Their joke drawings are too often illustrations, clever enough technically, but relying on the text to carry them instead of increasing our enjoyment of it by being luminously humorous. They are sure of an indulgent smile when they depict the discomfiture of an upstart, but they wholly miss the opportunities of raising great gales of laughter by questioning the correctness, the validity, the sanity even, of our complacently accepted conventions and taboos.

There appears to be, on the whole, more sap and pungency, more directed power, in our contemporary caricature than in our humorous drawing. True, it is a narrower field, but it calls for more intensive effort, for rigorous economy, for analysis, for perception sharpened to the point of brilliance. Caricature may be said to hold an analogous place in graphic humor to that of wit in verbal humor, in its shrewd revelation of aspects of personality presented in swift, concentrated understatements and exaggerations.

The future of graphic humor here in America would appear, from one viewpoint, to be more in the hands of our newspaper and magazine publishers than in those of our artists, since unofficial censorship is exercised as unintelligently on "unsuitable" drawings as it is on special articles and news items. On the other hand, a responsibility rests on the artists themselves to fight against the mutilation or suppression of their drawings. Many find this difficult, more find it impossible; some when they are struggling for bare existence, others after having become accustomed to good living. But the best of them realize that theirs is a high trust (although they would never express it that way) and even the journeymen among them are loyal to their craft and loud in defense of and in praise of its ablest practitioners.

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# INDEX

- Abbey, Edwin Austin, 39  
 Adams, Franklin P., 189, 234  
 Adams, Matthew, 253  
 Addams, Bob, 113, 157  
 Ade, George, 148  
 Alden, John, 165  
*Americana*, 203, 241  
 Anderson, Carl T., 246  
 Anderson, Jesse S., 177  
 Anthony, 125  
 Arno, Peter, 203, 205  
 Arthur, Chester A., 125  
 Ashley, J. M., 20  
 Attwood, F. W., 93, 94, 113  
 Auerbach-Levy, William, 187, 206
- B**  
 Bacon, Peggy, 206, 229, 230, 234  
 Bairnsfather, Bruce, 199  
 Baker, Burtis, 157  
 Baldrige, LeRoy, 199  
*Ballyhoo*, 243  
 Bangs, J. K., 103, 116  
 Bannerman, Helen, 254  
 Bannon, Laura, 254  
 Barkhaus, 85, 86  
 Barnum, P. T., 39  
 Barnum, W. H., 70  
 Barritt, Leon, 130, 135, 147  
 Bartholomew, Charles L. ("Bart"), 135, 150  
 Barton, Ralph, 206, 208  
 Batchelor, 253  
 Bayard, T. F., 86  
 Beard, Daniel Carter, 26, 100, 117  
 Beard, Frank, 9, 80, 100, 123, 125, 130  
 Beard, William Holbrook, 100  
 Becker, Maurice, 179, 217, 249  
*Bee, The*, 123  
 Beecher, Henry Ward, 80, 86  
 Belknap, W. W., 63  
 Bellew, Frank Henry Temple, 23, 26, 30, 57, 99, 140  
 Bellew, Frank P. W. ("Chip"), 95, 99, 103, 113, 115  
 Bellows, George, 179, 181, 182, 223  
 Belmont, August, 125  
 Bengough, W., 130  
 Benjamin, Judah T., 9  
 Bennett, James Gordon, 5, 10, 30, 39, 67, 86, 193  
 Benson, Nesbitt, 170  
 Bergh, Henry, 36  
 Berman, Sam, 237  
 Bernhardt, Sarah, 89  
 Bernstorff, Johann von, 194  
 Berryman, Clifford, 135  
 Biard, 23, 55  
 Billings, Josh, 10, 27  
 Bingham, J. A., 14  
 Birnbaum, Abe, 206, 229  
 Bischoff, Ilse, 254
- Bismarck, Prince, 10  
 Blackton, J. Stuart, 257  
 Blaine, James G., 55, 74, 76, 80, 81, 82, 86, 125  
 Bland, Harry MacNeill, 85  
 Blashfield, A. D., 113  
 Blue, H., 113  
 Bodfish, 117  
 Booth, Edwin, 14  
 Booth, John Wilkes, 55  
*Boston Herald*, 135  
 Boutwell, G. S., 14  
 Bowker, J., 13  
 Bowman, R. C., 135, 151  
 Bradley, Luther D., 154, 192, 193  
 Bray, John R., 157, 257  
 Brennan, Alfred Laurens, 113  
 Briggs, Clare, 159, 219, 220  
 Brisbane, Arthur, 176, 180  
 Bristol, R. L., 125  
 Brookfield, 144  
*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, 135, 182, 253  
 Brooks, James, 18  
 Brougham, 14  
 Broughton, C., 170  
 Broun, Heywood, 208  
 Brown, Gratz, 57  
 Brown, J. Ross, 12  
 Brown-Sequard, Charles Edouard, 86  
 Bryan, William Jennings, 125, 134, 145, 151  
 Budd, Charles Jay, 158  
*Budget of Fun*, 5, 6, 8, 9, 30, 39, 67  
 Bunner, H. C., 113  
 Bunner, R. F., 93  
 Burchard, Daniel, 81  
 Burck, Jacob, 248, 250  
 Burdette, 27  
 Burgess, Gelett, 122, 254  
 Burns, William J., 181  
 Busch, Wilhelm, 140  
 Bush, Charles Green, 15, 18, 95, 129, 130, 131, 135, 144  
 Butler, Benjamin F., 9, 15, 20, 30, 34, 70, 76, 81, 86
- C**  
 Cady, Harrison, 157, 158  
 Campbell, Floyd, 135  
 Carlisle, 253  
 Carnegie, Andrew, 170  
 Carr, Gene, 212  
*Carrillon, Le*, 32  
 Cassell, John, 253  
 Cervantes, Miguel, 125  
 Cesare, Oscar, 197  
 Chapin, Will E., 135  
 Chaplin, Charles, 141  
 Chase, Salmon P., 14  
 Chesterton, G. K., 186  
*Chicago Daily News*, 154, 192, 215, 220  
*Chicago Herald*, 135  
*Chicago Record-Herald*, 147  
*Chicago Tribune*, 148, 215, 220, 253  
 Choate, 130  
 Church, Frederick Stuart, 100, 103  
 Claire, Ina, 206  
 Clay, Henry, 125  
 Cleveland, Grover, 74, 80, 86, 113, 119, 120, 124  
*Cleveland Leader*, 135  
*Cleveland Plain Dealer*, 135, 153, 182  
*Cleveland World*, 135  
 Coe, Roland, 241  
 Cohl, Emile, 257  
 Coleman, Glenn O., 179, 180  
 Collier, Constance, 206  
*Columbus Dispatch, The*, 215, 247  
*Comic Monthly*, 5, 9  
 Comstock, Anthony, 182  
 Conacher, J., 157  
 Conkling, Roscoe, 30, 63, 70, 76, 103  
 Connolly, Richard, 39, 43, 45, 47, 50  
 Cory, J. Campbell, 123, 135, 144  
 Cotton, William, 234  
 Coughlin, Father, 237  
 Coultaus, H. C., 95, 177  
 Covarrubias, Miguel, 206, 208, 237  
 Cox, 14  
 Cox, Palmer, 31, 94, 103  
 Crane, 135, 153  
 Crawford, Will, 117  
 Creel, 197  
 Creem, Tom, 224  
 Croker, Richard, 120, 127, 143, 145, 177  
 Cromwell, Oliver, 125  
 Crosby, Percy L., 159, 199  
 Cruikshank, George, 100  
 Currier & Ives, 18, 32, 105  
 Curtis, 237  
 Curtis, George William, 63, 74, 80, 86  
 Cusachs, 36  
 Cushing, Otho, 167, 170
- D**  
 Daggy, Augustus, 157  
*Daily Worker*, 217, 229, 248, 250  
 Dalrymple, Louis, 86, 89, 145  
 Damita, Lily, 208  
 Dana, Charles, 30, 67, 70, 76  
 Darling, Jay Norwood ("Ding"), 250  
 Darrow, Whitney, 229  
 Daumier, Honoré, 182, 255  
 Davenport, Homer, 115, 131, 132, 135, 136, 147, 152  
 Davenport, W., 39, 129, 132  
 Davis, David, 76  
 Davis, Jefferson, 5, 9  
 Davis, Judge, 129  
 Day, Clarence, Jr., 210-212, 237  
 De Beck, William, 253  
 Debs, Eugene, 134

- Decker, John, 206, 208  
 De Grimm, 130  
 Dehn, Adolf, 224  
 Delmonico, 82  
 DeMar, John L., 135  
 Denslow, W. W., 254  
 Derby, George H. (see John Phoenix)  
*Des Moines Register*, 250  
 Desuignes, 257  
*Detroit Free Press*, 135  
*Detroit Journal*, 135  
 Devery, William, 177  
 de Zayas, George, 237  
 Dickens, Charles, 24  
 Dirks, Gus, 117, 157  
 Dirks, Rudolph, 138, 140  
 Disney, Roy, 258  
 Disney, Walt, 258  
 Donahey, James Harrison, 152, 153, 182, 184  
 Donahue, Jack, 208  
 Dorgan, Thomas A. ("Tad"), 158, 159  
 Dreyfus, Alfred, 122  
 Duffy, Edmund, 215  
 Du Maurier, George, 36, 97, 132  
 Dumba, Konstantin, 194  
 Dunn, Alan, 226  
 Dunne, Finley P., 261  
 Durel, J. M., Dr., 32  
 Durkin, John, 100  
 Dwight, Mabel, 223  
  
**E**astman, Max, 179, 180  
 Ebert, Charles H., 117  
 Ehrhart, S., 90, 113  
 Elderman, 250  
*Electrical World*, 136  
 Ellis, Fred, 217, 250  
 Enright, Walter J., 213  
 Evarts, W. M., 76  
*Every Saturday*, 24  
 Eytinge, Sol, 24, 111  
  
**F**arley, James, 237  
 Farragut, Admiral, 5  
 Fay, 14  
 Feggin, 36  
 Fenton, 51  
 Ferstadt, Louis, 242  
*Figaro*, 110  
 Fisher, H. C. ("Bud"), 158, 159, 199, 258  
 Fisk, James, 21, 43, 44  
 Fiske, Charles Albert, 23  
 Fithian, Frank Livingston, 157  
 Fitzpatrick, Daniel R., 237, 253  
 Flagg, James Montgomery, 157, 186, 187  
 Fleming, Tom, 134  
*Fliegende Blätter*, 110  
 Florhi, 125  
 Follett, F. M., 140  
  
 Ford, James L., 74  
 Fornaro, Carlo de, 187, 188  
 Forrest, Edwin, 14  
 Fox, Fontaine Talbot, Jr., 159, 218  
 Franco, Gen., 249  
 Freeman, Don, 224  
 Frémaux, Leon J., 32  
 Frost, A. B., 36, 39, 70, 74, 100, 111  
 Fruch, Alfred, 206  
  
**G**ag, Wanda, 254  
 Garfield, James A., 69, 70, 85  
 Garner, J. N., 237  
 Gaynor, Mayor, 177  
 Gellert, Hugo, 206, 224  
 Gérôme, Jean Leon, 76  
 Gershwin, George, 234  
 Gibson, Charles Dana, 36, 89, 95, 97, 107, 108, 110, 113, 166, 167, 205, 212, 213  
 Gilbert, C. Allan, 117, 121  
 Gillam, Bernard, 74, 76, 119, 120, 125, 263  
 Gillam, Victor, 125  
 Glackens, Louis M., 166, 258  
 Glackens, William, 179  
 Gladding, W. J., 14  
 Glass, Carter, 237  
 Glintenkamp, H. W., 179  
 Goddard, Morrill, 136  
 Goldberg, Rube, 162  
 Goodes, W. M., 111, 117  
 Gould, Jay, 21, 43, 44, 81, 82  
 Graham, Ed, 246  
 Grant, Ulysses S., 6, 21, 27, 32, 51, 53, 57, 63, 74  
*Great Divide, The*, 123  
 Greeley, Horace, 5, 13, 39, 46, 51, 53, 55, 57, 74  
 Green, 250  
 Greening, H. C., 140, 155  
 Grey-Parker, C., 36, 39, 117  
 Gribayedoff, Valerian, 82, 130  
 Griffin, Syd B., 90, 113  
 Gropper, William, 206, 217, 242  
 Gross, Milt, 208, 209, 253  
 Gruelle, Johnny, 253  
 Gunn, Archie, 120  
  
**H**all, "O.K.," 39, 43, 45, 47, 50, 51  
 Halladay, 184, 186  
 Halstead, Murat, 70, 95  
 Hamilton, Grant, 80, 125, 134  
 Hancock, W. S., 69, 70  
 Hanna, Mark, 113, 125, 132, 170, 176  
 Hanna, T. K., 117  
 Harding, Nelson, 182  
 Harding, Warren G., 201  
 Harper & Brothers, 24, 27, 39, 45, 51, 55, 59  
 Harper, Fletcher, Sr., 63  
  
*Harper's Weekly*, 9, 15, 18, 39, 44, 46, 57, 63, 70, 74, 80, 83, 116, 132  
 Harris, George W., 12  
 Harris, Joel Chandler, 100, 111  
 Harrison, Benjamin, 119  
 Harte, Bret, 24  
 Harvey, Alice, 203  
 Hauser, Charles, 76  
 Haworth, F. M., 90, 93, 140  
 Haworth, William G., 237  
 Hayes, Rutherford B., 59, 63, 69  
 Hearst, William Randolph, 131, 132, 136, 138, 140, 144, 159, 166, 175, 180, 213  
 Hecht, George J., 197  
 Held, John, Jr., 203  
 Hendricks, T. A., 59, 60  
 Hengler, 157  
 Henri, Robert, 179  
 Herford, Oliver, 95, 103, 113, 117, 167  
 Herriman, George, 158, 160, 162, 213  
 Herrmann, Eva, 206, 208  
 Hill, 120  
 Hill, David B., 143  
 Hill, William E., 189, 192  
 Hine, H. G., 4  
 Hirschfeld, Al, 223  
 Hitler, Adolf, 249  
 Hoatland, 7  
 Hoey, Evelyn, 208  
 Hoffman, John T., 43, 44, 45  
 Hogarth, William, 224  
 Hokinson, Helen, 203  
 Holman, Bill, 253  
 Hoover, Herbert, 237, 242  
 Hopkins, Livingston, 26, 27, 36, 103, 154  
 Hoppin, Augustus, 23, 24, 103  
 Horner, 257  
 Howard, B. V., 23, 241  
 Howard, J. H., 12  
 Howell, John, 7  
 Howells, W. D., 24  
 Hudson, Frederic, 30  
 Hughes, Charles E., 237  
 Hurd, Earl, 257  
 Hutton, Hugh, 253  
 Hyde, W. H., 93, 94, 130  
  
**I**ngersoll, 81  
 Ireland, William, 215, 247  
 Irvin, Rea, 203, 205, 253  
  
**J**ackson, Andrew, 130, 261  
 Jennette, Norman E., 150  
 Jennings, Louis, 44, 46  
 Johnson, Andrew, 6, 7, 9, 10, 15, 18, 20, 57  
 Johnson, Herbert, 250  
 Johnson, Hugh, 234, 237



- Johnston, Richard M., 100  
*Jolly Joker*, 5  
 Jones, George, 45, 46, 80  
*Judge*, 27, 30, 76, 80, 90, 93, 103, 119, 130, 136, 140, 155, 157, 247  
*Jugend*, 110  
 Jump, Edward, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 26
- K**  
*Kansas City Star*, 253  
 Keifer, 76  
 Keller, F., 85  
 Kelly, John, 70, 76, 81, 86, 103  
 Kelly, William J., 13  
 Kelly, William J., 138  
 Kemble, Edward Windsor, 36, 93, 100, 104, 110, 111, 130, 140, 145, 170  
 Kendrick, 36  
 Kenny, 53  
 Kent, Rockwell, 224  
 Keppler, Joseph, 65, 67, 69, 70, 76, 89, 90, 165, 263  
 Keppler, Joseph, Jr., 165  
 Ker, William Balfour, 149, 179  
 King, Alexander, 241, 242  
 King, Wyncie, 237  
 Kirby, Rollin, 217  
 Klaw & Erlanger, 174, 175  
 Knerr, 138  
 Knox, 253  
 Kuhn, Walt, 157
- L**  
 Ladendorf, 137  
 Lang, Otto, 157  
*Lark, The*, 122  
 Latham, O'Neill, 117, 166  
 Lear, Edward, 211  
 Lederer, Charles, 135  
 Leech, John, 100  
 Lehman, Herbert, 237  
 Lenin, Nikolay, 197  
 Leslie, Frank, 4, 5, 6, 8, 51, 53, 67  
 Levering, Albert, 157  
 Lewis, Alfred Henry, 125  
 Lewis, Fred E., 166  
 Lewis, John L., 250  
 Lewis, Sinclair, 208  
*Liberty*, 206  
*Life*, 93, 95, 97, 99, 100, 110, 113, 116, 117, 121, 130, 136, 140, 149, 155, 157, 167, 170, 171, 174, 175, 203, 205, 212, 213, 224  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 18, 20, 55, 80  
 Lincoln, William, 257  
 Lloyd George, David, 213  
 Logan, Senator, 14, 30, 55, 70, 76, 95  
 Long, 135  
 Long, Huey, 237  
*Los Angeles Times*, 135, 253  
 Loutz, Walter, 258  
 Low, Seth, 130  
 Luks, George B., 125, 138  
 Lumley, Arthur, 36
- Luther, Martin, 165  
 Lutz, E. G., 117
- M**  
 Macauley, Charles R., 135  
 Mahone, 76  
 Malone, Robert J., 237  
 Mandeville, Bernard de, 242  
 Markey, Gene, 206  
 Marsh, Reginald, 226  
 Martin, Edward S., 93  
*Masses, The*, 179, 180, 182, 188, 189, 194  
 Mather, George, 138  
 Maximilian, Emperor, 5  
 May, Thomas, 135  
 Maybell, Claudius, 135  
 Mayer, Hy, 110, 182  
 McAdoo, 237  
 McCardell, Roy L., 136  
 McCarthy, Dan, 130, 135  
 McCay, Winsor, 257  
 McCutcheon, John T., 135, 147, 148  
 McDougall, Walt, 82, 129, 130, 135, 137, 174  
 McKee, Donald  
 McKernan, F., 113  
 McKinley, William, 113, 125, 134, 145, 176, 261  
 McManus, 140  
 McVickar, H. W., 93  
*Memphis Commercial Appeal*, 253  
 Mencken, H. L., 201  
 Metcalfe, James S., 113  
*Milwaukee Journal, The*, 250  
*Minneapolis Journal*, 151  
*Minneapolis Tribune*, 135, 151  
 Minor, Robert, 182, 217, 249, 262  
 Miranda, 36  
 Mins, 125  
 Mitchell, John Ames, 23, 93, 94, 100, 121, 149, 171, 172  
 Morgan, J. P., 170, 242  
 Morgan, Matt, 51, 53  
 Morris, Bill, 253  
 Morrissey, 59  
 Moser, J. H., 100  
 Mussolini, Benito, 247
- N**  
 Nankivell, Frank A., 114, 115  
 Napoleon, III, 5, 9, 10, 32  
 Nasby, Petroleum V., 261  
 Nast, Thomas, 4, 9, 18, 20, 21, 27, 39, 44-63, 67, 70, 74, 76, 81, 83, 86, 130, 134, 261-263  
 Nathan, G. J., 208  
 Nelan, Charles, 135, 136, 174  
 Nelson, H. B., 117  
*New Masses, The*, 249  
*New York American*, 144, 166, 176, 213  
*New York Daily Graphic*, 31, 34, 36, 57, 129  
*New York Daily News*, 253  
*New York Evening Mail, The*, 177  
*New York Evening Post*, 129, 197, 241  
*New York Evening Telegram*, 129  
*New York Herald, New York Herald-Tribune*, 5, 39, 136, 145, 177, 194, 218, 250, 253  
*New York Journal*, 176, 213  
*New York Times*, 44, 45, 46, 74, 80, 153, 182  
*New York Tribune*, 5, 46, 52, 55, 189  
*New York World, New York World-Telegram*, 82, 129-131, 135, 136, 137, 138, 140, 143, 144, 152, 182, 206, 208, 209, 212, 215, 217, 238  
*New Yorker, The*, 201, 203, 205, 206, 229, 241  
 Newell, Peter, 95, 116, 166, 254  
 Newman, William, 4, 5, 6  
 Nolan, 257  
 Nye, Bill, 103, 111
- O**  
 O'Brien, James, 45  
 Oppen, Frederick Burr, 26, 27, 57, 89, 103, 111, 113, 130, 132, 134, 135, 140, 175, 177  
 Orr, Carey, 215, 253  
 Osgood, James R., Co., 24  
 Outcault, Richard Felton, 136-138
- P**  
 Paine, A. B., 60  
 Palin, W. L., 13  
 Palmerston, Lord, 5  
 Papen, von, 194  
 Parker, Dorothy, 237  
 Parsloe & Vance, 32  
 Parton, James, 39  
 Paul, Grace, 254  
 Paul, John, 24  
 Payne, Lew, 125  
 Peixotto, Ernest, 122  
 Pellegrini, "Ape," 90  
 Pennypacker, 173  
 Peters, Clinton, 95  
 Peters, Harry, 9  
 Petersen, 157  
*Philadelphia Inquirer*, 135, 253  
*Philadelphia Ledger*, 253  
*Philadelphia North American*, 174  
*Philadelphia Record*, 135  
 Phoenix, John (George H. Derby), 10  
*Phunny Phellow*, 5  
 Piquet, 36  
 Plateau, 257  
 Platt, Thomas, 76, 125, 130, 132, 144, 147  
 Poland, 36  
 Polinta (F. B. Wilkie), 13  
 Pomeroy, "Brick," 10, 12  
 Powers, Tom E., 135, 143, 177  
*Providence Journal*, 186  
*Puck*, 27, 30, 65, 67, 74, 76, 89, 90, 93, 103, 113, 114, 130, 136, 140, 155, 157, 165, 166, 189

Pughe, J. S., 157, 166  
 Pulitzer, Joseph, 7, 136, 138, 152,  
 153  
*Punch*, 4  
*Punchinello*, 23, 24, 55

*Raleigh News & Observer*, 150  
*Ram's Horn, The*, 125  
 Randolph, Senator, 70  
 Ray, 253  
 Rea, Gardner, 203, 206  
 Read, F. W., 117  
*Recorder, The*, 136  
 Redfield, A., 229  
 Redpath, James, 39  
 Reed, Representative, 115  
 Rehse, G. W., 135, 212  
 Reid, Whitelaw, 30, 53, 55, 67, 70,  
 76, 80, 82  
 Reinhart, Charles Stanley, 39, 41  
 Reynaud, Emil, 257  
 Richards, A. M., 111  
 Richards, Frederick Thompson, 113,  
 122, 174  
*Richmond Times Dispatch*, 253  
 Rigby, 130  
 Robeson, G. M., 76  
 Robinson, Boardman, 179, 189, 199,  
 262  
 Rockefeller, John D., 170  
 Rogers, Will, 261  
 Rogers, William Allan, 36, 95, 115,  
 130, 132, 134, 193, 194  
 Ronan, 243  
 Roosevelt, Franklin D., 147, 234,  
 237, 241, 250  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 80, 125, 130,  
 132, 147, 149, 152, 154, 157, 165,  
 166, 170, 176, 193  
 Rose, Carl, 205  
 Russell, 253

Saalberg, 138  
 Sagasta, Premier, 136  
*St. Louis Post Dispatch*, 182, 253  
*St. Nicholas Magazine*, 103  
*St. Paul Pioneer Press*, 135  
 Salisbury, Lord, 97  
*San Francisco Chronicle*, 158  
*Saturday Evening Post*, 246, 250  
 Saunders, 9  
 Schell, Frank Cresson, 13  
 Schultz, A. B., 36  
 Schultze, Carl E. ("Bunny"), 140  
 Schurz, Carl, 51, 70, 80, 86  
 Schwartzman, 76  
 Scott, Howard, 247  
 Seabury, Samuel, 237  
 Seibel, Frederick Otto, 253  
 Seitz, Don C., 7, 138  
 Seldes, Gilbert, 241  
 Seward, William H., 20

Sewell, Helen, 254  
 Seymour, 21  
 Shaver, J. R., 212, 213  
 Shelton, William Henry, 9  
 Sheppard, William Ludwell, 103,  
 110  
 Shermund, Barbara, 203  
 Shinn, Everett, 111  
 Shipman, Louis Evan, 13  
 Shoemaker, 215, 253  
 Sloan, John, 111, 179, 188, 213, 229  
 Smith, Al, 237  
 Smith, Dan, 135  
 Smith, J. H., 103  
 Smith, Seba, 261  
 Snow & Roos, 7  
 Snyder, Charles M., 111  
 Soglow, Otto, 246  
 Spielmann, M. H., 4  
 Standish, Miles, 165  
 Stanlaws, Penrhyn, 117  
 Stanton, E. M., 32  
 Stanton, Elizabeth Cady, 18  
 Steig, William, 246  
 Stephens, H. L., 12, 23, 55  
 Sterner, Albert, 95, 117  
 Stevens, Thaddeus, 14, 20  
 Stur, Carl von, 89  
 Sullivan, Mark, 134  
 Sullivant, T. S., 99, 130, 157  
*Sun, The*, 10, 70, 215  
 Sumner, Senator, 51  
 Suvanto, K. A., 217  
 Sweeny, P. B., 39, 43, 44, 45, 47, 50  
 Swinnerton, James, 158  
 Sykes, 253

T. F. V., 32  
 Talbot, Harold M., 253  
 Taft, William H., 165  
 Talmage, De Witt, 104  
 Tanner, 86  
 Taylor, C. Jay, 36, 89, 113, 130  
 Taylor, Horace, 125  
 Tenniel, John, 134  
 Thulstrup, Thure de, 130  
 Thurber, James, 237, 238  
 Tilden, Samuel J., 39, 59, 60, 69,  
 76, 86  
 Tillman, Senator, 134  
 Tilton, Theodore, 39  
 Tipton, 51  
 Toasperm, O., 117  
 Töpffer, Rodolphe, 255  
 Trotsky, Leon, 197  
 Trumbull, 51  
*Truth*, 136  
 Turner, H. J., 179  
 Tuthill, 253  
 Twain, Mark, 7, 14, 100, 117  
 Tweed, William H., 23, 39, 41, 43,  
 44, 45, 46, 47, 50, 51, 53, 57

Vanderbilt, C., 43, 82  
*Vanity Fair*, 206, 208, 234, 237  
 Van Sant, 130, 135  
 Van Schaick, 95, 97, 100  
 Van Vechten, Carl, 208  
 Van Wyck, 177  
 Varilla, 153, 154  
*Vehme, Die*, 67  
*Verdict, The*, 125  
 Vergnes, C. M., 32  
 Victoria, Queen, 95, 113  
 Volck, Adalbert J., 34  
 Volstead, 217

Wagner, Sen., 250  
 Wales, James Albert, 27, 30, 104,  
 105  
 Walker, Horatio, 187  
 Walker, Ryan, 179, 181  
 Walker, William H., 121  
 Wallack, 14  
 Walter, 85, 86  
 Ward, Artemus, 10  
 Ward, Lynd, 242  
 Ward, "Spy," 90  
 Warner, Charles Dudley, 24  
 Warren, Garnett, 135  
 Washington, George, 80, 132  
*Washington Post*, 247, 250  
*Washington Star*, 135  
*Wasp, The*, 85  
 Watson, 134  
 Watterson, Henry, 83, 103  
 Weaver, Anne Vaughan, 254  
 Webster, Harold Tucker, 213, 218  
 Weed, Clive, 215  
 Welch, Philip H., 89  
 Welles, 20  
 Weldon, 36  
*Wild Oats*, 8, 26, 27, 30, 57  
 Wilde, Oscar, 85, 104, 105, 108  
 Wilhelm, Kaiser, 194, 197  
 Williams, 14  
 Williams, Gaar, 220  
 Williams, Gluyas, 203, 205  
 Wilson, 14  
 Wilson, Woodrow, 188  
 Winter, William, 24  
 Woolcott, Alexander, 208  
 Woolf, Michael Angelo, 36, 95, 99,  
 100  
 Worth, Thomas, 14, 27, 93, 104, 105  
 Wortman, Denys, 213, 238  
 Wright Brothers, 184  
 Wust, Theo., 36, 59

Young, Art, 7, 135, 158, 171-173,  
 179, 180, 194, 197, 217, 262  
 Young, Brigham, 69  
 Zimmerman, Eugene ("Zim"), 173  
 Zola, Emile, 122











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